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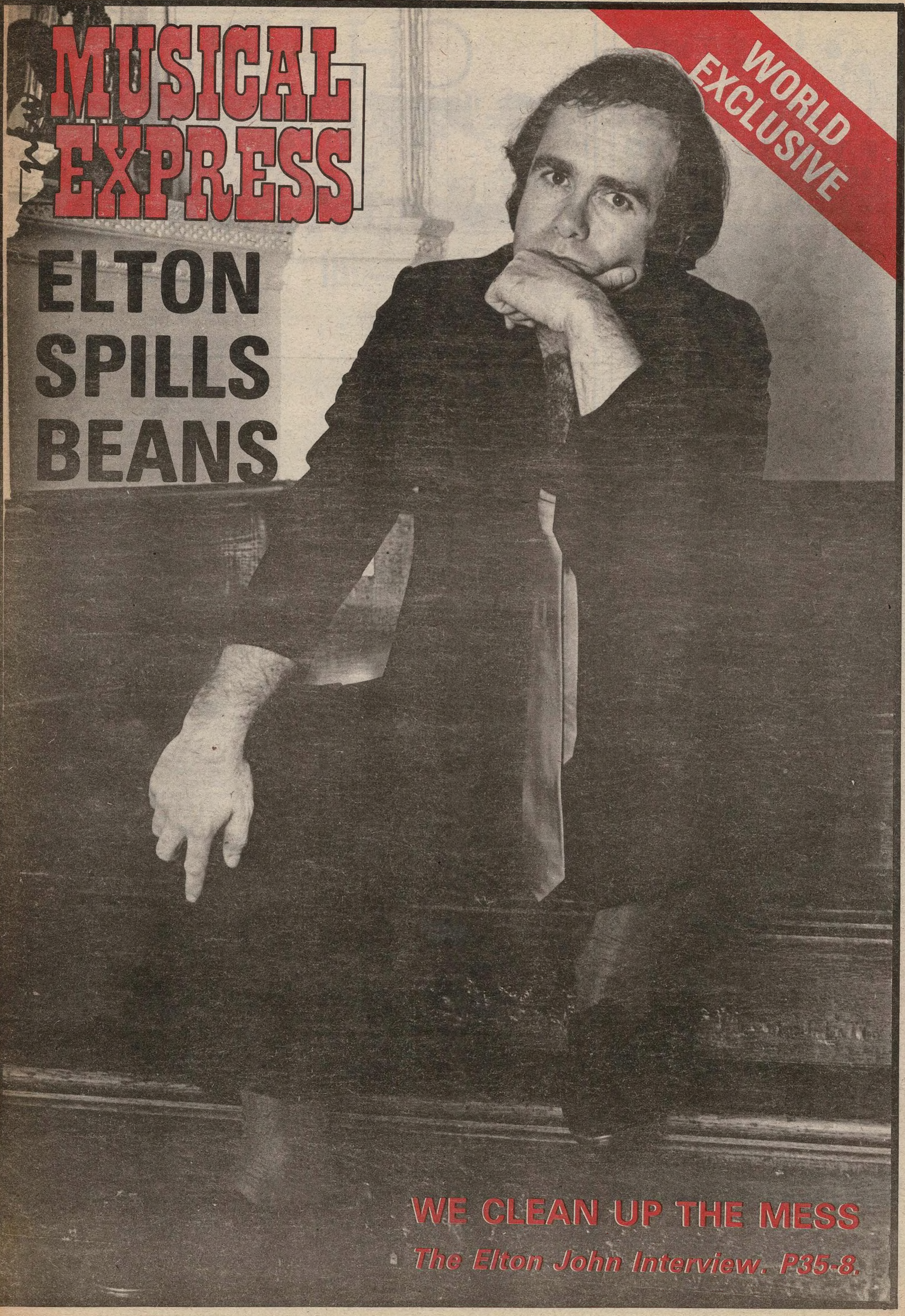

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FIVE YEARS AGO

5 years ago

Week ending October 23, 1973

Last	This Week		
1	1	EYE LEVEL	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
7	2	PUPPY SONG/DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
2	3	MY FRIEND STAN	Slade (Polydor)
3	4	NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS	Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists)
21	5	SORROW	David Bowie (RCA)
10	6	GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John (DJM)
9	7	A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL	Bryan Ferry (Island)
6	8	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)
4	9	LAUGHING GNOME	David Bowie (Deram)
8	10	MONSTER MASH	Bobby 'Boris' Pickett & The Crypt Kickers (London)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week Ending October 23, 1968

Last	This Week		
1	1	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
2	2	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (MCA)
3	3	JESAMINE	Casuals (Decca)
4	4	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	5	MY LITTLE LADY	Tremeloes (CBS)
13	6	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	Joe Cocker (Regal-Zonophone)
10	7	LISTEN TO ME	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	8	LES BICYCLETTES DE BELSIZE	Engelbert Humperdink (Decca)
11	9	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
9	10	A DAY WITHOUT LOVE	Love Affair (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 25th, 1963

Last	This Week		
3	1	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
1	2	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Poole & The Tremeloes (Decca)
4	3	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	4	THEN HE KISSED ME	Crystals (London)
8	5	I	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
6	6	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (London)
7	7	IF I HAD A HAMMER	Trini Lopez (Reprise)
5	8	THE FIRST TIME	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
25	9	BE MY BABY	Ronettes (London)
17	10	MEMPHIS TENNESSEE	Chuck Berry (Pye Int)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending October 28, 1978

This	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	6	1
2	(4)	RASPUTIN	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	5	2
3	(3)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	6	3
4	(5)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	4	4
5	(15)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2	5
6	(2)	LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	6	2
7	(12)	RAT TRAP	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	7
8	(7)	I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	5
9	(6)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	6
10	(20)	HURRY UP HARRY	Sham 69 (Polydor)	2	10
11	(8)	GREASE	Frankie Valli (RSO)	9	3
12	(13)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	5	12
13	(9)	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)	6	9
14	(11)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle (UA)	6	11
15	(10)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Sylvester (Fantasy)	10	9
15	(18)	HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE	Buzzcocks (UA)	5	15
17	(—)	PUBLIC IMAGE	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	1	17
18	(26)	DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT	Jam (Polydor)	2	18
19	(14)	DARLIN'	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	2	14
20	(—)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Mick Jackson (Atlantic)	1	20
21	(16)	MEXICAN GIRL	Smokie (Rak)	3	16
22	(—)	ONE FOR YOU ONE FOR ME	Jonathan King (GTO)	1	22
23	(—)	INSTANT REPLAY	Dan Hartman (Sky)	1	23
24	(24)	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN	Three Degrees (Ariola)	2	24
25	(—)	GET ON UP GET ON DOWN	Roy Ayers (Polydor)	1	25
26	(—)	DIPPETY DAY	Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	1	26
27	(28)	BRANDY	O'Jays (Philadelphia)	2	27
28	(17)	A ROSE HAS TO DIE	Dooleys (GTO)	5	16
29	(29)	GET IT WHILE YOU CAN	Olympic Runners (Polydor)	2	29
30	(—)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DON'T COME CLOSE — Ramones (Sire); FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER) — Chris Rea (Magnet); (YOU GOTTA WALK) DON'T LOOK BACK — Peter Tosh (EMI); HARD ROAD — Black Sabbath (Vertigo).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending October 28, 1978

This	Last Week		
1	(2)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
2	(1)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
3	(3)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
4	(5)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
5	(6)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
6	(4)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
7	(11)	MAC ARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer
8	(9)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty
9	(10)	WHO ARE YOU	Who
10	(14)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones
11	(12)	BACK IN THE USA	Linda Ronstadt
12	(15)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille
13	(13)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
14	(18)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia
15	(25)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
16	(7)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
17	(23)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Barry Manilow
18	(19)	SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN	Billy Joel
19	(21)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle
20	(20)	GET OFF	Foxy
21	(22)	JOSIE	Steely Dan
22	(24)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges
23	(28)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli
24	(26)	IT'S A LAUGH	Daryl Hall & John Oates
25	(8)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
26	(16)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John
27	(30)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis
28	(—)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Dr Hook
29	(17)	HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS	Bob Seger
30	(—)	TOOK THE LAST TRAIN	David Gates

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending October 28, 1978

This	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	16	1
2	(5)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (CBS)	17	2
3	(2)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN	(Motown)	5	2
3	(3)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	15	1
5	(7)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	13	2
6	(6)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	12	6
7	(4)	BLOODY TOURISTS	10 c.c. (Mercury)	6	3
8	(10)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	4	8
9	(12)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	27	1
10	(17)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	3	10
11	(19)	LIVE & MORE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2	11
12	(13)	LOVE BITES	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	3	12
13	(8)	STAGE	David Bowie (RCA)	4	8
14	(16)	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)	3	14
15	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	45	3
16	(—)	SATIN CITY	Various (CBS)	1	16
17	(11)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	7
18	(22)	BURSTING OUT	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	2	18
19	(30)	JOURNEY TO ADDIS	Third World (Island)	2	19
20	(9)	TORMATO	Yes (Atlantic)	5	9
21	(—)	WELL WELL SAID THE ROCKING CHAIR	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	1	21
22	(26)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	The Kinks (Ronco)	3	22
23	(—)	JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE	James Galway (Red Seal)	7	8
24	(23)	TO THE LIMIT	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	2	23
25	(21)	LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7	14
26	(—)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	18	2
27	(29)	GREEN LIGHT	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	27
28	(—)	ECSTASY	Various (Lotus)	1	28
29	(15)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston (Epic)	7	9
30	(—)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	11	7

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

TIME PASSAGES — Al Stewart (RCA); BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST XII — Barclay James Harvest (Polydor); BLOODY LIVE — AC/DC (Atlantic); PIECES OF EIGHT — Styx (A&M).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending October 28, 1978

This	Last Week		
1	(2)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
2	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
3	(3)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
4	(5)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Wiseberg
5	(6)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
6	(4)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
7	(11)	MIXED EMOTIONS	Exile
8	(9)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
9	(10)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
10	(14)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt
11	(12)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
12	(15)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
13	(13)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
14	(18)	SLEEPER CATCHER	Little River Band
15	(25)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce
16	(7)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
17	(23)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
18	(19)	DOG AND BUTTERFLY	Heart
10	(21)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
20	(20)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
21	(22)	IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA	Ashford & Simpson
22	(24)	GET OFF	Foxy
23	(28)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
24	(26)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
25	(8)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
26	(16)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
27	(30)	ALONG THE RED LEDGE	Daryl Hall & John Oates
28	(—)	THE CARS	The Cars
29	(17)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
30	(—)	CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ	Chuck Mangione

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FAY FIFE of The Rezillos

REZILLOS: 35 DATES

FOLLOWING THE chart success of their album "Can't Stand The Rezillos", the Scottish band are embarking on a massive tour, which starts in a fortnight's time and runs through until two days before Christmas. Comprising 35 dates, it's the longest tour they've ever undertaken, and they're supported throughout by four-piece Irish band The Undertones — who are label-mates of The Rezillos on Sire Records, with their debut single "Teenage Kicks" currently knocking on the chart door.

And The Rezillos themselves have a new single coming out early next month as their follow-up to "Top Of The Pops". It is one of their most requested stage numbers "Destination Venus", coupled with a new song called "Mystery Action", both titles composed by guitarist John Callis.

Tour dates are Leicester University (November 11), Canterbury Odeon (14), Reading Top Rank (15), Plymouth Metro (16), Cardiff University (17), Southampton University (18), Bristol Locarno (19), Blackburn King George's Hall (21), Sheffield Polytechnic (22), Lancaster University (24), Bradford University (25), Redcar Coatham Bowl (26), Fife St. Andrew's University (27), Coventry Warwick University (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Manchester Free Trade Hall (December 1), two shows at Liverpool Eric's (2), London Strand Lyceum (3), Birmingham Town Hall (4), Keele University (5), Malvern Winter Gardens (6), Bournemouth Village Bowl (7), Brighton Sussex University (8), Colchester Essex University (9), Croydon Greyhound (10), Dublin McGonnigles (12), Belfast The Pound (13 and 14), Portrush Arcadia (15), Falkirk Maniqui (18), Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (19), Dundee Samantha's (20), Inverness Strathpeffer Pavilion (21), Edinburgh Odeon (22) and Glasgow Apollo (23).

For the whole of the tour, the two bands will be travelling the country by bus. All tickets are on sale now — for London Lyceum they are priced £2.50; at Manchester, Birmingham and Newcastle they are £2.50, £2 and £1.50; and elsewhere they vary, so readers are advised to check with the respective box-offices.

Clash in wrangle with ex-manager

THE CLASH confirmed this week that they've parted company with their manager Bernard Rhodes. He is seeking to freeze all the band's earnings and has instituted High Court proceedings, which they intend to resist strenuously, alleging that "financial accounting by the management is disastrous". The case was being heard in the Chancery Divison on Tuesday.

There have been several changes in The Clash's tour itinerary, reported last week. They now play Bournemouth Village Bowl on November 22 instead of (9), Manchester Apollo on November 23 instead of Belle Vue on the 15th, Coventry Locarno on 28 instead of 14, and Newcastle Polytechnic on December 2 instead of 3. Malvern Winter Gardens (November 10), Birmingham Odeon (22) and Ipswich Gaumont (23) are cancelled, and their Liverpool gig — originally planned for December 1: is now set for the city's University on December 6.

There are new bookings at Edinburgh Odeon (December 3) and Bath Pavilion (12). London and Birmingham dates, as well as support bands, will be announced next week. Finally, release of their new CBS single "Tommy Gun" is delayed until November 24, though their new album "Give 'Em Enough Rope" still comes out on November 10.

NEWS DESK

THE BOYFRIENDS and a girlfriend

Boyfriends for extensive tour

THE BOYFRIENDS go back on the road next weekend for an extensive tour, running into December. It ties in with the November 17 release of their new United Artists single "Last Bus Home", one of their firm stage favourites.

A novelty throughout the tour will be the appearance of The Backbeats as "support" act — because, as their followers will know, these are The Boyfriends themselves performing 60's-style material. Dates confirmed are:

Hatfield Polytechnic (November 3), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (7), Bristol Brunel Technical College (11), Sheffield Polytechnic (14), Bradford College of Education (15), London City University (17), Reading Bulmershe College (18), Torquay 400 Club (21), Southampton University (22), Basingstoke Technical College (23), Liverpool Polytechnic (24), Manchester UMIST (25), Huddersfield Polytechnic (28), Newcastle University (29), Leeds Fan Club (30), London Strand King's College (December 4), Blackburn Technical College (7), Oxford Westminster College (8) and London Kensington Nashville (9). A few more gigs are likely to be added.

NEWS WAVES

● 999 will be supported by Chelsea, John Cooper-Clarke and Salford Jets when they climax their current tour at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, November 5. They then leave for a five-country European tour.

● PERE UBU have added another two dates to their upcoming U.K. tour, at Portsmouth Polytechnic (November 30) and Brighton Sussex University (December 1). But they have cancelled Doncaster Outlook on December 4, as the venue is closing down. Their itinerary now consists of 20 gigs.

● THE SMIRKS are putting together a string of concerts for early December at schools and youth clubs in the Manchester area, while further nationwide dates are planned for early in the New Year.

● THE EDGE, the band launched by two former Damned members, add Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (November 3) and Cranfield Technical College (9) to their current debut tour.

● THE PLEASERS have added three last-minute Scottish dates to their current tour — at Ayr Caledonian Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Edinburgh University (Friday) and Glasgow University (Saturday).

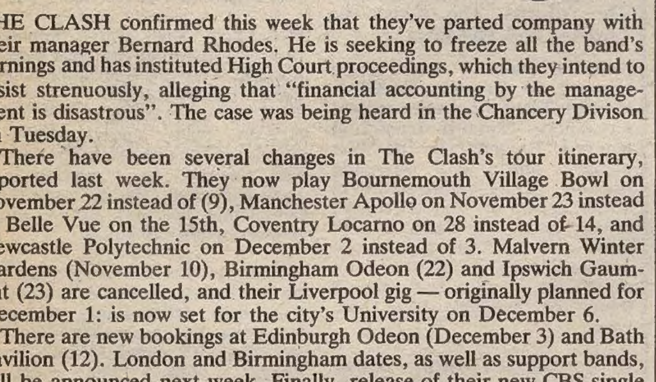
● CIMARONS, one of Britain's most consistent reggae bands, will be special guests on Sham 69's previously reported "Guy Fawkes Memory" tour opening in Edinburgh on November 1 ... and Newcastly Polytechnic have cancelled Sham's scheduled appearance on November 4 for what they describe as reasons beyond their control.

● THE RADIATORS play their only London date this year next Tuesday (31) at Camden Electric Ballroom, supported by Stiff Little Fingers. It's their first gig without the "From Space" tag, and it introduces their new guitarist Bill Morley.

DOGS DUE

THE DOGS, the Los Angeles-based band who originally stemmed from Detroit, arrive in Britain next month for their first tour here. First confirmed dates are York Pop Club (November 22), London Camden Music Machine (29) and London Islington Hope and Anchor (December 1). A maxi-single called "Fed Up" is being released to coincide with the gigs by the band who comprise Louren Molinaire (lead guitar and vocals), Mary Kay (bass and vocals) and Ron Wood (drums).

Shirts, Johansen visits



The Shirts' ANNIE GOLDEN in action

THE SHIRTS are now confirmed for a short British tour next month, as exclusively forecast by NME two weeks ago. They'll be here for about ten days, and so far eight gigs have been set for them — at Liverpool Eric's (November 10), Manchester University (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), Bristol Locarno (14), Newcastle University (15), Batley Crumpets (16), Sheffield Polytechnic (17) and London Camden Music Machine (18). To tie in with their visit, Harvest Records are releasing a new single by the band titled "Lonely Android", taken from their debut album "The Shirts".

DAVID JOHANSEN, the former New York Doll who's now fronting his own band, is to play a short series of six British dates next month. They include a major London appearance at the capital's new rock centre, The Venue in Victoria, on November 21 - and the other gigs are Birmingham Barbarella's (18), Norwich Boogie House (22), Sheffield Limit Club (23), Liverpool Eric's (24) and Manchester Mayflower (25).

It's possible that a couple of other dates will be added to the tour, on which The David Johansen Group (that's their official billing) will be featuring material from Johansen's first solo album, released by Blue Sky in July with his name as its title. Full line-up of the band hasn't yet been advised, although it's known to include Syl Silvain, another former New York Doll.

POLY STYRENE of X-Ray

X-RAY GIGS & NEW LP

X-RAY SPEX are back in action again after their long summer lay-off, due initially to Poly Styrene's illness and subsequently to recording commitments. Their long-awaited debut album is at last set for release, and in the middle of next month they begin a short series of major dates, including a London concert.

They play Liverpool Eric's (November 17), Glasgow Queen Margaret's Union (18), Bristol Tiffany's (23), Cambridge Corn Exchange (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (27), Manchester Apollo (29) and Birmingham Odeon (December 10).

Support act on the first two shows is The Invaders, with The Members taking over for the next two. Appearing on the last three dates are Sore Throat and poet Martin Mighty Mouth, with The Invaders also on the bill at Hammersmith. Promoter is John Giddings of the MAM Organisation, who says there's a possibility of a couple of college dates being added to this schedule. Admission prices vary from one venue to another but at Hammersmith they are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

X-Ray's album, rushed out by EMI on November 10, is called "Germ Free Adolescence" — which is also the title of their previously-reported single, released this weekend. The LP's title track is a different version from the one issued as a single, and the LP also contains several favourite items from the band's repertoire as well as new Styrene material.

Spex also appear in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday, December 5.

Gen X back on the road again

Producer IAN HUNTER with Gen X's BILLY IDOL

GENERATION X, who've been conspicuous by their absence during the past few months, are poised to bounce back in style — by way of a major tour and their long-awaited second album. Most of their gigs are still being confirmed, but it's known that the tour kicks off at High Wycombe Town Hall on November 24 and finishes with two shows at Liverpool Eric's on December 16.

The rest of their schedule, including dates in Scotland and Ulster, will be announced in a week or two. And of course, they are already set for a show with The Jam at London Wembley Arena on November 29, as part of the six-day Great British Music Festival at that venue. The new album, tentatively titled "Intercourse (Old Meets New)", was produced by Ian Hunter and is planned for late November release by Chrysalis.

Gloria Mundi in action

GLORIA MUNDI, whose new single "Glory Of The World" is issued by RCA this week, are playing a short series of dates next month — their first since they acquired two new members, guitarist Ellis and bassist Nigel Ross-Scott. They visit York Pop Club (November 8), Nottingham Sandpiper (10), Manchester Mayflower (11), Bradford Royal Standard Hotel (12), Leeds Fan Club (14), London Marquee (16), Birmingham Barbarella's (17) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (18).

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15th BRADFORD—University
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THE SINGLE IS
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PURE POWER FROM
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Parliament, Hayes extra gigs

SMOKEY MAKES IT!

SMOKEY ROBINSON duly arrived in Britain this week, so dispelling doubts — reported by NME last week — about his projected tour. This means that his two concerts at the London Palladium on November 6 and 7 are now officially confirmed, and he's also appearing at Leicester Bailey's (all this week), Watford Bailey's (all next week), Plymouth Top Rank (November 8) and Poole Arts Centre (9). He then flies to Spain for several dates, before returning to film a TV show.

The Tamla Motown stalwart is accompanied by his seven-piece band and two-girl back-up vocalists, collectively known as the Quiet Storm Orchestra. And to tie in with his visit, Motown release his single "Shoe Soul" on November 3 — it's taken from his current album "Love Breeze". The last time Robinson was here was just a year ago, when he sold out two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon.

● THE PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC revue is to play an extra London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, December 14, at 8pm. This has been slotted in because their original three nights at this venue (11-13) sold out almost immediately in what promoters Straight Music say is the heaviest ticket demand the Hammersmith Odeon has experienced in years. Tickets for the additional show go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

● ISAAC HAYES has added three more dates to his British tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago. They are at Dunstable California (November 2), Blackpool Tiffany's (3) and two performances at Liverpool Empire (4). As with his other dates, these gigs feature the full Isaac Hayes Revue, plus Edwin Starr and his backing band — a grand total of over 50 singers and musicians.

● ESTHER PHILLIPS flies into Britain next month, as part of a whirlwind European tour. She's playing only one concert in this country, and it's at London Kingsway Royalty Theatre on Sunday, November 19. Tickets are now on sale priced £5, £4, £3, and £2.

● DUANE EDDY is returning to Britain to appear as special guest on the previously reported major concerts by Jerry Lee Lewis next month. The rock'n'roll guitar star can be seen with Lewis in two shows at London Rainbow (November 19) and another two at Birminghan Odeon (20).

● CRYSTAL GAYLE is being set up for a headlining concert series in the early spring, a United Artists spokesman confirmed this week. She hasn't been able to visit Britain this year because of heavy U.S. committments, coupled with her mother's illness. But details of her 1979 tour can be expected shortly.

Concerts set by Showaddywaddy

SHOWADDYWADDY are set for a string of dates before Christmas, to promote their current Arista single "Pretty Little Angel Eyes". Already confirmed for the Royal Variety Performance at the London Palladium (November 13) and a headlining concert at London Rainbow (17), they also play Bristol Colston Hall (November 5), Farnworth Blighty's (8-11), Oxford New Theatre (16), Bournemouth Garden Row (18), Derby Assembly Rooms (30), Coventry Theatre (December 1), Manchester Apollo (2), Sunderland Empire (3), Middlesbrough Town Hall (4), Sheffield City Hall (7), Hanley Victoria Hall (8), Preston Guildhall (15), Halifax Civic Theatre (16), Harrogate Royal Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (18) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (19).

Donegan's back

LONNIE DONEGAN, the former king of skiffle, starts a major British tour next week to tie in with the November 10 release of his new Chrysalis album "Sundown". He plays Nottingham Theatre Royal (October 30-November 4), Ipswich Gaumont (7-8), Taunton Odeon (9-10), Southampton Gaumont (11), Manchester Opera House (13-18), Coventry Theatre (20-25), Aberdeen Capitol (27-December 1), Hanley Odeon (4-6), Liverpool Empire (7-8) and Doncaster Gaumont (9).

JOHNNY CASH: MARCH DATES

JOHNNY CASH returns to Britain at the tail end of the winter, to play his first concerts here for more than four years. He's accompanied by his wife, June Carter, plus The Carter Family and The Tennessee Three.

Dates for The Johnny Cash Show are Brighton Centre (March 11), London Wembley Conference Centre (13, 14, 15 and 16, with two shows on the last day), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (17), two shows at Manchester Apollo (18) and two at Glasgow Apollo (20).

Wembley tickets are priced £8, £7 and £6, while elsewhere they are £7, £6 and £5. Postal bookings are being accepted now, and they should be sent to the venues concerned — except for the Birmingham gig, where they should be addressed to "The Johnny Cash Show" (to whom cheques should be made payable), E.B.S., 6th Floor, Radnor House, 93-97 Regent Street, London, W.1. Box-office opening dates for personal callers will be announced shortly.

OFF THE RECORD

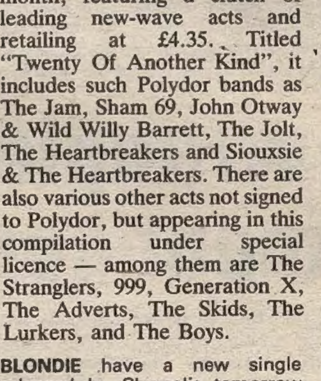
The 'alternative hits' compilation

POLYDOR are putting out an "alternative hits" collection next month, featuring a clutch of leading new-wave acts and retailing at £4.35. Titled "Twenty Of Another Kind", it includes such Polydor bands as The Jam, Sham 69, John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett, The Jolt, The Heartbreakers and Siouxsie & The Heartbreakers. There are also various other acts not signed to Polydor, but appearing in this compilation under special licence — among them are The Stranglers, 999, Generation X, The Adverts, The Skids, The Lurkers, and The Boys.

BLONDIE have a new single released by Chrysalis tomorrow (Friday). Taken from their current hit album "Parallel Lines", it features "Hanging On The Telephone" and "Will Anything Happen". And a limited edition of 10,000 copies of "Parallel Lines", pressed in picture-disc form with Debbie Harry imprinted in the grooves, is being imported from the States — price is £7.99 and they'll be available from next week.

● To coincide with **James Brown**'s previously-reported British tour next month, Polydor issue his new single "Nature — Parts I and II" on November 10.

● BBC Records this week release a compilation double set titled "America's Greatest Hits", retailing at £4.95. It features 25 tracks from the last 20 years, and among artists included are **Bill Haley, Fats Domino, Everly Brothers, Jerry Lee Lewis, Beach Boys, Supremes, Aretha Franklin, Mamas and Papas, The Jacksons** and **The Carpenters.**



● Release of **Kate Bush**'s new EMI single, originally announced as this weekend, has been put back until November 3.

● Release of the new **Diana Ross** album, simply titled "Ross", has been delayed by production difficulties at the pressing plant. But Motown now hope to have it in the shops by this weekend.

● **Yachts** have their second Radar single issued on November 3, comprising "Yachting Types" and "Hypnotising Lies", both penned by keyboards player and vocalist Henry Priestman. The band's gig at London Kensington Nashville on November 2, the last in their current tour, is being recorded for subsequent release.

● Five-piece band **Knowledge** are the first reggae signing to the A & M label, who release their debut album this week, with their name as its title. They are planning their first British tour in the New Year.

● A single called "Three Hippies In A Gas Chamber" by **High Society** comes out this weekend on the band's own AFC label.

● WEA have signed singer-composer **Tony Etoria,** formerly of The Casuals, to a worldwide recording deal. He is currently completing his first album, for release before Christmas.

● **Steppin' Out,** who were signed by Charly Records in the summer, have their debut single out on November 17 — pressed in 12-inch red vinyl, it's called "Who's To Know". The band, now augmented to a five-piece, have their first album "Steppin' Out" issued on December 8.

● **The Monochrome Set** go into the studios next month to record their debut single for Rough Trade Records. It's being produced by Mayo Thompson of Red Crayola.

● The five new albums by the various members of the current "Be Stiff" package tour, all originally pressed in different colours, have now additionally been made available in orthodox black vinyl. Stiff Records say they've found a lot of people believe that normal black sounds better than coloured vinyl. Artists concerned are **Wreckless Eric, Lene Lovich, Rachel Sweet, Jona Lewie** and **Mickey Jupp.**

● Warner Brothers are putting out a limited edition six-record boxed set by near-legendary jazz saxist **Charlie Parker.** The material is culled from the Dial catalogue, vintage 1945-46, and only 4,000 hand-numbered sets are available. Price is £25.

● Charisma have signed a new four-piece London band called **The Dazzlers,** whose debut single comes out this week in what's described as a "special optical bag".

RICHARDS OFF THE HOOK

KEITH RICHARDS was given a year's probation by a Toronto court on Tuesday for the possession of heroin. And this now means The Rolling Stones' plans to play UK concerts early next year are no longer in jeopardy.

Richards had pleaded guilty to possessing 22 grams of heroin worth about £2,000, found when Mounties raided his Canadian hotel room in February 1977.

The prosecution had hoped for a six to 12 month jail sentence for the guitarist. But the defence for Richards, who'd faced life imprisonment on a trafficking charge until it was dropped earlier this week, argued that he needed at least another six months medical treatment to kick his addiction.

Plans for a Stones tour were going ahead even before Richards was sentenced. Visiting London last week, Mick Jagger said they'll play Australia soon after Christmas.

"And when we're finished there, then it's the UK," he added.

Even so, Jagger is relieved Richards is not going down. The group's British press agent Keith Altham said that Richards has already been invited to play a charity show in Canada.

"Mick says he's very pleased," Altham laughed, "and he thinks Keith will be excellent on his own."

Miller's new band on tour

THE NEW 1978 version of Frankie Miller's Full House set out early next month on a major British tour, lasting over five weeks and taking in 31 dates. These will be the first gigs for the new band which now comprises ex-Meal Ticket sideman Steve Simpson and Ed Dean (both on guitar), and two former Ace members, Tex Comer (bass) and Fran Byrne (drums).

With his new Chrysalis single "Darlin'" climbing the charts, Miller is currently recording an album with producer Dave Mackay for New Year release. As already reported, the band are set for an appearance in the six-day Great British Music Festival at Wembley Arena on November 30, and other confirmed dates are:

Newcastle Mayfair (November 10), Rochdale Champness Hall(11), Redcar Coatham Bowl (12), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (13), Aberdeen Ruffles (15), Glasgow City Hall (16), Edinburgh University (17), Dundee University (18), Dumfries Stagecoach (19), Sheffield University (21), Keele University (22), Hull University (23), Huddersfield Polytechnic (24), Birmingham University (25), Malvern Winter Gardens (29), Salford University (December 1), Doncaster Bircotes Leisure Centre (2), Blackburn King George's Hall (3), Plymouth Metro (5), Cardiff University (6), Swansea Nutz Club (7), Leicester Polythecnic (8), Slough College (9), Poole Wessex Concert Hall (11), Canterbury Odeon (13), Bristol Brunel Technical College (14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15), Cromer West Runton Pavillion (16) and Croydon Greyhound (17).

This Week's News Round-Up

THE REAL THING

THE REAL THING who support David Essex in his five concerts in late November and early December, are also on tour in their own right. They promote their new album "Step Into Our World", issued by Pye this weekend, at Saltburn Spa Pavilion (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Mayfair (Friday), Walsall Town Hall (Saturday), Salford Willows Centre (Sunday), Northampton Salon (November 1), Crawley Sports Centre (3), Hayes Alfred Beck Centre (4), Maesteg White Wheat (5), Hull New (⅞), Whitehaven Civic (8), Winsford Civic (9), Bradford St. George's Hall (10), Manchester Playhouse (11), Stockton Fiest (13), Swansea Top Rank (14), Doncaster Rotters (15), Aylesbury Civic (17), Swindon Oasis (18), Bletchley Leisure Centre (19), Sheffield Top Rank (20), Derby Tiffany's (23), Reading University (24), Cleethorpes Bunnies (December 3), Leicester Granby Halls (4), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (5), Wisbech Isle of Ely College (6), Plymouth Fiesta (7) and Porthcawl Stoneleigh Club (10)

RICHARD & LINDA

RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON begin their autumn tour next weekend, following the release of their new Chrysalis album "First Light". Highlight of their itinerary is a major London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, November 12. A number of dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but those confirmed so far are Salford University (November 3), Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall (6), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (8), Basildon Towngate Theatre (10), Plymouth Woods Centre (13), Penzance The Garden (14), Exeter Routes (15), Huddersfield Polytechnic (17), Leicester University (18) and Sheffield Polytechnic (19).

STADIUM DOGS

STADIUM DOGS, the Swindon-based band recently signed by Magnet Records, have their debut album "What's Next?" issued on November 10 — and it's preceded by their single "Love On The Airwaves" on November 3. To tie in with these releases, they undertake their first U.K. tour, visiting Norwich Boogie House (November 10), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (17), Sheffield Limit Club (20), London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (21 and 28), Manchester University (22), Scarborough Penthouse (24), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (26), Warrington Carlton Club (27), Leeds University (29) and Keele University (30).

DAVE LEWIS BAND

DAVE LEWIS BAND, who recently completed a series of concerts supporting the Climax Blues Band, go on the road next month in their own right. Dates so far confirmed are Bristol Granary (November 2), London Marquee (3). Birmingham University (4), London Finchley Torrington (5), London Camden Music Machine (8), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (10), Bedford College of Education (11), Swansea Circles Club (16), Burton 76 Club (17), Batley Crumpets (23), Dudley J.B.'s (24) Nottingham Boat Club (25) and Newbridge Club & Institute (26).

SQUEEZE

SQUEEZE, who've just finished an extensive tour with Dr. Feelgood, headline their own British dates next month. And their new single "Goodbye Girl" is released by A & M on November 3, the first 10,000 copies being marketed in "a unique three-dimensional sculptured" sleeve. They play Manchester University on November 8 then, after supporting Eddie & The Hot Rods in their three Scottish gigs (reported last week), they continue with their own tour at Doncaster Outlook (13), Birmingham Barbarella's (14), Norwich Boogie House (15), Preston Polytechnic (17), Plymouth Woods Centre (20), Penzance The Garden (21), Exeter Routes (22), Bournemouth Village Bowl (23), Bath Pavilion (25), Leeds Fan Club (28) and York Revolution (29). Then then go into the studios to complete their new album, planned for New Year release.

THE CRUISERS

THE CRUISERS, London doo-wap band following in the footsteps of Showaddywaddy and Darts, are this week joined by ex-Racing Cars drummer Steve Bull who replaces Steve Murray in the line-up. They gig at Newcastle Dolce Vita (this Thursday for three days), Leeds Gaiety (Sunday), Cambridge Grenadier (November 3), Dudley J.B.'s (4), Wolverhampton Lafayette (10), Bristol Polytechnic (16), Newport Village (17), Loughborough Town Hall (18), Hull Telstar (19). Basildon Double Six (24), Manchester Polytechnic (30), Leicester University (December 6), London Ealing College (12) and Bristol Granary (30). New Year dates in both Britain and Europe are being lined up to tie in with the release of their debut album and single.

Jean Pierre Bouchard-Rees

In our issue of September 16, 1978, we reported that Warren Harry had sacked Jean Pierre Bouchard-Rees and Paul Hemmings. This was printed in good faith based upon information received. We are now assured that it was false, and we apologise to Mr. Bouchard-Rees and Mr. Hemmings for any embarrassment caused to them.

GILLAN (that's the Ian Gillan band) return from their current Japanese visit early next month, and play a short series of dates before setting off for America. The first three set are Fife St. Andrew's University (November 8), Manchester Mayflower (9) and Preston Guildhall (15). They'll also be appearing in Belfast (12) and Swansea (16), but venues haven't yet been confirmed.

AFTER THE FIRE are lining up another string of gigs for December. So far set are Liverpool Polytechnic (1), Reading University (6), Chelmsford City Tavern (7), Matlock Pavilion (8), Leeds Staging Post (9), London Blackheath Bluecoats Club (12), Lincoln A.J.'s (14), Sunderland Mecca (15), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (16) and Sheffield Limit Club (23).

HEINZ, British rock star of the so-called Golden Era, returns to the scene as front man of a new rock'n'roll act that's shortly going on the road. As yet un-named, it also features Earl Sheridan, ex-Gene Vincent guitarist Leighton Hye and The Houseshakers band. They're being handled by Tony Graves at Backstage Management (01-675 1374).

TONY McPHEE and his band Terraplane go back on the road to headline a five-week pre-Christmas college and club tour. It opens at Warrington Lion Hotel on November 4 and finishes at London Woolwich Tramshed on December 12. Only other venue so far confirmed is Chester Smarties on November 7.

THIRD WORLD have added another date to their current tour — it's a late booking at Cromer West Runton Pavilion tomorrow (Friday). And their show at Lancaster University is put back one week from November 12 to 19.

WHIRLWIND are going to play a series of free lunchtime gigs in London during the coming week. They'll be appearing at the Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square daily from tomorrow (Friday) until next Wednesday (November 1), between noon and 2 pm each day. Various disc-jockeys will also be taking part.

ALAN PRICE plays a one-off concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, November 19. It's promoted by John Martin in conjunction with Capital Radio, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast. Tickets are now on sale priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £1.50.

FABULOUS POODLES have added another couple of dates to their current tour — at Bath University (this Saturday) and Scunthorpe Tiffany's. And their gig on November 11, previously planned for Manchester University, is switched to Coventry Warwick University.

LONDON's Duke Of York Theatre has been purchased by Capital Radio. One of the terms of the deal is that the venue, built in 1892, shall be thoroughly renovated. Thereafter it will continue mainly to present plays, but Capital's involvement means that it will also emerge as a new London venue for concerts.

THE TEN-DAY rock festival at Fife St. Andrew's University, reported three weeks ago, has added Gillan (November 8) and Head (9) to its line-up. And Five Hand Reel now appear on November 11 instead of Sonja Kristina's Escape. Other acts already set include Whirlwind (3), Wilko Johnson (6), The Jam (7) and Crazy Cavan (10).

RONNIE HAWKINS' headlining gig in the London rock-'n'roll festival at Harlesden Roxy Theatre on November 11 (reported last week) will offer a special bonus to the audience. A contest is being held in which the prize is a free tip to America next year. It will be aboard the Rock Airlift, a two-week tour being organised by GMC Promotions, who have already hired a 388-seater jumbo to cope with the ticket demand.

Here & Now for another free series

HERE & NOW continue their policy of playing free gigs in another extensive tour, running from November 17 to December 22, and taking in 35 dates. It coincides with the release of their first studio album "Give And Take", issued by Charly Records at the budget price of £2.25. A large London venue is being sought for a December 21 Christmas party, and other gigs are being finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

London Central Polytechnic (November 17), **Canterbury** Kent University (18), **Chelmsford** Football Club (19), **London Barnet** College (20), **Southampton** University (22), **Salisbury** Technical College (25), **Exeter** University (26), **Bristol** University (27), **Bangor** University (December 1). **Liverpool** Pickwick Club (3), **Bolton** Institute of Technology (4), **Nottingham** University (5), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (7), **Dundee** Uni (8), **Stirling** Uni (9), **Newcastle** University (11), **Leeds** Polytechnic (12), **Bradford** University (15), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (16), **Coventry** Warwick University (17), **Norwich** East Anglia University (18), **Colchester** Essex University (19) and **Birmingham** Bournbrook Hotel (20).

There will be a variety of support acts including The Fall, Blank Space, Cabaret Voltaire, Convent Nuns and Anal Surgeons. Patrik Fitzgerald is playing most of the December dates.

Martyn on tour

JOHN MARTYN starts another tour early next month, and concerts confirmed so far — all on the college circuit — are Brighton Sussex University (November 8), London School of Economics (9), Exeter University (11), Uxbridge Brunel University (17), Colchester Essex University (18), Lancaster University (22), Leeds University (25), York University (December 5) and London Queen Mary College (9).

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangement
with Jo Lustig & Capital Radio 194 present
RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane
Sunday 12th November at 7.30pm
Tickets £2.75 £2.25 £2.00 £1.50
From the Theatre Royal Box Office, Drury Lane, WC2 01-836 5876, and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)

Kennedy St. Enterprises presents
Boney M.
ODEON, HAMMERSMITH Nov 30, Dec 1
EMPIRE, LIVERPOOL Dec 3
ODEON, BIRMINGHAM Dec 2
APOLLO MANCHESTER Dec 4
CONFERENCE CENTRE, BRIGHTON Dec 5

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
DR. FEELGOOD
WITH GUESTS
SQUEEZE
ILFORD ODEON
GANTS HILL
FRIDAY 27th OCTOBER at 7.30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 11.00 a.m. - 2.30 p.m. 4.00 p.m. - 8.00 p.m., MON-SAT, TEL. 554 2500, OR ON NIGHT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SAT/SUN 28/29 OCTOBER at 7.30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50 (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
Radio Stars
WITH GUESTS
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
THE REACTION
ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1
SUNDAY 5th NOVEMBER at 5·30
ADMISSION £2·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
MOTORHEAD
WITH GUESTS
JOHNNY MOPED
AND
THE BUSINESS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SUNDAY 5th NOVEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
ALBERT KING
BLUES BAND
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
MONDAY 13th NOVEMBER at 8.00
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

Who ever thought of the Japanese as innovators?

Imitators yes.

But innovators?

True they make reliable cars, excellent cameras and outstanding hi-fi equipment.

But what genuinely great inventions have they been responsible for?

Modestly, our chairman would have replied, "I am not a great inventor."

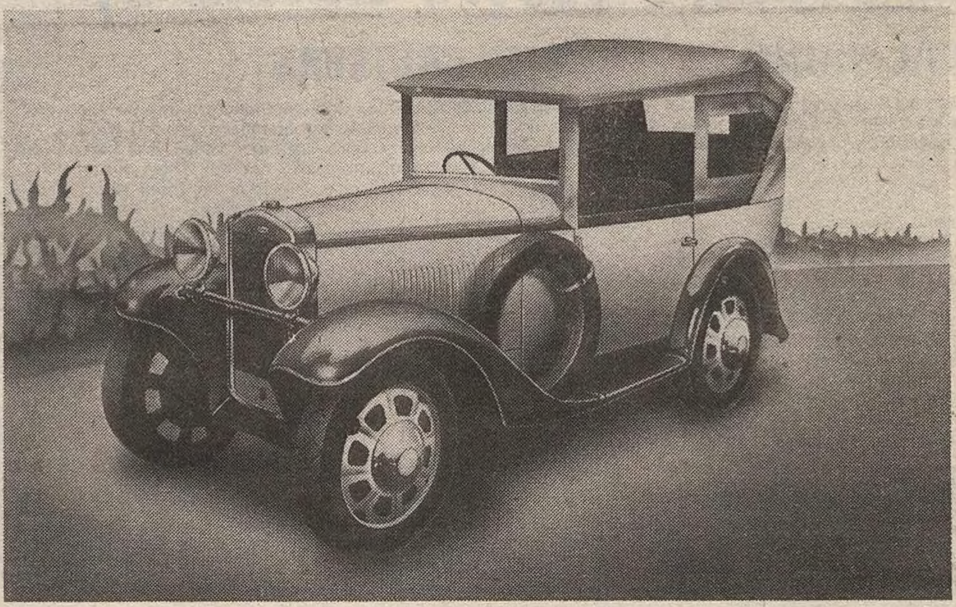
"In my field I have merely made improvements."

His field was high-fidelity tape recorders.

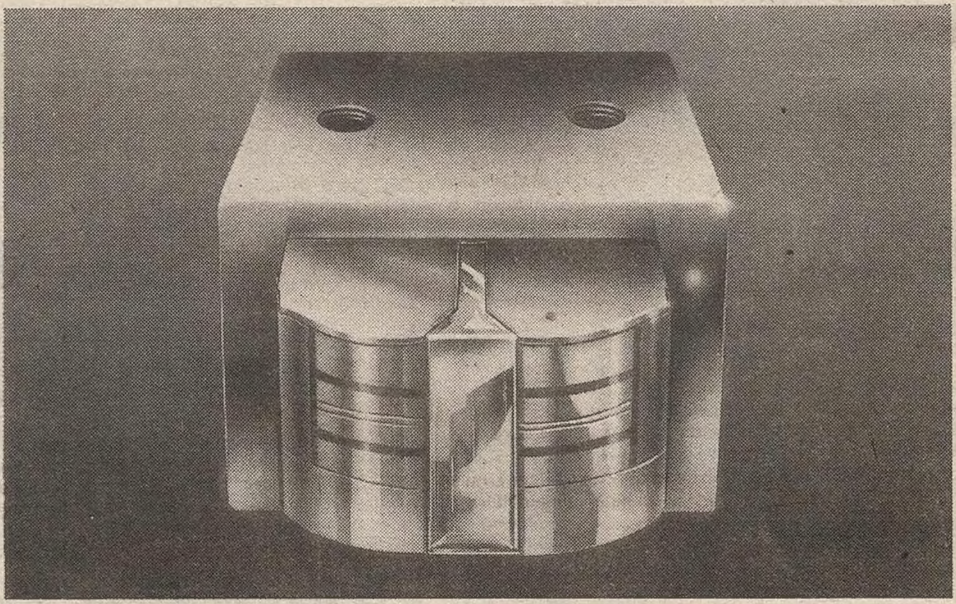
He built the first four-track stereo tape machine with a synchronous main motor. The speed remains constant, even during fluctuations in the power supply.

He developed a new kind of oil-retaining metal for the bearings in his motors, eliminating the need for constant servicing.

He was the first to install three separate motors in a cassette deck. Something acknowledged to be ideal, but until then thought to be impossible.



THE FIRST DATSUN: A COPY.



THE FIRST GLASS FERRITE TAPE HEAD: AN ORIGINAL.

And concerned that his machines should not only reproduce the purest possible sound, but should also last indefinitely, he finally invented his masterpiece.

He took the ferrite from within platinum. Tempered and polished it to a jewelled finish. And cut it to form a tape head that compared to conventional tape heads lasts a hundred times longer.

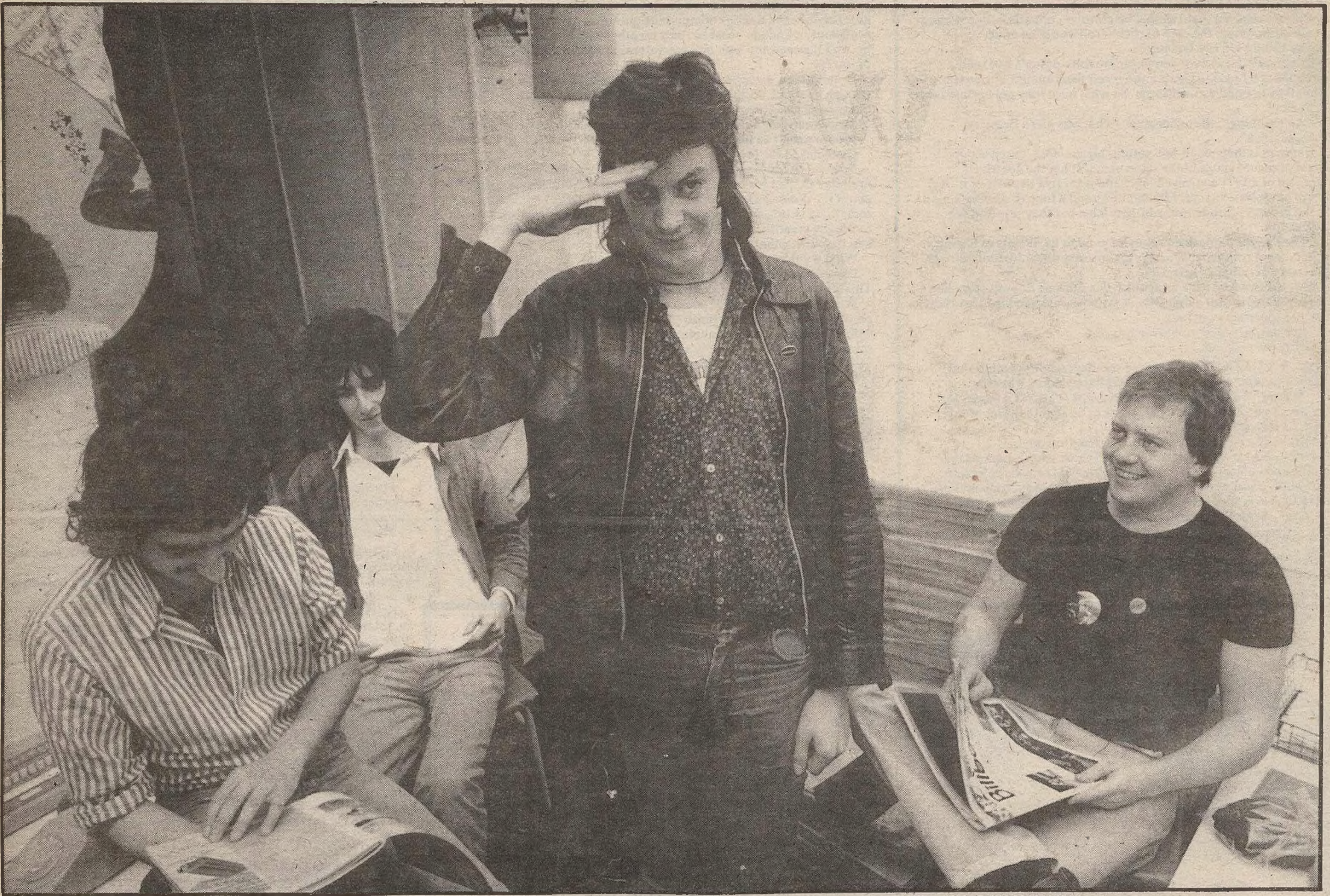
He called it quite simply the Akai GX head.

And throughout his philosophy was equally simple. "Have responsibility for and pride in what you make."

It remains the Akai motto to this day.

AKAI 'Have responsibility for and pride in what you make.'

RANK HI-FI, P.O. BOX 70, GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX TW8 9HR.



LURKERS: (from left), Nigel Moore, Pete Stride, Howard Wall, Manic Esso.

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Strange Daze In Sheffield (Or Maybe Halifax)

THE LURKERS and PAUL MORLEY fail to communicate over a soggy cheese sandwich.

SOMEONE MUST have been spreading lies about me, for without doing anything wrong I was told to write a feature about The Lurkers. The Man did not notice any discrepancy between my agreement and true revulsion . . .

(When I sat opposite a member of The Lurkers in a forboding, mucky cafe fingering a spongy cheese sandwich and silently complaining about the weakness of the tea the member astutely perceived my reluctance. "You picked the short straw," he sardonically asked.

The assignment: travelling with the group for a couple of days, visiting Halifax and Sheffield, determining the group's destiny, communicating with the four musicians, appreciating the rigours and uniqueness of Life On The Road.

The bite to the article was to be an objective appraisal of youth leisure life and the 'excitement' groups like The Lurkers bring into the monotonous existence of working class teenagers.

The sting was to be a convincing criticism of The Lurkers' particular worldview balanced with the theory that the only true creatives are those who inspire others to create — and surely The Lurkers inspire more than, say, Brotherhood of Man or Pere Ubu?

But when the Big Day arrived circumstances had changed. The Lurkers' extensive nationwide tour had been ruptured by clumsy organisation. A once full 14-day part of the tour had dwindled right down to one day..A large part of the original concept for the article fluttered away. Oh despair.

The date was in Halifax. Or Sheffield. I couldn't travel with the group because their car was full. I journeyed by train.

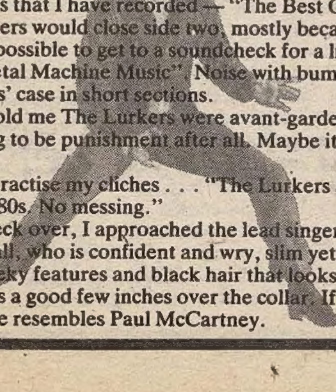
Trains frighten me. And this train was packed

The women were dressed in yellow two-piece outfits, their eyes were piercing blue, their hair lacquered, gold, and shaped like a deformed bread roll.

The men were in blue suits, wore crisp white shirts, tightly knotted ties and their hair was sparse and shiny silver. Behind conservative spectacles their steel grey eyes stared hard at me.

I shrunk into my seat and spewed up. The stink of the sick carried with me for the rest of the day.

I got off the train, I was dizzy and unhappy. Everything was out of my control. People lined up on the platform and laughed at me. The red carpet was rolled out for me. I followed it, reached a door at the limit, and entered.



THE AWFUL, turbulent mess of four-piece rock group raped my ears. Its blast knocked me backwards. The Lurkers . . . performing a soundcheck.

I like soundchecks. At soundchecks groups play just for themselves, find out things more than they do at rehearsals because the environment of soundchecks can be mysteriously influential.

In fact I am wondering whether to release a bootleg of soundchecks that I have recorded — "The Best Of Soundchecks".

The Lurkers would close side two, mostly because they are the closest it is possible to get to a soundcheck for a live performance of Reed's "Metal Machine Music". Noise with bumps and ridges, in The Lurkers' case in short sections.

No-one told me The Lurkers were avant-garde! Maybe this wasn't going to be punishment after all. Maybe it was going to be rooty tooty.

Time to practise my cliches . . . "The Lurkers are going to drag us into the '80s. No messing."

Soundcheck over, I approached the lead singer, ex-culinary artist Howard Wall, who is confident and wry, slim yet strongly built with cheery, cheeky features and black hair that looks short at the front but straggles a good few inches over the collar. If the light catches him badly he resembles Paul McCartney.

The latter fact made me a little nervous. When I get nervous my nose runs and I'd forgotten my hankie.

We strolled away from the club looking for a pub like long lost chums who didn't know what to say to each other.

Guitar player Pete Stride joined us.

He used to be a packer. Bony and angular, his face thin and sallow, he possesses a fair 1973 Faces barnet. And the Faces turn out to be his favourite group of all time.

The Faces made me laugh, but Pete Stride didn't. Nervous and cynical, he made me feel uneasy. This feeling didn't noticeably interfere with my numbness.

No pubs were open so we found a cafe. I had that cheese sandwich and tea. Wall had a glass of milk and a ham sandwich. Stride had a glass of milk.

Bassist Nigel Moore joined us.

He used to be a TV engineer. He is the most pleasant of the group, small, impish and concerned. His choice was omelette and chips and a glass of milk.

The cafe owner, an interested person played by Bill Maynard, discovered that the group weren't local. "No, we've come up from London, we're playing at the club down the road" . . . "Oh yeah, musicians are you? What kind?" . . . "Oh we're rock, y'know." . . . "Made any records?" "Yeah! One or two" . . . "Make a living?" . . . "We get on O.K."

I didn't admire this conversation. It was obvious that everyone present thought I should be pouring the milk and the cafe owner should be writing the feature.

The Lurkers have been together approximately 18 months and the members used to go to the same Uxbridge pub.

Formation was due to an indefinable mixture of desire, rebellion, innocence, fantasy, greed, the Sex Pistols, ambition and frustration. They wafted instinctively through 1977 on the fringes of the 'punk movement', rejected both due to their own attitude and the attitude of the movement poseurs and the press, gigging outside London at badly chosen and totally unsuitable venues, inside London as support to the likes of 999 at places like The Red Cow and The Roxy. Places they look back on with a mixture of affection and dismissal.

They tied up with Beggars Banquet, released a couple of singles and had a track on the Beggars Banquet "Streets" compilation. They worked hard. Lots of gigs.

They turned into 1978 with a thick, hardcore following, enough to push their third single, "Ain't Got A Clue", into the charts with a *TOTP* appearance, and to give their album "Fulham Fallout" a few weeks in the top 50.

The singles sold around 50,000, the album 20,000, which means The Lurkers have a strong partisan cult following that can easily be compared to the dogmatic worship T.Rex received in the latter part of their existence.

Late 1978 . . . and they still play the clubs. They have a new single out, and the four members each receive £50 a week for their application. Before it was £25, before that £15, and before that, nothing.

If they get more popular, an indeterminable fate, they make no promises about the size of venues that they'll play, except that they will make "damn sure" that there are no seats.

They make the type of noise that 1977 was saturated with, noise that is now heard very rarely, and when it *is* is accepted as pure rock'n'roll, pure punk or rejected as a mindless anachronism. It's a noise that was influenced by the Stones, Velvet Underground, Faces, Black Sabbath, Alice Cooper, Pistols. Noise like Eater, Slaughter And The Dogs, The Drones, V.2., London, etc. ad nauseum.

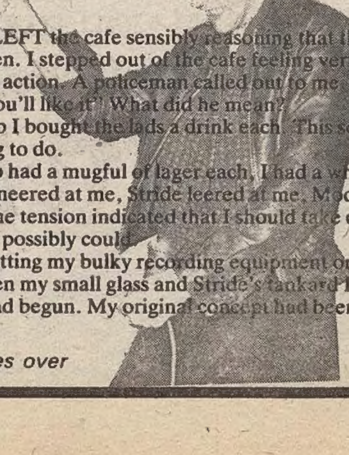
The Lurkers *don't* make noise like The Ramones, but are often compared to them by people who cannot understand the metaphysics of rock'n'roll.

Many observers conclude the The Lurkers make unadulterated rock'n'roll. But in 1978, pure, unadulterated rock'n'roll is more Evan Parker or Cabaret Voltaire than The Lurkers. It all depends on what your definition of rock'n'roll is. I mused on this as Wall pushed his ham sandwich away with distaste, and a crushing sensation in my knee-caps forced me to hastily disregard this pretentious observation with the contempt it deserved.

I screamed inwardly, and Wall, Stride, and Moore knowingly looked at each other while they licked the milk marks from around their lips.

Milk! Rock'n'roll! Pain! Love! Milk! Work!

I was trapped. I knew what rock'n'roll was. There was nothing wrong with my theory. So why was I on trial? What was my guilt?



WE LEFT the cafe sensibly reasoning that the pubs would be open. I stepped out of the cafe feeling very distant from the action. A policeman called out to me. "Try it", he laughed, "you'll like it". What did he mean?

At the pub I bought the lads a drink each. This seemed the natural thing to do.

The group had a mugful of lager each, I had a whisky and ginger beer. Wall sneered at me, Stride leered at me, Moore looked at me with pity. The tension indicated that I should take control of affairs as much as I possibly could.

Shakily setting my bulky recording equipment on the low pub table between my small glass and Stride's tankard I knew The Interview had begun. My original concept had been smashed but I

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

intuitively realised that I should be abrasive, relentless, demanding in my questioning, the core of rock'n'roll would be mine.

The Centre Of The Universe!

I remembered a small anti-John Travolta poster I had seen advertising a Lurkers gig. It announced their intention to smash what they implied was a disease. So what have they got against John Travolta?

"Aah nothing", they chorused. "That was just a Beggars Banquet idea".

Banquet is their small-but-getting-bigger label, based around a chain of record shops of the same name. It has the contrived idealism of a 1977 conceived label and is lovable because of it. But it will never be a legend. I thought I sensed a tone of dissatisfaction in the group's attitude towards their label but they rejected the suggestion.

"They're good salesmen. They're good to us. It suits us having a small record company. We have complete musical freedom though they are a bit childish (giggle.)"

Musical freedom for a group like The Lurkers doesn't seem like a vicious necessity but a dull ache in my head informed me that I was missing something obvious.

"Besides, who else would have us."

Everyone laughed. I did too.

AS A UNIT The Lurkers are self-deprecating, embittered, boastful, strangely proud, and happy doing what they're doing. Happy in different ways. For Wall, it's a laugh, for Stride it's all very serious — he wants to be a guitar hero. Moore, well, he isn't so sure.

After a few drinks drummer Manic Esso joined us.

He used to be a garage hand. One of those whose exploits the quirks and deficiencies of others for a chuckle or two, he's blunt, well built, muscley verging on the flabby with close-cropped fluffy red hair. He is at pains to correct a *Record Mirror* report that he is a 'dummy'. In fact he is pungently perceptive, with that harmless cruel streak. For him The Lurkers is a laugh — and life is one long joke.

So there we have the breakdown. The Lurkers. Play fast rock'n'roll. It's a laugh, it's a little bit serious, it's a job.

I'm not so sure.

During the interview I maybe sweated an eighth of an inch off my gut. I channelled a series of mundane questions towards the musicians, mundane because I saw no other way that they should be, and they reacted with odd condesention and an occasional flare of interest.

A number of times Wall leant back in his chair, eyed me so close enough to notice my inability to shave properly and taunted. "Next question please."

Stride muttered that they'd say more if the questions were better.

Moore wasn't so sure.

Esso played the fool.

So I was to concentrate on suffering, victimisation, isolation, insanity? Or just plain lust? Or Rimbaud's cancer? Were we to talk about the dream and rock'n'roll in the same category? Was there something strong and overwhelming in The Lurkers make-up — Stride the creative artist, Wall the Neurotic, Moore the moralist and Esso the sinner?

What would *you* ask The Lurkers?

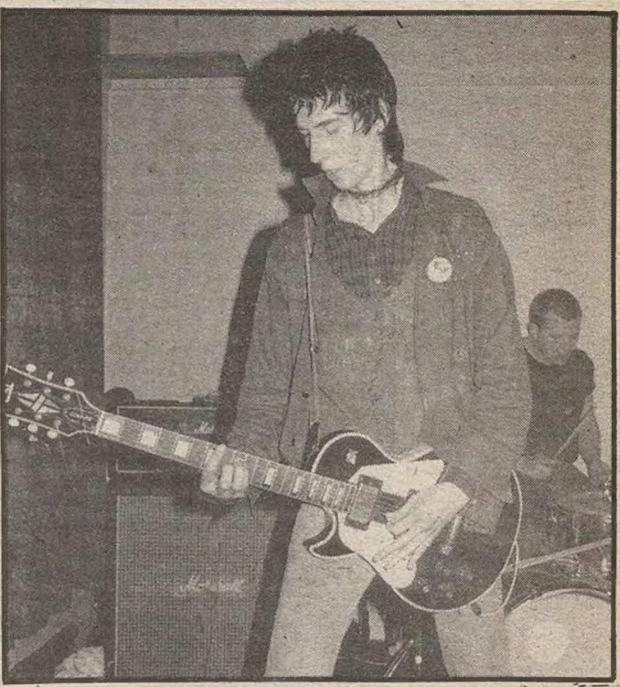
I should have asked about the experiences of early childhood. This is now so obvious I have trouble doing the weekly shopping.

We followed the ancient paths of the rock interview. When did it all start? Where will it all finish? Wall insisted that he will always work in the music business "after all this" — the implication was spiritual and I gasped audibly at my blatant inferiority in this sphere — even if only in a record shop.

Did they ever feel part of a movement? Here we touched on their feelings of inverted snobbishness — that no-one loved them because they were The Lurkers, that no other musicians mixed with them, that they were outsiders. Still are, in fact. The whole world, they gloated, looked on them tight lipped and unloving. The group seemed quite fond of being looked upon with scorn.

"We've always tried to keep on the outside of things," they beamed. "We've tried to keep that little bit different. Everybody hates us, Everybody puts us down . . . so it's worked up to now!"

This, I must admit, appeared perverse. The Lurkers, being an inoffensive pop quartet who are as endearing as Travolta's sigh in "Summer Nights" and equally as profound, are not the kind of dedicated, devious artistes who should require adopting these disconcerting tactics. Can you imagine Smokie or The Boomtown Rats playing so awkward?



PETE STRIDE. Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

I turned this over in my mind as I dutifully visited the bar to get another round in for the lads. I realised my theories were way off the mark. After all, why else should I be here?

There had to be a purpose.

I was undoubtedly out of my depth. I knew no jokes. My speech impediment was intensified with realising that the group knew something I didn't and would never discover. They were so smooth and chummy. The interview progressed in fits and bursts.

I grasped at what I felt sure was reality . . . yet . . . it seemed . . . so distant . . . so ludicrous, whatever, I pressed it. I wondered, my voice shaky and peaking a little too loud, why The Lurkers had won through whereas Eater, The Dogs, London, even Generation X had flipped, flopped, failed or finished.

This surely was a logical line of inquiry, but The Lurkers could hardly bring themselves to comment. Undoubtedly they were in the right; the pain in my kneecaps told me that.

"We've done a lot more gigs than those bands, we work 90 per cent of the year. We don't spend our time ligging."

They tell me of their one go at 'ligging', at a Ramones reception: "We had a really great chat. All of a minute." They didn't feel the group were very intelligent. "Besides, we mean it. Other groups just sang awful dole queue lyrics, whereas our songs have a story. Plus we're the best on stage. No-one plays with as much energy as we do."

Derek Bailey?

"Plus we don't act like bloody superstars."

Neither does Derek Bailey and he once played with Morecambe and Wise. (Hot roots!)

We rambled about audiences, responsibility . . . "We get dictated to by our audiences because we are catering to them . . . but we give them a good night . . . we don't want them to go away thinking 'yeah, it was OK', we want more than that . . .

"If we play two nights at The Marquee you get people complaining about the heat.

"So we play The Lyceum, no seats in the way, 2000 can get in, and everyone complains it's a shitty place. What can we do?"

AAAH THE eternal paradox of rebellious young punk groups caught up in the rock machine. It's a shame, all these problems and contradictions. But The Lurkers, I could see, will take each day as it comes, with small reservation.

The Lurkers, I could see, will love to be enormous.

The Lurkers deserve to be enormous, apparently.

What about Jimmy Pursey's 'The Kids'? "Do we do it for The Kids? Yeah, I suppose we do. Give them bloody pleasure in their lives. We didn't consciously do it for The Kids. The Kids just happened to get into us. They just happen to like us, which is great. They buy the records anyway . . . yeah we do it for The Kids. Certainly not the bloody money."

Such sentiments stunned me.

"We'll keep plugging on. We're The Lurkers. We're on the outside looking in . . . everyone's doing Hammersmith Odeon and we're still doing the Doncaster Outlooks."

The conversation spluttered to an end. Wall's ideals seemed to be the songs of Buzzcocks, the on-stage presentation of Wayne County, and he reckoned The Lurkers were some lubricated alliance of these two worthies. The group predicted that in all areas, songs, audiences, awareness they are going to expand strongly.

It was hopeless. I couldn't understand what I was meant to uncover, discover, find out. The group knew I didn't understand. The group didn't want me to understand.

I was failing. Maybe it was too late.

I went with the group to that night's gig. I recall a room broken up by chairs and tables, with two bars, a small raised platform and about 150 people present. It might have been a party.

The Lurkers played their set. It was rough. It was *loud* like rock groups should be. Lots of short, similar songs. I couldn't see much over people's bobbing heads, a vision that seemed somehow to merge with the noise. The guitar drone and the heads as one.

I could see Wall's grin, Moore's concentration, catch occasional flashes of Stride's crucial whipping left wrist as he scythed the centre of The Lurkers' noise with much intent, sense Esso's exertion.

I didn't feel a thing. The Music drifted away. I couldn't cope. To me it was nothing.

"SO WHY had I been sent? Confusion escalated. Bewilderment began to hurt. The audience adored it all. I slumped to the floor. I shivered. I cried.

I fled from the club, ran away, lost myself in side streets, ran and ran ignoring the searing pain slicing my chest. I ran anywhere, blindly, finally crumpling on a park bench.

I slept and dreamt of reality.

I woke whenever. The park seemed to be called Hyde Park, so I confidently made for Marble Arch. The surroundings seemed a bit odd. Peculiar vast buildings curving and rising on the horizon. Small, narrow streets, lots of steep rises . . . I panicked. Cold burned the inside of my nose. My limbs ached. I felt a huge impossible awful gap. A massive loss.

A policeman strolled by. He chided me: "You failed to understand the very essence of rock'n'roll. Of life. The Lurkers offer all this and more, and what do you do . . ? How do you behave . . ?" He spat and left me, I was alone. Absolutely alone.

It was as if the shame of it all would outlive me.

"Well, they said anything could happen."
SMIRNOFF
VODKA
Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.

CHECKIN' OUT TOWER

Capitol Records announce a major launch of their disco 'TOWER' series with the release of six 12″ singles and an enormous back-up campaign including 'TOWER' nights at clubs and discos throughout the country from now until Christmas giving away great free gifts like TOWER T-shirts, hats, badges, etc.

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MAZE
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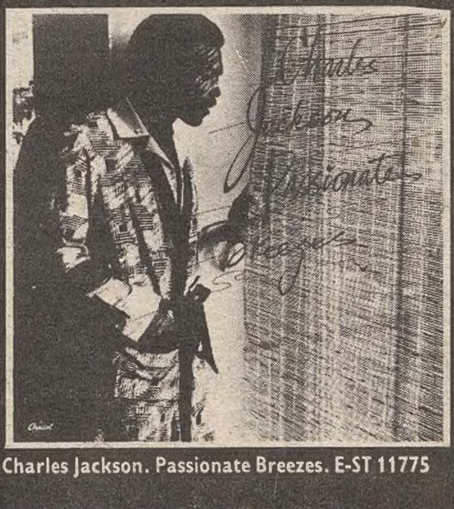
Maze. Golden Time Of Day. E-ST 11710

EDDIE HENDERSON
Mahal

Eddie Henderson. Mahal. E-ST 11846


Charles Jackson
Passionate Breezes

Charles Jackson. Passionate Breezes. E-ST 11775

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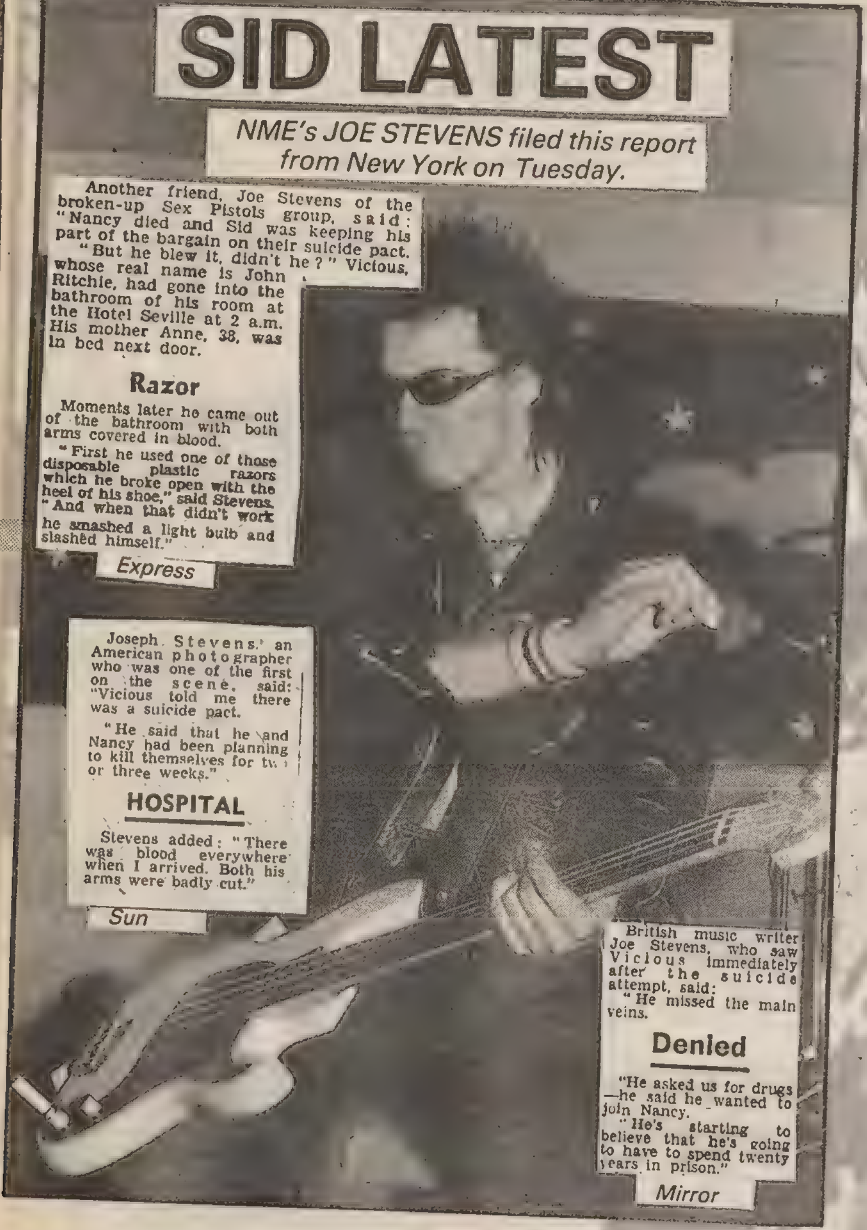
THRILLS

Publicity stunts meet the people. COOPER-CLARKE does it for the camera of DENIS O'REGAN (above), ELVIS and BEBE flee (left).

SID LATEST

NME's JOE STEVENS filed this report from New York on Tuesday.



Another friend, Joe Stevens of the broken-up Sex Pistols group, said: "Nancy died and Sid was keeping his part of the bargain on their suicide pact.

"But he blew it, didn't he?" Vicious, whose real name is John Ritchie, had gone into the bathroom of his room at the Hotel Seville at 2 a.m. His mother Anne, 38, was in bed next door.

Razor

Moments later he came out of the bathroom with both arms covered in blood.

"First he used one of those disposable plastic razors which he broke open with the heel of his shoe," said Stevens. "And when that didn't work he smashed a light bulb and slashed himself."

Express

Joseph Stevens, an American photographer who was one of the first on the scene, said: "Vicious told me there was a suicide pact.

"He said that he and Nancy had been planning to kill themselves for two or three weeks."

HOSPITAL

Stevens added: "There was blood everywhere when I arrived. Both his arms were badly cut."

Sun

British music writer Joe Stevens, who saw Vicious immediately after the suicide attempt, said:

"He missed the main veins.

Denied

"He asked us for drugs —he said he wanted to join Nancy.

"He's starting to believe that he's going to have to spend twenty years in prison."

Mirror

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE PARK WITH EL & J.C-C

"J C-C AT 2.45" the white sign read, looking for all the world like some bookie's greyhound racing placard.

But there were no bookies or greyhounds to be seen last Sunday at Speaker's Corner where CBS, having wined and dined a party of journalists, photographers and the like, unveiled current golden boy John Cooper-Clarke amid the harangues of loud-voiced pro-Zionists and the usual gnarled contingent of "Jesus Saves" red-nosed believers.

Clarke, a slightly built lad, mounted a modestly proportioned soap-box at quarter to three on the dot to deliver "Kung Fu", "I Married A Monster From Outer Space" and a swift chaser of "Health Fanatic" and "I've Got A Brand New Track Suit", two companion pieces from his debut album "Disguise In Love". Not a monumental performance — a bit brusque to tell the truth — with our John's voice, accompanied simply by the determined stamp of his red Annello & Davide Beatle boots, suffering in contrast to the more seasoned bellowers of that precinct.

The arguable highlight of the performance came when a loud-hailer was suddenly produced and handed to Clarke, who proceeded to utilise this technological landmark for a couple of verses until he was rudely grabbed from his box by a phalanx of coppers — four in fact who threatened to chuck him out of the park if the implement was used any further.

It wasn't used any further, and the only subsequent incident of any consequence involved none other than a sparsely disguised Elvis Costello, who turned up to witness Clarke accompanied by (irony of ironies) Bebe Buell, model and ex-girlfriend of ... well, mostly recently it was Rod Stewart but before that? Well, there's Jimmy Page, Ron Wood, Keith Richard, John Oates, Steven Tyler and Iggy Pop — not to mention Todd Rundgren.

The sight of Elvis with Ms Buell was almost surrealistic, particularly as Costello, in funny hat and shades, looked just like our Wally from Walthamstow having just won the pools. Indeed, such was the bizarre appearance of Costello that when he approached our own Nick Kent, the latter didn't recognize him till he told him who he was.

An amiable conversation ensued based around El's current activities. The new album is almost finished, and its creator's avowed intention is to title it "Emotional Fascism" — although strong corporate forces are already murmuring in tones of protest about this choice. Beyond that, Kent claims he's sworn to secrecy, although Messrs. Clarke and Costello seem to have formed a mutual appreciation society that had been consummated the night before when EC played host to the visiting Mancunian at his new Queensway apartment. Celebrations were in the air, as Elvis has chosen Cooper-Clarke as special guest on his up-coming tour.

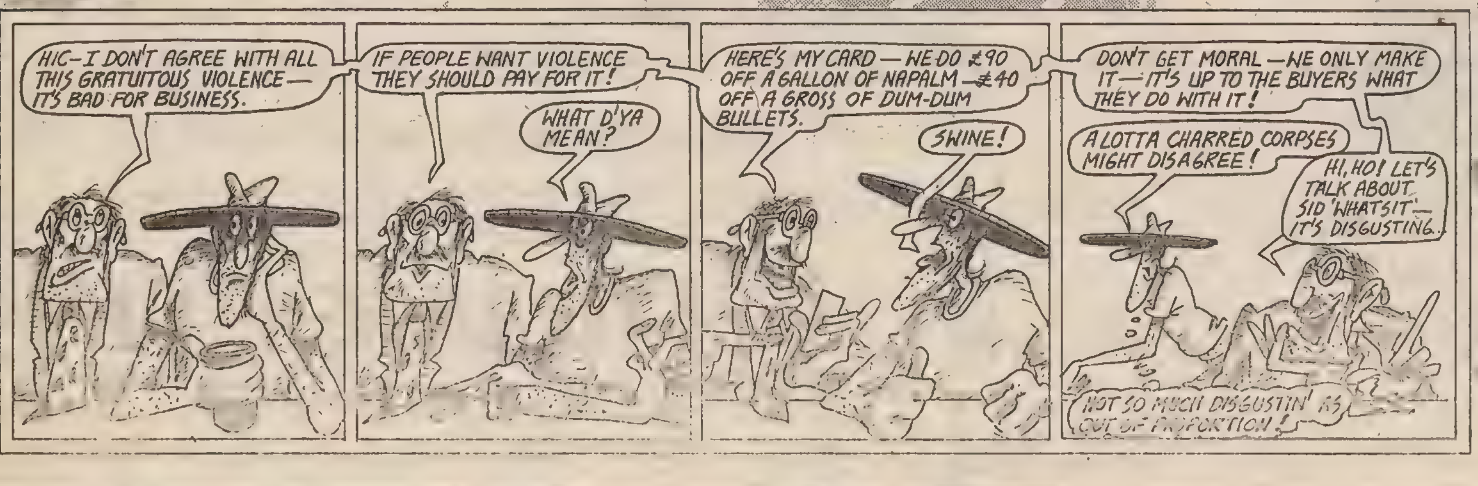
Meanwhile back at Speaker's Corner, keener eyes than Kent's had noticed Costello, and a deluge of photographers suddenly appeared, causing El to throw a brief tantrum, though at least he didn't get physical this time. Instead he promenaded the area, furtively requesting a final adieu from J. C-C (who'd unfortunately already split) before diving into the nearest subway, this year's model in tow.

RON DORK

What's all this about? See page 18.

The Lone Groover

BENYON


HIC—I DON'T AGREE WITH ALL THIS GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE—IT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS.
IF PEOPLE WANT VIOLENCE THEY SHOULD PAY FOR IT!
WHAT D'YA MEAN?
HERE'S MY CARD — WE DO £90 OFF A GALLON OF NAPALM —£40 OFF A GROSS OF DUM-DUM BULLETS.
SWINE!
DON'T GET MORAL —WE ONLY MAKE IT— IT'S UP TO THE BUYERS WHAT THEY DO WITH IT!
A LOTTA CHARRED CORPSES MIGHT DISAGREE!
HI, HO! LET'S TALK ABOUT SID 'WHATSIT'— IT'S DISGUSTING.
NOT SO MUCH DISGUSTIN' AS OUT OF PROPORTION!

THRILLS

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Summer Holiday

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Ian Gomm's
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album

Includes the single 'HOLD ON'

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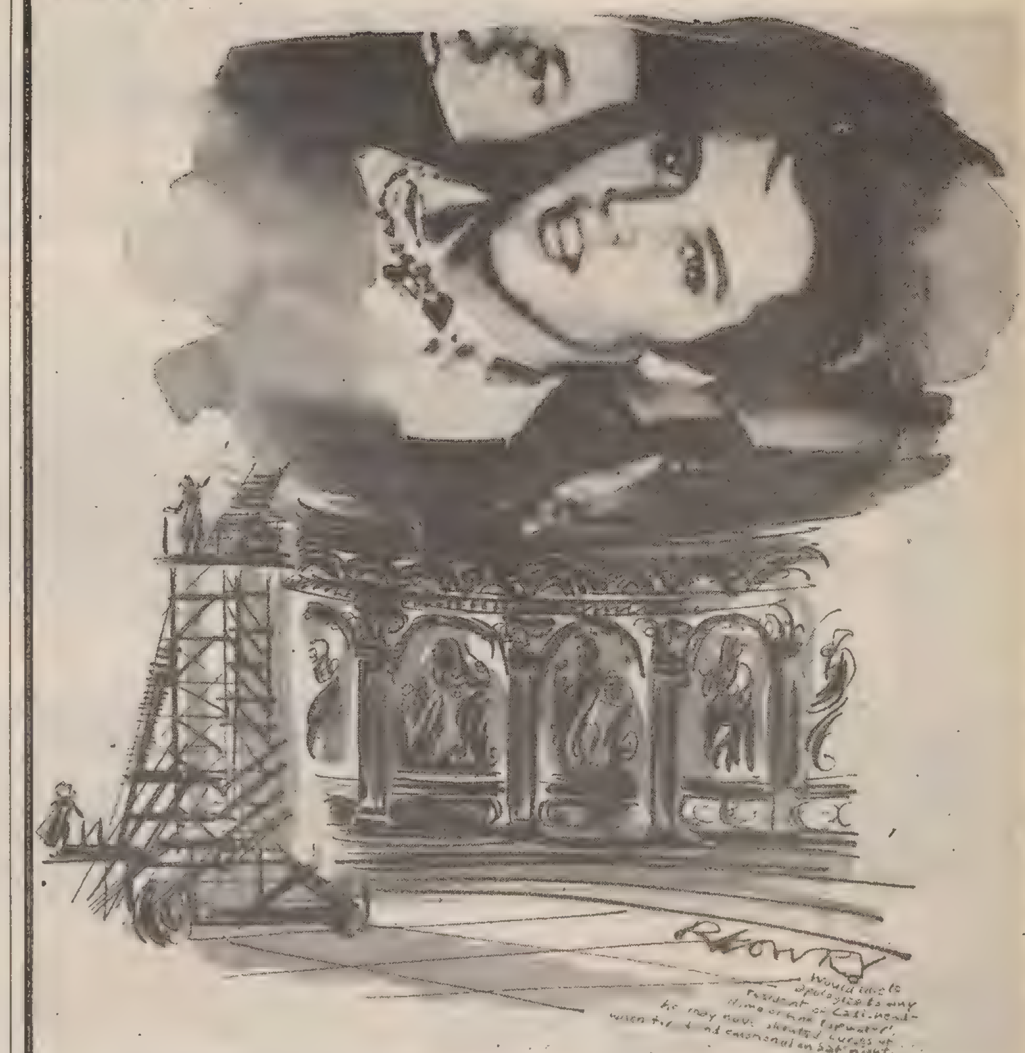


"I've gone right off religious subjects. I'm heavily into rock and roll chapel ceilings at the moment."

BEHIND NME LINES

BARGAIN BASEMENT

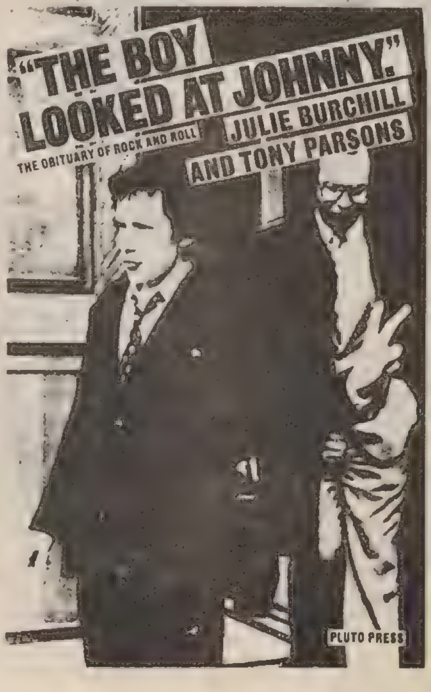
YOU'RE SO smart, right? Riddle us this: when is a rock book not a rock book? When it's The Boy Looked At Johnny, Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons' obituary of rock and roll. "Handle with caution," the blurb announces. "The authors come not to praise rock but to bury it."

And if there's any rock and roll left scrabbling for air after the earth gets shovelled back on its artfully dishevelled head, then it ain't Tony and Julie's fault. THIS BOOK IS EXACTLY WHAT IT SAYS IT IS. Every last icon gets thoroughly clasted.

We don't remotely believe that you're going to agree with more than a certain fixed percentile of the opinions expressed, but you'd have to be a fairly timid, well-trained and chronically respectful sort of fan type person not to cheer the drastic duo on to greater flights of endeavour as they ruthlessly drag away the snakeskin platforms (and the brothel creepers, and the artfully grimed sneakers) off the numerous clay pedal extremities of everyday rock folk.

The tome in question is published by Pluto Press for £1.25, but if you want to save some, be the first in your cell block and lay your hands on a priceless collectors' item, then fill in the coupon, whack a quid in the envelope (along with your address, natcho) and send it off. You'll not only receive a pre-publication, pre-lawsuit copy of The Boy Looked At Johnny, but if you're among the first 500, you get it autographed by your two favourite counterculture heroes.

You mean you haven't filled it out yet? Get on the case!



NME OFFER — THE BOY LOOKED AT JOHNNY

To:— Pluto Press, Unit 10, Spencer Court, 7 Charcot Rod, London NW1 8LH.
Please rush me a copy of *The Boy Looked At Johnny.* I enclose a cheque/postal order for £1.00 payable to Pluto Press.

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OH *!!?* NOT MORE COOK AND MOORE. . .

SUNDAY NIGHT with Virgin Leisure Industries — for a true "mega gross out" starring that lovable impresario of record shops, studion facilities, country houses, record companies and cinemas Richard "If it's naked and mouthing obscenities I'll sign it" Branson.

The scenario is the latest toy in the vast Branson Empire — Town House Studios in Shepherds Bush.

The cast includes ageing Virgin executives dressed up to amuse their boss, a stripper, a film crew, an excess of Virgin liggers, and the man who have made more money out of "fuck" than Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence and Linda Lovelace combined — loveable little Dudley Moore and aristocratically aloof Peter Cook.

The occasion is the latest "recording" of the forthcoming Derek And Clive album, and the whole grotesque performance is being immortalised on celluloid by a camera crew with a budget of £20,000 — ironic seeing that , according to my calculations, the studio costs (six hours at £60 per hour) amounted to a piddling £360.

That means £360 to produce tha album and £20,000 to produce the film of the album.

But then when you're a major leisure industry it's only proper that the film of the studio session of the record of the book of the comic of the grossout be recorded for posterity.

On our arrival Cook and Moore, looking somewhat the worse for wear, were at a very low ebb, searching desperately for something to talk about.

When they did actually start recording a "track" two facts became obvious.

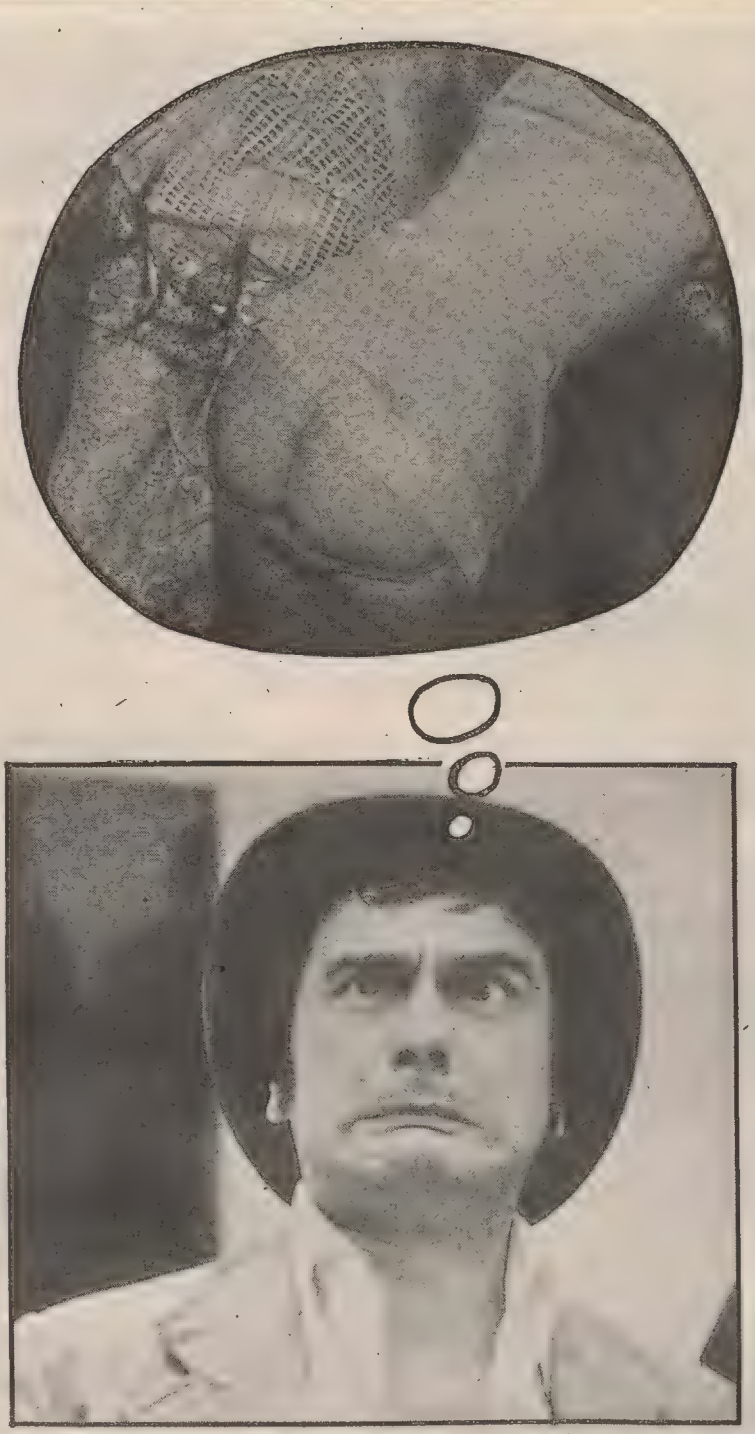
(1) Without the compensatory props of showers of "fucks" and "shits" Peter Cook and Dudley Moore were not very funny.

(2) The myth of totally improvised humour was shot to pieces by Cook producing a script of a predictable send up of *Mr and Mrs*.

You know the sort of thing: "Now Mrs Jones, if you went on holidays and forgot your husband's sunburn cream would he (a) ask you to open your legs so he could shade his head under your dress (b) wear a half coconut over his nose (c) take his trousers off and tie them over his head."

After half an hour it was obvious that messrs Cook and Moore were not deviating one millimetre from the well-tried formula of the previous two albums.

The usual charming and tasteful topics were up for exegesis — you know, necrophilia (this time apparently with one of the recently deceased Popes although Mary Whitehouse and the blasphemy laws may torpedo that one), sodomy, fellatio, masturbation, and abuse of the dead.



After a while the effect of a non-stop dilaogue about knobs, sucking, horns, death, cancer etc produces a feeling of pointless excess.

Even Dudley eventually succumbed. He staggered out, leaned aginst the mixing board, and with the exhausted look of a man who'd spent a month in a brothel, remarked, "If I hear another 'suck' or 'fuck' or 'shit' I'll explode."

To give the evening a depth and significance it wouldn't otherwise have possessed, prankster Richard Branson had devised some "terrific wheezes".

Midway through a stirring performance of "Jump", especially for the cameras and the movie, a rather sleazy detective-on-the-make, complete with suede coat and suede manner, barged in — followed by the shaggiest and most unconvincing collection of cops ever to grace the London constabulary.

While Virgin accountant Barry Moore (whose cop costume was numbered PC99) took names, Virgin International man Laurie Dunn stood guard. Cook and Moore, not being in on the jape were appropriately subdued while Branson went into paroxysms of laughter.

No more than 10 minutes later saw the arrival of the next jape — a stripper who without even the most cursory preliminaries revealed her ample charms and proceeded to flop all over Pete and Dud.

Cook and Moore seemed somewhat put out.

After writing "Go Home" across the stripper's tits, Cook went, rather sheepishly, looking for his wife, who proceeded to hide under the mixing board.

Moore, in one of the night's few hilarious moments, started playing the "Moonlight Sonata" while singing "I-ve got a horn" over and over again.

But let's get back to the point, it is difficult to understand why the duo continue to make such albums — since what was once spontaneous now seems so contrived.

Cook once remarked to me that the only reason he did it was "because Richard Branson invented this lovely thing called money". This latest outing gives great weight to that rare flash of honesty.

BRUCE ELDER

THRILLS

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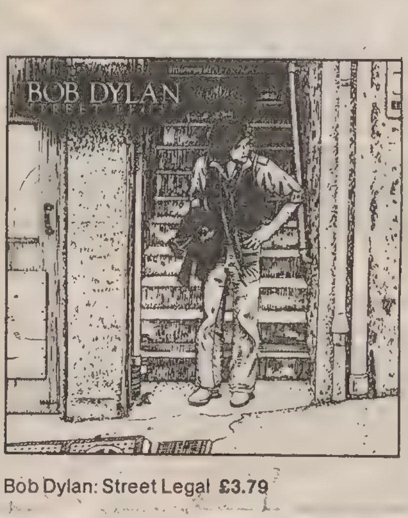
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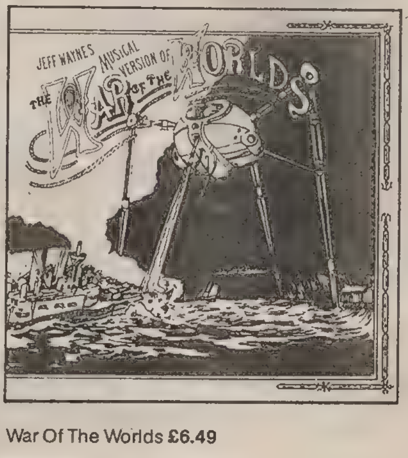
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THE VINYL SOLUTION

The Most Powerful Men in the Music Business

136-36-CLN

WHO REALLY RUNS ROCK'N'ROLL?

IN RECENT YEARS a whole slew of documentaries, books, magazine articles and newspaper stories have professed to take the lid off the music business. In fact, all just skirt round the edges, ignoring the basic fact that the music industry is dominated and controlled by a small number of very large entertainment corporations who, like the Seven Sisters of the oil business, really call the shots. This is the first in an occasional series of articles which attempt to redress the balance, to make a public record of the vast holdings of the multinational conglomerates, not only in the music business, but in every other sphere of entertainment and beyond. From these facts, it is hoped the reader can draw his or her own conclusions.

BHASKAR MENON, Chairman & Chief Executive, EMI Music — Worldwide Operations.

EMI RECORDS UK

Labels: (Owned) Capitol, Columbia, Double Up, EAR (European Artist & Repertoire), EMI, EMI America, EMI Greensleeves, EMI IntL, Encore, Executive, HMV, Harvest, Note, Nut, One Up, Parlophone, Regal Zonophone, Starline, Stateside, Talisman, Waverley; (Licensed) Ariola America, Big Bear, Bronze, Coral, Fantasy, Hitsville, Island group, MAM, MC, MCA, Motown, Mowest, Prodigal, Purple, RAK, Rare Earth, Retreat, Salsoul, Stax, United Artists group; (Distributed) MFP, Magnet, Private Stock, World.

AT THE press launch for EMI America last Christmas, Bhaskar Menon, then chairman of Capitol Industries-EMI, painted a clear picture of the empire he was soon to control.

"As an international network of music companies, Capitol-EMI have a profound presence in every major record market in the Free World.

"We are international leaders in our industry because for nearly 80 years, our record companies in 34 countries on five continents have brought the joy of recorded music to millions of consumers.

"The support of our recording studios, manufacturing plants, distribution networks, and sales, promotional and marketing capabilities enable Capitol-EMI to recognise the increasing abolition of frontiers in public taste, attitudes and life styles while retaining a deep sense of involvement with the distinctive cultures and the economic, social and political aspirations of the various world communities to which we belong."

Since that speech Menon has been promoted to a position that amounts to Chief Executive, EMI Music, The World.

He is arguably the most powerful figure in the international music business, heading a corporation that produces one out of every five records sold worldwide, and his aims and strategy are uncompromising.

On his appointment, he announced sweeping changes within the structure of the EMI Music empire, claiming: "The imperative object of EMI operations is simply to achieve unquestioned worldwide supremacy in our business. (This) organisation . . . will, in my opinion, provide us with relevant, unified, worldwide leadership."

BHASKAR Menon, now 44, grew up in an atmosphere of money and power. Born into an influential Indian family, his father was Secretary of Finance in the Government of India and his uncle was Foreign Secretary and Ambassador to China and the USSR. Menon studied at the University of Delhi, obtaining an MA in Economics, before coming to Britain where he obtained an MA in Politics, Philosophy and Economics at Oxford University.

His education complete, he joined EMI, on the advice of his Oxford University tutor, and has remained with them for the 22 years since, rising through the ranks from management trainee to his current position of power.

The ultimate accolade to his management skills came when he was assigned to take over the then ailing Capitol Industries, EMI's American identity. He later commented on this: "Considering Capitol's crashing losses, low morale and wholesale management changes enhancing people's insecurity, my own appointment at that time could have been seen as the ultimate act of insanity."

Within a year he had turned Capitol's $15 million loss into profit. His motto for his employees was simple: "Uncompromising excellence in what you do goes without saying. We expect more than that."

THE EMPIRE that Menon now controls began life in 1898 when a U.S. attorney, William Barry Owen,

SHE'S NEXT YEAR'S NUCLEAR WEAPON

RECORD MIRROR

The only thing they got wrong was the timing. Jenny Darren's fulfilling her explosive promise right now.

Hear her on her earth-shaking new album—"Queen of Fools" (DJF 20547). And see her live on her current nationwide tour.

Jenny's tour is already under way!

October.
5th. **Manchester**–Russell Club
6th. **Warrington**–Padgate College
7th. **Lincoln**–AJ's Club
12th. **Swansea**–Circles
13th. **Scarborough**–Penthouse Club
14th. **Birmingham**–Barbarellas
15th. **Newbridge, Gwent.**–Memorial Hall
16th. **Liverpool**–Eric's
19th. **Nottingham**–Sandpipers
20th. **Birmingham**–Aston University
22nd. **St. Andrews, Scotland**–St. Andrews University
25th. **Aberdeen**–Ruffles Ballroom
27th. **Dundee**–College of Technology
28th. **Edinburgh**–Herriot Watt University
29th. **Loch Maben, Dumfries.**–Balcastle Hotel

November.
2nd. **Sheffield**–Limit Club
4th. **Leicester**–Leicester Poly
5th. **Jacksdale, Nottingham**–Grey Topper Club
10th. **Blackpool**–Norbeck Hotel
11th. **Warrington**–The Lion

RECORDS AND TAPES

DJM RECORDS LIMITED, JAMES HOUSE,
5 THEOBALDS ROAD, LONDON WC1X 8SE.

travelled to London with a new-fangled 'gramaphone' in his baggage, on the lookout for financial backing. His chance meeting with a solicitor named Trevor Williams led to the foundation of the Gramaphone Company, which established its His Masters Voice trademark the following year, began signing major artists like Caruso, and quickly spread across the Edwardian globe. The company already had record factories in Calcutta and St. Petersburg when, in 1931, it merged with its main rival of the time (Columbia) to form Electrical and Musical Industries (EMI) it established itself as a virtual European monopoly.

EMI's current music holdings alone are staggering, and represent a fully-integrated operation, from the factory floor to the consumer. In the UK they license and distribute more labels than any other company, and in the period 1976-1977 captured 19 per cent of the singles market and 22 per cent of the album market, putting them ahead of all competition.

Their record pressing factory at Hayes, Middlesex is the second largest in the world, producing some 5 million records and tapes each month, and has warehousing space for some 6 million records.

On the retail level they have a string of 35 shops plus their flagship, the HMV store in Oxford Street — the largest record shop in Europe — which has an annual turnover of 4 million, some 100,000 customers a week, and accounts for 2% of the UK's total tape and record sales.

ALTHOUGH a low-key operation, music publishing is where the real wealth lies.

In 1976 Chairman Sir Joseph Lockwood told the trade magazine *Billboard* that the profitability of EMI's music publishing is so much greater than the recording company that "it is almost impossible to get them on the same balance sheet."

EMI already held copyright on 100,000 songs (including "Happy Birthday To You") when it made a deal to buy up Columbia Pictures' music publishing interests, which added a further 25,000 songs to their catalogue — including million sellers by The Monkees, Carole King, David Gates, Cat Stevens and the like.

They are now one of the three largest copyright holders in the world.

THE KIND of megaclout that a corporation like EMI Music can wield has been demonstrated time and again, but nowhere more forcibly than in their promotion campaigns for TV albums, a game of high risks and high rewards reserved for the really high rollers. K-Tel and other merchandising companies may have pioneered the field, but within two years EMI had grabbed a hefty 26% share of a market which this year will gross and estimated £35 million.

Remember also that EMI Music provides only 50% of the profits of the much larger parent conglomerate, EMI Ltd., six letters which signify the largest multinational corporation in the leisure entertainment field — by a vast margin, their profits may have dipped this year from a peak £64.7 millions to £25.9 millions, but this must be regarded as little more than a minor setback for this giant enterprise.

No matter how you choose to entertain yourself, you're fairly sure to be putting money in EMI's pocket. Their film division, for instance, not only makes films, but also owns Elstree Studios and controls the 284 cinema screens of the ABC circuit.

The leisure group control theatres, bingo halls, hotels, discos, marinas, sports and social clubs, bowling alleys, golf courses and more besides.

If you go out to eat at an Angus Steak House, a Golden Egg Restaurant, a Tennesee Pancake House or visit an Ice Cream parlour — you're an EMI consumer.

They own the Blackpool Tower, and their property holdings in the centre of London alone are worth millions. The Mecca Ballroom in Leicester Square is theirs; also the Prince of Wales Theatre, the Talk of the Town nightclub and The London Experience.

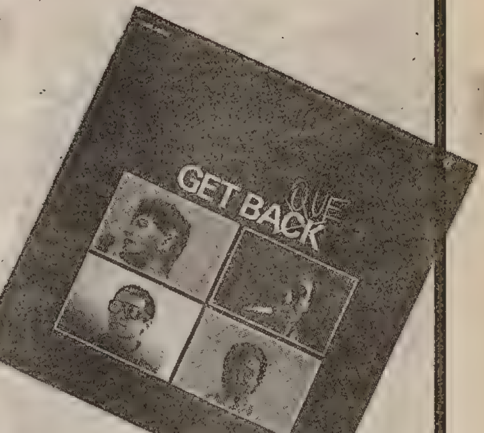
London TV viewers might wish to know that they also have a 50% interest in Thames TV.

EMI claim their music profits have been cut drastically due to the rise of home taping. But EMI is also a major supplier of blank tape in Europe, so they win both ways.

Wherever you look, the EMI Empire seems to be there — quietly grinding along, shaping and profiting from all forms of popular entertainment.

DICK TRACY

BEATLES GET BAQUE!



STARSHOOTER, France's premier punques, have achieved ultimate notoriety, or should that read ignominy — they're being sued by The Beatles.

Or at least, by Allo Music, the French representatives of Beatle music copyright holders, Northern Songs.

Last year these punques celebres decided to release a single titled "Get Baque", based rather squarely on the Fab Four's "Get Back". Sample lyric:

"Who needs The Beatles and their shitty music, just good for assholes / Radio bores with their old songs I could not care less about / How long are they going to keep playing this cabaret act? / Get back, get back to where you belong!"

Something of the rhyme and the vitriol gets lost in translation, but you get the gist.

EMI France agreed to issue the single. They refused the first cover (a picture of The Beatles with their heads cut off and splattered with blood) but okayed a sleeve with the four Starshooters imitating the "Let It Be" cover.

The single was a big flop. First of all, every DJ in the country felt personally insulted by the lyrics. And legend has it that all the promo copies made it into the garbage can (usually they're given to the cleaners). So, with no radio play and very little press, Starshooter took to the road to promote the single.

But the average French fan was almost as affronted as those DJs. Many a night Starshooter would be assaulted and insulted by hard core Beatles fans, and in the clubs fights broke out between punks and Fab four loyalists.

Realising what was happening, EMI decided to "let the single die" after the first 5,000 copies were sold. And when in June Starshooter made an LP, they agreed to exclude "Get Baque".

So, one year later, it came as a big surprise to them to discover they were being sued for the song. Almost as big a surprise as it was for us to discover that anyone gave a hoot about The Beatles ten years on, but . . . is it good or bad publicity? Is it any publicity at all? Starshooter's singer/songwriter Kent Hutchinson doesn't seem concerned:

"When we did it we thought it was funny and that everybody would have a good laugh! Personally, I don't like The Beatles. And what I like even less is that they are like Gods to all these people. Like, they would come to see us and say, 'Why did you do that? Were you drunk? You *must* like the Beatles deep down inside!'"

And the prospect of a court case hardly troubles him.

"I don't care. They are suing our publishing company. let those vampires have a nice little trial!"

But then, Starshooter are already way ahead of this first outrage. Last week their new single, "Betsy Party", became number one on French radio, right up there in front of John Travolta! "Betsy Party" made them the first French new wave gang to do it on the radio.

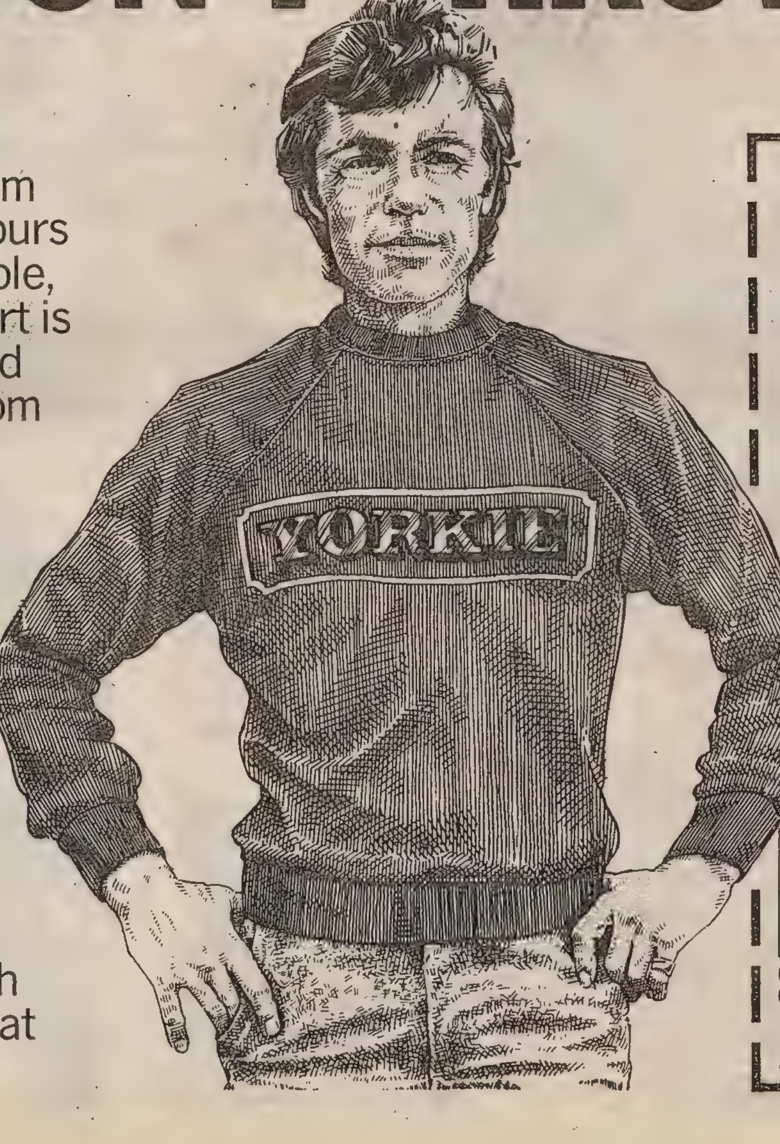
Plus spies warn us that large amounts of Starshooter records have been spotted in the office of a well knwon record company located not a million miles away from Portobello Road. Could this mean they'll be playing in England soon?

And considering the commercial non-event of *Sgt. Pepper*, does this mean Robert Stigwood had the wrong approach all along?

PHILIPPE MANOEUVRE

THRILLS

THIS IS ONE YORKIE WRAPPER YOU WON'T THROW AWAY



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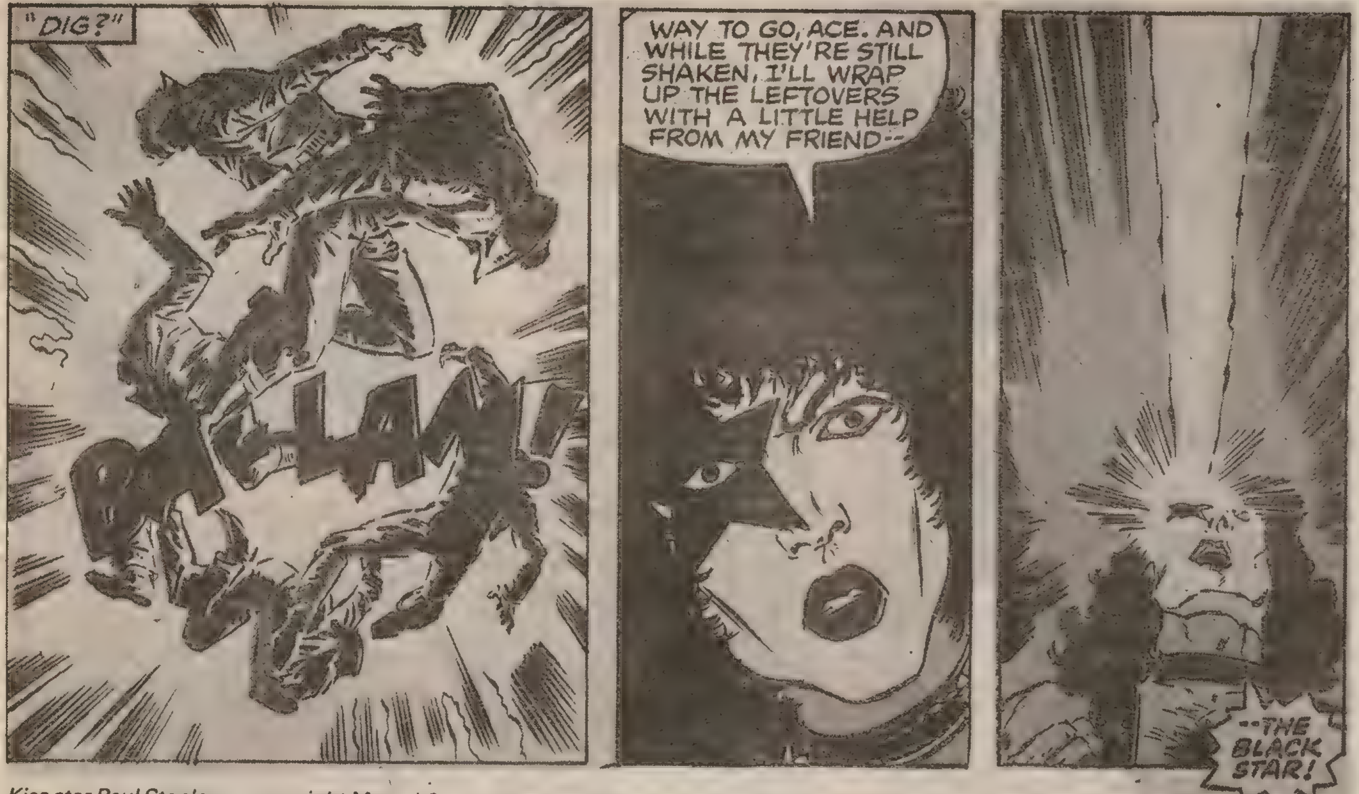

"DIG?"
WAY TO GO, ACE. AND WHILE THEY'RE STILL SHAKEN, I'LL WRAP UP THE LEFTOVERS WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIEND--
--THE BLACK STAR!

Kiss star Paul Stanley — copyright Marvel Comics Group 1978.

KISS CONQUER SECRET OF SUCKING UP TO PLANET EARTH

THE SECOND instalment of Marvel Comics' Kiss saga went on sale recently in the U.S.

The first, published last year, turned out to be one of the biggest-selling comics in Marvel's history, and therefore one of the all-time best selling comics. The new one has the largest print run in Marvel's history — which may explain why, unlike the first, it doesn't claim to have been printed with genuine Kiss blood . . .

Despite a less illustrious credit roster, it's an improvement on the first comic. Endowed with super-powers befitting their costumed personalities, the four buffoons do battle with the evil darklord Khalis-Wu, who wants to dominate the world (what else?) with energies stolen from rock concerts through the ages. This entails a visit to "The Land Of Leftovers", where "the symbolic figures of the '60s are doomed to live out the decade unto eternity." Kiss are guided to this land by a cynical dwarf who "drops by now again for a beer and some target practise."

The success of the Kiss comic has spurred Marvel into plans for more rocky horror comics, and a recent issue of *The Defenders* titled "Agents Of Fortune" featured characters drawn from Blue Oyster Cult mythology, including the Cult Of The Harvester Of Eyes. As far as we know, however, Spider Man has no plans to form a band.

The Kiss comic is but one small part of the current Kiss marketing strategy, which finds the foursome's ever-growing alter-egos encroaching further upon the minds and pockets of impressionable American youth.

It coincides with the Kiss TV movie *Kiss Meets The Phantom Of The Park*, a live-action adventure with some concert footage. Directed by horror films veteran Gordon Hessler, it features standard super-hero special-effects fare involving minimal plotting and plenty of posturing, with the biggest budget ever allocated to a made for TV movie.

And then there's the solo albums. One from each member, available on the same day either separately or as a set. Kiss have a long record of going for optimum pecuniary advantage with their (often recycled) product, but this particular gambit must take the cake.

They confidently expect fans to purchase all four albums, and just in case they don't, there's a Kiss break-up ruse ready to be used should interest sag. This would be followed, in time to catch next year's Xmas pocket money, with a reunion.

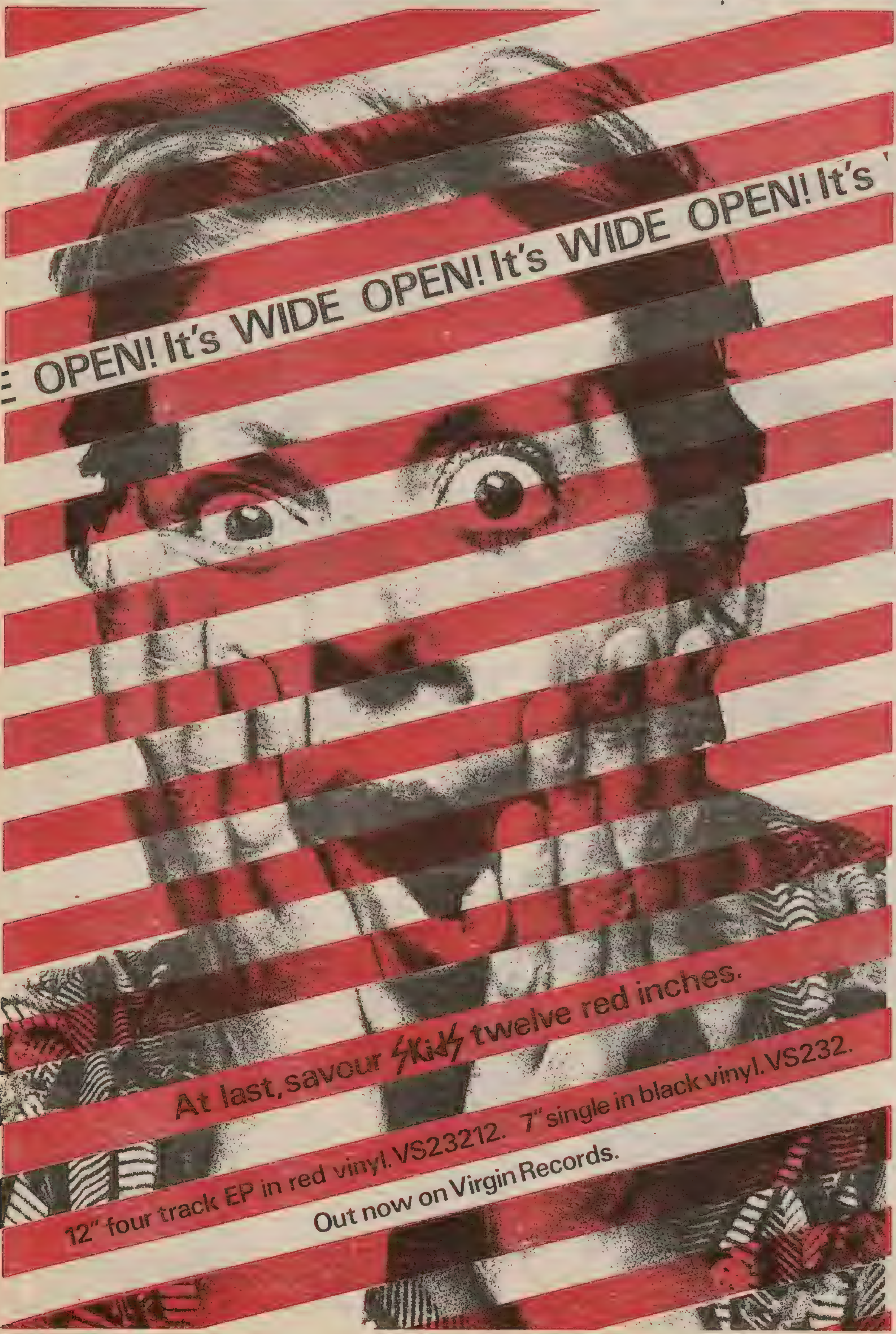
But whatever happens, it's clear that the Kiss organisation intend to transcend the limited financial viability of rock music, just as the Kiss characters themselves become ever more unreal denizens of a fantasy world.

The cost of their gaudy live spectacle is such that, on one recent Japanese excursion, they simply set up the show to run for five nights in a sports arena, and let people come to them rather than touring the country. It's far more lucrative to keep the kiddies enthralled via other media, and Kiss will soon begin work on a full-length feature film follow-up to the TV movie.

Like H.B. Barnum said, you can fool some of the people all of the time . . . But who would have thought that all you need to do it is overgrown platform boots and stick-on halloween masks?

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS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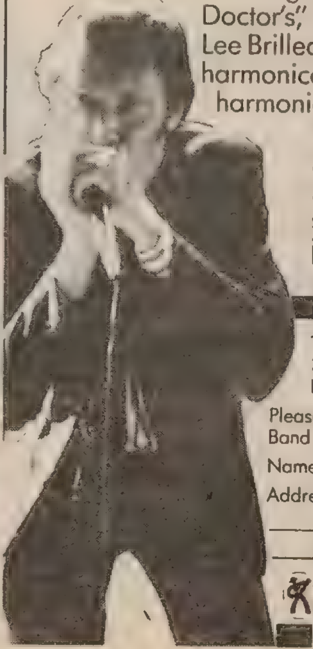

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The Straits take off their Sacha shoes and sail the Suzi Q:

Pic by Steve Dixon

The Straits try out their new hats and trannies. Left to right: Suzi Roll, Di Hardi, Judi Rock and Shirl Newman. The two old dears on the left are waiting to join Ian Dury's back-up singers, The Proper Housewives.

NO SEX, NO DRUGS — JUST ROCK 'N' ROLL!!

WANDERING PAST rows of terraced houses in the part of Leeds' urban sprawl called Harehills, past 'Paki' Top Shops, 'Chinky' chippies and junk stalls on every corner, you just know there must be an all-girl band called The Straits living around here somewhere.

Washing lines, saris and reggae waft in the air as I reach their abode, and The Straits stand before me in tight jeans, striped socks and plastic-leather jackets festooned with badges, like a clutch of girls backstage at a Sweet concert. Fans to the core.

I first saw them just over a year ago. Rhythm guitarist Shirl had advertised for girl musicians and they played what they'd been weened on — Bolan, Ziggy period Bowie, Chinni-Chap bubble-gum and, of course, Sweet.

In mid-'77, the instant nostalgia of this glam-rock revivalist outfit was immensely enjoyable. They had a singer called Ziggy and, yes, she looked, sang and acted like her namesake. I'll leave you to ponder the sexual connotations of a young girl dressed up as a man who was, in any case, dressed up as an hermaphrodite. "Suffragette City" was never like this.

Shirl tells me that 'Ziggy' is long gone, as is most of their old set. Only Bolan's "Get It On" remains. The rest of their material is their own, but they remain a pop group. No longer self-conscious revivalists, their music is '78 pop:

"Wendy went to the discos / The Sacha shoe mafia / She wore wedged platforms and stood on your toes / Don't dance to Northern soul / Don't dance to rock and roll / It's only the girls who dance / The boys just wait for a pick-up chance / Unmatched suits, eight pints and you're a man…"

They got fed up being fodder for baggy panted beer boys whose idea of a good night out is a quick grope, eight pints, curry and chips and a huge puke (though not necessarily in that order).

"We went to discos when we were younger and saw through it," says Di, bassist and vocalist. "We've turned to rock for escape. When I'm on stage I pretend I'm Elvis.

"But it's not all make believe. We all want to go all the way with this band and make it big."

The rest of them agree that they don't want to spend *their* youth surrounded by tacky Mecca decor, listening to canned soul muzak, pretending that's where it's 'at'.

"Sure," I innocently reply when they ask if I want to hear their first studio recordings. They hit me for 10p for the meter. That means they can plug in the electric kettle, too. Lunch is Yorkie bars and Kit-Kat with instant coffee, and it seems appropriate that the music is fast confection with new wave sensibility.

The clear, strong vocals from Judi and Di stand out particularly on "Studio 54":

"The manager picks you out of the queue / We wouldn't stand a chance, kids like me and you / Unless you name's Bianca Jagger / Unless you dance like John Travolta / Watch out Britain, here comes the USA, OK/ Don't forget your MacDonalds takeaway / Here comes Studio 54 …"

Though their musical roots are British, it strikes me odd that they sing about such dreadful Americanisation while sitting around in Levis and leather, eating fast foods. Shirl, who wrote the lyrics, sees it differently.

" 'Studio 54' is about the side of American culture we hate, but Elvis and Suzi Quatro are great. Take what you need from America but don't get swallowed up in the dross that's rammed down your throats."

All the band get animated at the mention of Suzi Q, and it becomes apparent they are as confident and dedicated as that lady — out to win.

"It's better than hairdressing," says Shirl, and we all laugh.

Any parting comments, girls?

"We're the best band in our street," says Judi Rock.

STEVE DIXON

THRILLS

"The Last Waltz" (Metropole) actually doesn't contain any shimmying, but it's about the farewell recital given by The Band, an ensemble of young instrumentalists who used to provide harmonious accompaniment for the popular Welsh vocalist, Thomas Dylan.

And on 22 October, for two weeks, John Travolta will return in his latest, much publicised film "Greece".

DAVIE JONES AND THE KING BEES Liza Jane. Decca F•13807. Production: Les Conn. What may well turn out to be an embarrassing skeleton from the Thin White Duck's closet. Recorded in mono in 1964, Liza Jane is a rough, gritty r'n'b song from Bowie's first group. Should sell well, considering the scrabble for Bowie memorabilia and the NME's recent extensive discography.

Film fun with Bard Dylan in the Irish Times (from Ronan Harty, Dublin) and Jah Travolting, according to the Scarborough Mercury, is going on holiday (from M Branagan, Newby). Bowie, meanwhile, assumes yet another unlikely identity in Radio & Record News.

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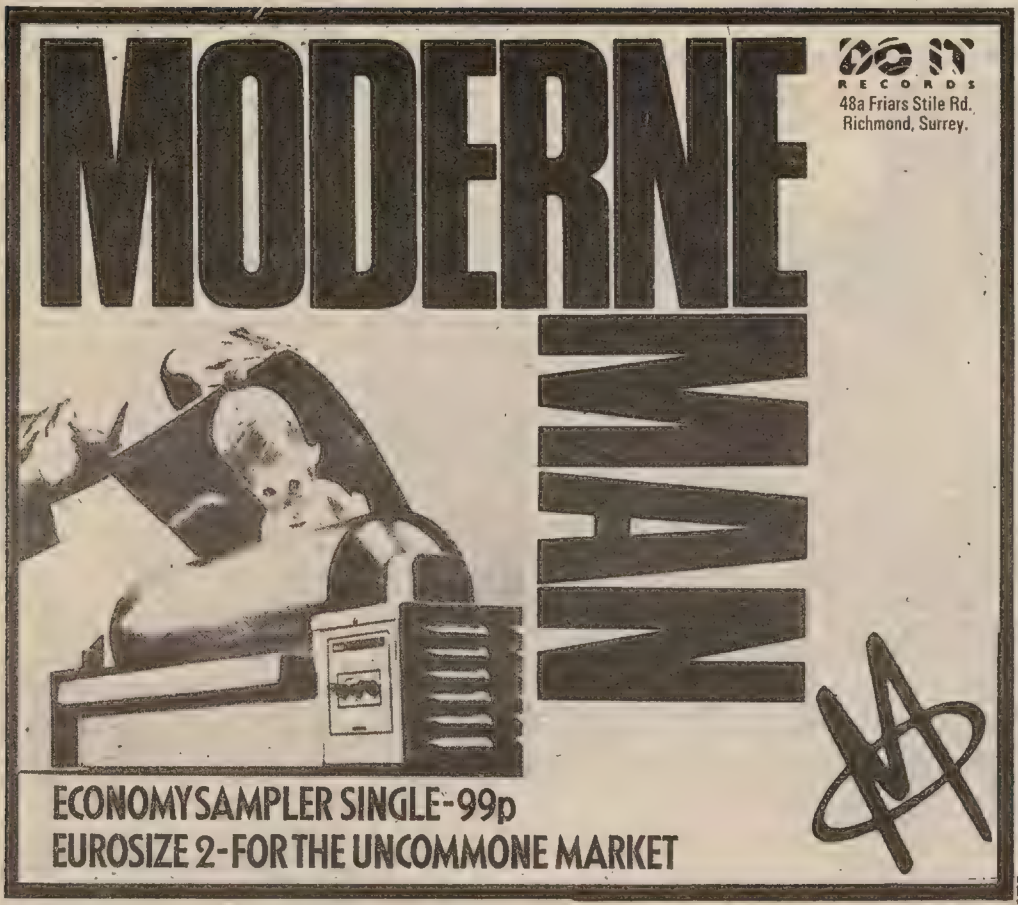
Neil Young offer closes 11th November 1978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Lou Grant — super sub

CALL ME "irresponsble", call me "unreliable", throw in "elitist snob", too — nevertheless, I'm in love with *Lou Grant*.

Every man-jack one of you that was ever weaned on TV dinners and Muriel Young should be hurling Yana Mintoff from Westminster's public gallery onto the heads of Our Leaders in protest against the greatest programme currently flickering through the cathode ray tube being condemned to a time-slot (Tuesday, round about midnight) that would seem to restrict the show's potential audience to insomniacs with that snore-snout sleepless feeling and a young person's healthy disgust for the rockbiz menopause of the *Old Grey Whistle Test*.

While Fanlight Annie impersonates Debbie Harry's grandmother and hosts the Alternative Culture's *Pebble Mill*, the discerning viewer's dial is touched to the independent network put the journalist's vocation into perspective with incisive, ironic affection that give *Lou Grant* its magic. A bird sits singing on the branch of a tree until the lumberjack chops it down, the timber flows downstream to be transformed into empty pages stuffed into deadline typewriters, the printer's presses rumble and the *Los Angeles Tribune* hits the street still warm, gets delivered frequently mutilated by a careless paper-round for perusal over another morning coffee cup and finally — who needs yesterday's news? — ends up lining the bottom of a cage where pet budgie sits on his perch, tweeting derisively.

The characters that work for the *Los Angeles Tribune* could be straight out of most any newspaper with a back-bone in the Western World. Lou Grant (Edward Asner) is the wise-cracking, hard-boiled City Editor with a heart of gold-plate and printer's ink flowing through his veins. Art Donovan (Jack Bannon) is the perennial bachelor boy who believes the best defence is cynicism, a balding, ageing, singles bar habituee going through the motions of having the time of his life, lonely for a long time but just starting to get scared.

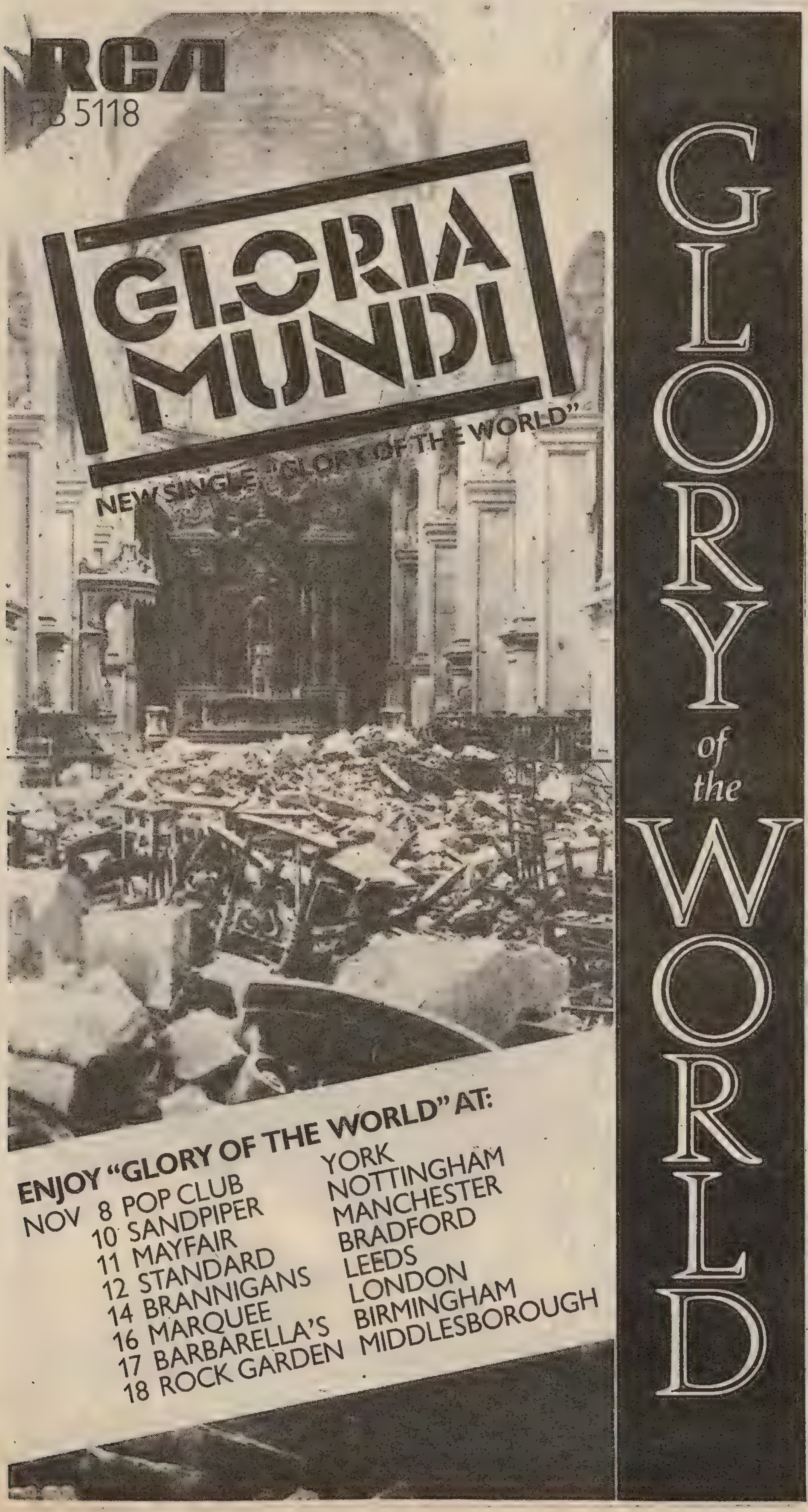
Animal (Daryl Anderson) is the unwashed, long-hair lens-man late of the '60s cultural revolution coming to terms with the '70s — drop-back-in-or-starve — his opportunism for the "good pic" making him tolerable to the capitalists as a photographer even if hippie B.O. means they can't cope with him as a man, man.

Charlie Hume (Mason Adams) is a soft-hearted family man at home and a stoical, pragmatic, somewhat dog-eared veteran Editor in the office while the paper's owner up on the 25th floor is Margaret Pynchon (Nancy Merchand), a well-tailored, urbane middle-aged Lady with a superbly dry sense of humour and a big stick she never uses unless she has to — she is indulgent, maternal even, and she calls all the shots.

Girl reporter Billie Newman (Linda Kelsey) plays that asexual, surrogate-boy role that Stateside TV gives to any young female character that they want to stress isn't a scarlet-lips, harlot-hips strumpet (adopting a boy's name preferable and see the rosy-cheeked courier in *The Love Boat* for full definition). Billie has to reconcile her social conscience with the demands of editorial policy, and she overcomes any prejudices against her gender (especially the talented, ambitious ones) with her ability to write circles around/trade insults with the best of 'em.

But my favourite *Lou Grant* character is the *Los Angeles Tribune's* Journalist As Star, Joe Rossi (Robert Walden), a third generation Italo-American working-class kid made goodish, all tyro Woodstein energy, wrapped up in his writing to the point of blinkered obsession, pure ego.

Random vignette: Rossi is working on an article for the *Trib* protesting against City Hall's decision to rip down a condemned tenement slum where an old black newspaper seller has covered the walls in raw, tragic, autobiographical paintings that the art-circle's coterie considers to be the work of a primitive genius. Suddenly Rossi turns away from his typewriter in hopeless exasperation.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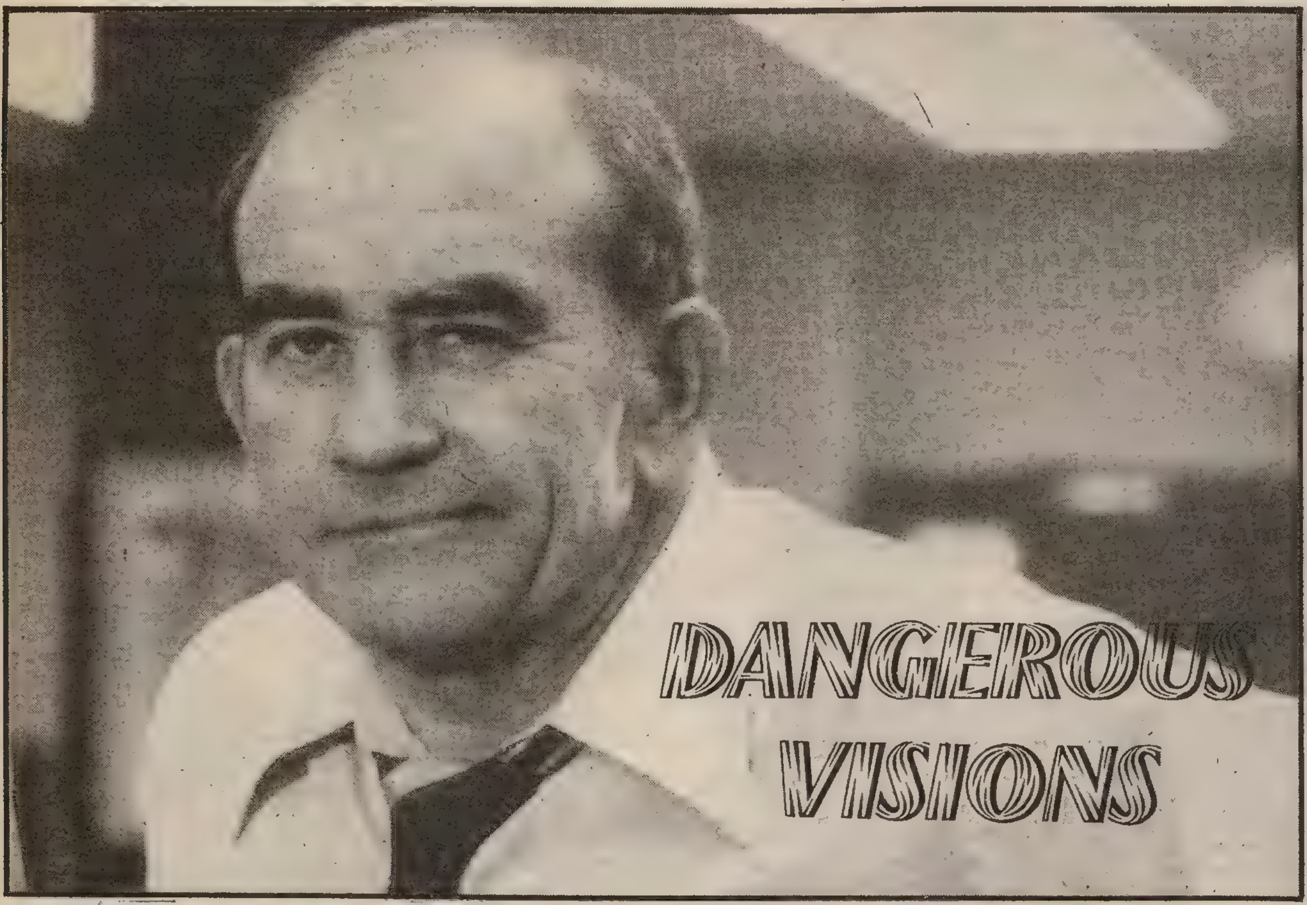


DANGEROUS VISIONS

EDWARD ASNER perfects the Lou Grant smile — wry, warm, half-cocked, but never wise-ass.

ROSSI: It's no good! We're never gonna save that place . . .
BILLIE: How do you know? Maybe once your article has appeared —
ROSSI: Look, the *Trib* tried to save some building due to be torn down seven years ago. Miss Pynchon, the paper's lawyers, historical architecture experts, all the paper and most of the public were fighting City Hall trying to stop 'em destroying the building. The *Trib* had everything on its side except for City Hall . . .
BILLIE: What happened?
ROSSI: They tore it down anyway.
BILLIE: But there's one thing they *didn't* have, Rossi . . .
ROSSI: Whassat?
BILLIE: They didn't have *you* writing the article then, Rossi!
ROSSI: You're *right!*

Rossi begins to attack his typewriter with renewed religious passion. . .

The casting, acting and directing in *Lou Grant* are near faultless for guessing the script-writer's previous profession.

The characters in *Lou Grant* love and believe in their paper, they live with it 24 hours a day and hate it for demanding so much. They slog their guts out together but would be far too self-conscious to ever discuss aloud the motives, aspirations and ideals that give them their unification of purpose. And the smart-ass quips, shot-nerved angry bitching and rampant ego-clshing of the editorial meetings are so deftly accurate that they border on cruel, hilarious documentary evidence.

And each week the myriad magic moments of *Lou Grant* rotate around strong plot-lines that tackle contemporary social issues with a righteous sense of the dramatic. In past weeks us *Lou Grant* cognoscenti have seen the brother of a petty crook who got wasted by the cops take over the *Trib* offices at gunpoint in a desperate bid to clear his brother's name. A decrepit High Court judge who made racist jokes, fell asleep and abused the accused using all his influential muscle to prevent the paper exposing his antics. An investigation into the American Nazi party . . .

The huge finances behind The Paper rearing their ugly head in a battle to prevent a take-over bid. The callousness of objective journalism when Charlie Hume's daughter is coming in on a crippled Jumbo about to crashland and the *Trib* has got two headlines prepared already, one for a safe landing and one for airline disaster.

***Lou Grant* is compulsive viewing.**

TONY PARSONS

GANGLAND ROCK & ROLL

EVER BEEN busted for non-possession of a hamburger? That was the bizarre possibility which confronted late night drinkers in Eric's Club, Liverpool, last Saturday week when they were joined at their tables by members of the Merseyside Police.

The Boys in Blue weren't there to discuss the finer points of the blistering Pirates set which had ended earlier. Instead the revellers were quizzed about their membership details and purchases of food and alcohol, and samples of their drinks were carefully poured into small containers to be taken away for analysis. Boozers without food were cautioned that an offence may, technically, have been committed . . .

In fact, as Eric's co-owner Roger Eagle explained, the raid was only a routine check-up on the club's licensing arrangements, without repercussions for the customers questioned. Nevertheless, its timing carries implications of a police backlash against the Liverpool clubs in general in the wake of what has hit the local headlines as "The Chicago Trial".

For, in spite of incidents like this, Eric's remains a veritable oasis of tranquillity in the violent, gangster-ridden world that Liverpool clubland has traditionally been.

With over a hundred clubs of all types and sizes in central Liverpool alone, and control of many resting in a relatively few hands, power-struggles for predominance have been common. In its seamier aspects this rivalry has involved armed, Chicago-style warfare culminating in the recent sensational court case — notorious for its unpleasant parallels with the Capone era — concerning one particularly grisly attack upon a suburban house in which the four assailants attempted to remove their victim's feet with less than surgical expertise.

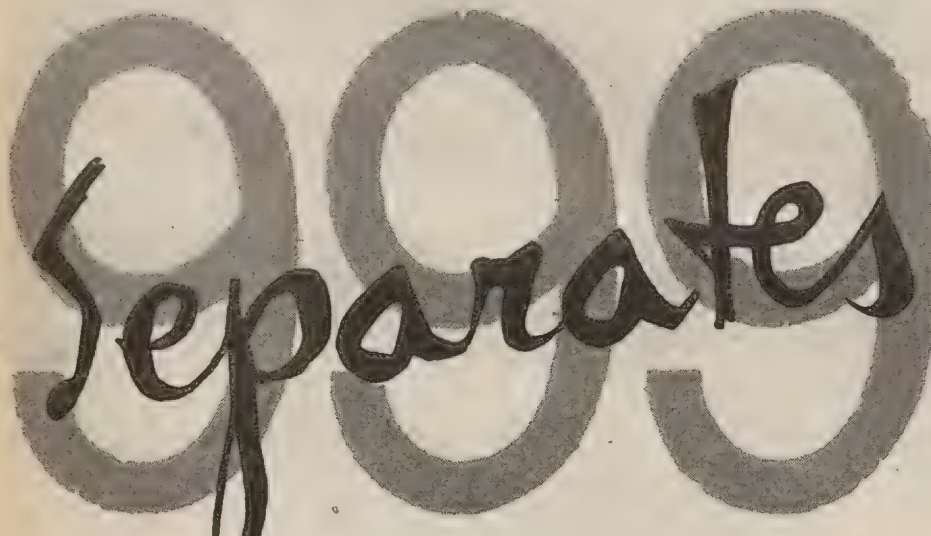
That trial failed to produce any convictions and the renewed police interest in the clubs, Eric's included, is seen by Eagle and many others as the inevitable aftermath.

In the case of Eric's, however, Roger does suggest that one other factor may have inspired the police visit — the Sid Vicious affair, news of which had broken the day before. As Liverpool's and the North's number one club venue for new-wave acts, Eric's would make the obvious target for any punk-rock backlash.

Hip but still relaxed, renowned for a tasteful and astute booking policy, Eric's makes a welcome contrast with the average Liverpool club — dumb and discofied, tense and tacky — and any more concerted crack-down would make grim news indeed.

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS



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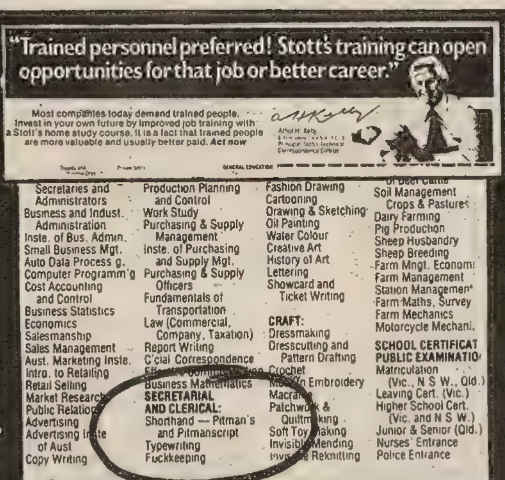
26 PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic
27 LEICESTER, University
28 LOUGHBOROUGH, University
30 KENT University
31 LEEDS, Fan Club

NOVEMBER
1 YORK, Pop Club
2 CARLISLE, Market Hall
3 PRESTON, Polytechnic
5 LONDON, Lyceum

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS



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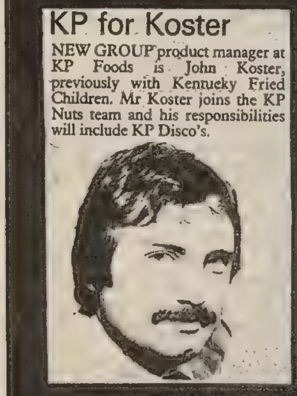
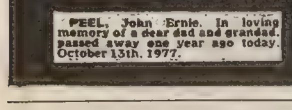


KP for Koster

NEW GROUP product manager at KP Foods is John Koster, previously with Kentucky Fried Children. Mr Koster joins the KP Nuts team and his responsibilities will include KP Disco's.



PEEL, John Ernie. In loving memory of a dear dad and grandad, passed away one year ago today, October 13th, 1977.

Well! Those Aussies (top) sure do have vile habits — sent in by Debbie Lustig of Melbourne. But even they would have to go some to beat the disgusting new range of fried foods (left) spotted by R. A. Hope-Stone in trade journal Super Marketing — yummy, yummy, yummy, he's got toddlers in his tummy. As for poor Mr Peel — we thought his shows had been lacking something recently. Thanks to Dave Vicious (no relation) and the Leicester Mercury.

SOME GIRLS: ATLANTIC SURRENDER

IN RESPONSE to the campaign by the Rev. Jesse Jackson, head of Operation PUSH (see *NME* 7.10.78), Atlantic Records chairman Ahmet Ertegun is recommending that the Rolling Stones track "Some Girls" be re-edited because "the result is an insult — even though I know he (Jagger) didn't mean it."

After a hour-long meeting with Jackson, Ertegun said: "I can see that the majority of people do look upon this as an insult. It's not our wish to demean, insult, or make less of a people without whom there would be no Atlantic Records."

He commented: "The mores of the country are in flux. The artists we sign up have liberty, artistic autonomy. We can't dictate to these artists or we would lose them.

"There is a great deal of permissiveness in the print and motion picture business. Whether the record business can be a censor is not certain."

When questioned by reporters, Ertegun argued that "Jagger is certainly not consciously racist. He is consciously anti-racist. He owes his whole being to black people and black music."

Ertegun is trying to arrange a face-to-face meeting between Jagger and Jackson, who has threatened that the boycott will continue unless Jagger delivers a personal apology.

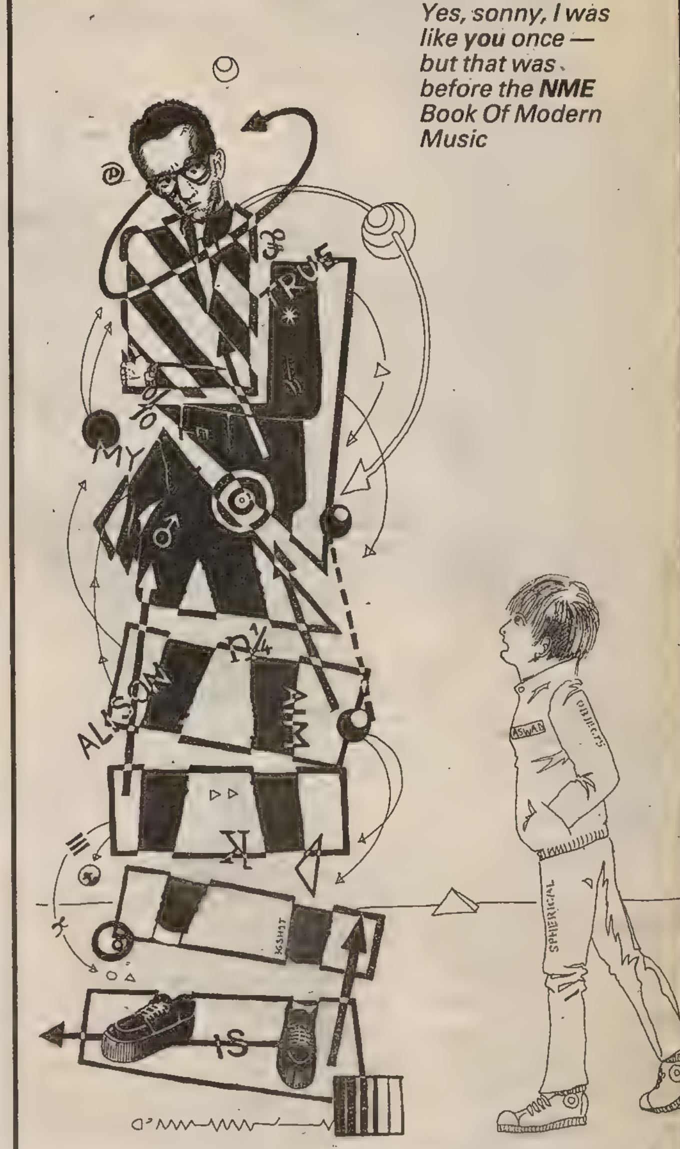
The legal aspects of the case are unclear. Atlantic Records are caught in the crossfire, as they may be subject to litigation should they attempt to censor the track.

Meantime in New York The Rolling Stones issued the following statement: "It never occurred to us that our parody of certain stereotypical attitudes would be taken seriously by anyone who has heard the entire lyrics of the song in question. No insult was intended, and if any was taken, we sincerely apologise."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

*Yes, sonny, I was like **you** once — but that was before the **NME** Book Of Modern Music*



Submitted by a talented ANON who should get in touch with us toot-sweet if he, she or it wants their bottle of crisps and slightly damaged Dansette.

THE END

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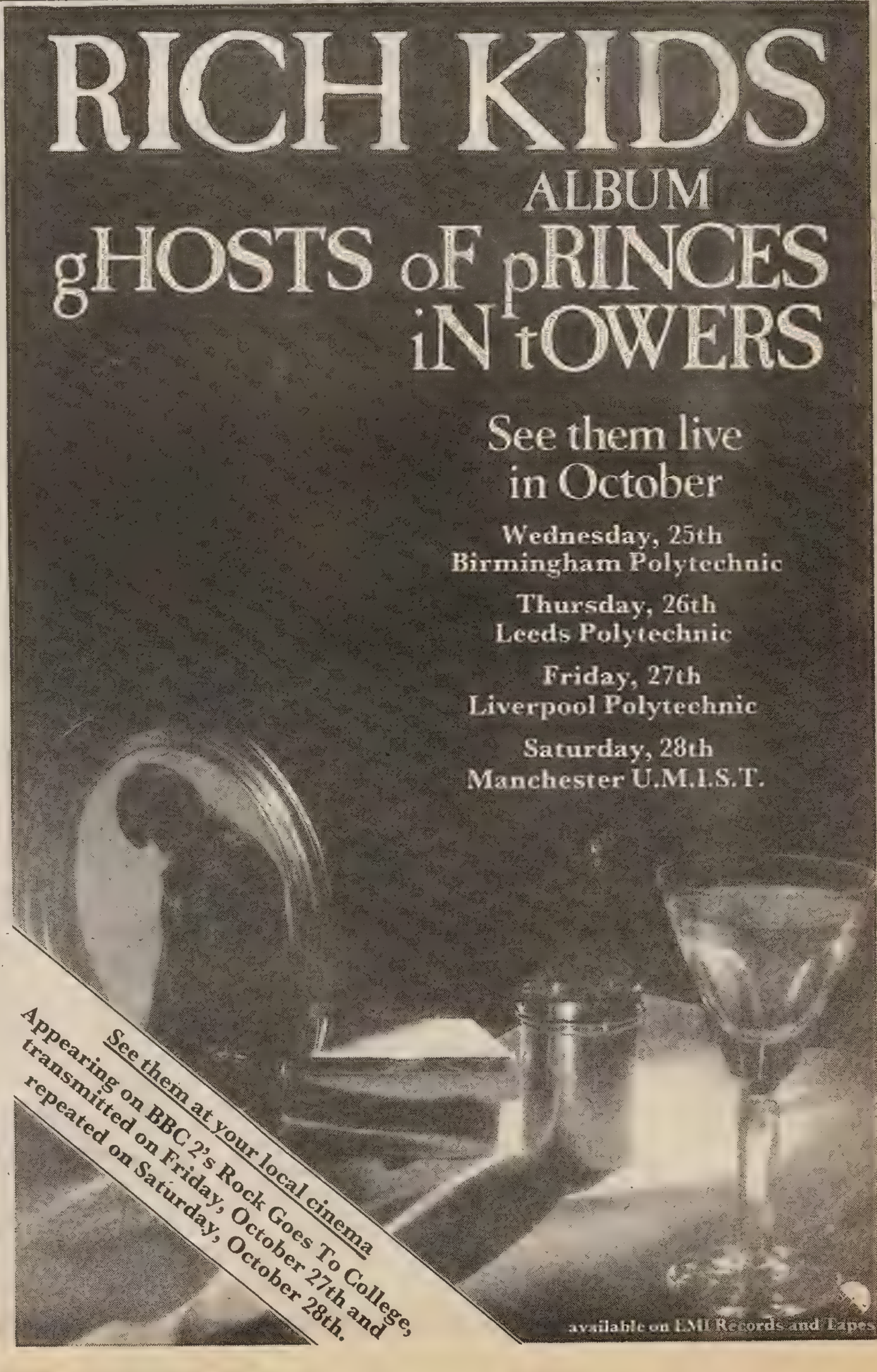

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STIFF TOUR 78

Be a killer or be a *real* Stiff . . .

Why is label boss Dave Robinson surveying a train load of amiable artists and praying for violence (in a manner of speaking)? MAX BELL was there 'n' has the answers.

W. C. FIELDS would have hated the "Be Stiff" tour. A sixteen year child star who toured with Mickey Rooney? A performing punk dwarf called Eric? An upstart Yugoslavian marionette making mileage out of her statelessness?

Horror upon horrors, the idea of having to spend two months on a train with these people is enough to turn a man to drink.

No bourbon though. I settled for a Long Life and felt distinctly queasy. Couldn't get in the bog either. Dave Robinson was ensconced inside with *The Guardian*. Next to this the traumas of Jackie Coogan and that simpering little twit Freddie Bartholomew would have made for good company.

W.C. wouldn't have stepped out of his own puke to catch the 12.07 to Bristol Temple Meads. The Whistle Stop Tour again; every time someone whistled the train stopped.

We hadn't reached Slough and I was on my third. It's quicker by snail. Or bicycle. Stiff would have saved a lot of money if they'd thought of that.

The catchphrase for the "Be Stiff" tour was dreamed up by Stiff's resident dreamer Paul Conroy. "You're either on the train — or off the train", a remarkably original existential truism if you think about it. Paul heard one of the guards at Canvey say that to an OAP who was debating whether to take the Awayday to Balham.

Rest assured that the rolling stock leaving your local station anytime now is not the scene of drunken rock and roll special antics you'd imagined. They don't make Kool-Aid anymore but someone must have given the driver a packet of Space Dust. He had a pathological dislike of leaving the Metroplis and kept it down to 20 mph.

The journey was so laid-back that well-wishers were still waving good-bye when we got to Reading.

"Where's the coke?" a French writer demanded impatiently. I directed him to the crate and went off to collect the tickets.

The days have gone when every Stiff venture was greeted with media cries of "fresh air" and "truly wonderful". What were once gimmicks are now a five page centre spread. The name itself smacks of a built in obsolescence. "If it ain't Stiff . . ." you can't chortle for ever.

When Jake Riviera and Elvis went global it was a safe bet that round every corner ink stained hacks were opening a book on the label's staying power.

But Stiff obermeister Dave Robinson and the family in Notting Hill maintained the heist. They lost an American distribution deal with Island, and Arista are hedging on the option, but they sold enough footwear and lingerie to break even.

Virgin rode into the 70s on the proceeds from Mike Oldfield. They had an independent's vibe once. Can Stiff survive the cut-throat world of rock?

This trip is being sponsored like a travelling tennis circus. A carriage is set aside for logistics and financial talks: Phonogram, Bron, Ensign, *NME* all gave their pounds in return for a namecheck.

See, it isn't a question of the lads getting well bevied, cracking a few jokes and strumming a couple of numbers on the side. Robinson, Stiff's wizard Irish mentor, ticks off the viables and the possibles en route.

I thought he was going to ask for a whip round.

If this tour doesn't produce another Costello or Dury then the computer read-out will snarl into a nasty headache: "This time the press will be more critical, they're always more critical of Stiff than the majors. No journalist ever says that CBS product is shit, they'll say it about us." A companion remarked that Robinson was less likely to amputate a writer's knees than a Grudge or a Rant:

"Britain doesn't have a critical press. Luckily they forget about the stunts which didn't work. The opening night on last year's tour was disastrous but the coach was so full of booze that when they woke up they could only remember they'd enjoy themselves. We got rave reviews."

Smarting under this undoubtedly incisive thrust I put down my Ruddles and vowed abstinence.

THE ongoing journey was vivid with sweetness and light; sunshine birds twittering.

There was Rachel Sweet poring intently over Hardy's *Tess*. The foreign lady Miss Lovitch and her good friend, the balding Mr Les Chappell played a sedate game of patience. The atmosphere was occasionally punctuated by the rude belching of Mr Jupp's entourage but this was only to be expected. I slumped back in a peaceful doze and thought of Wordsworth and Arnold.

Robinson woke me with a jolt: "By the time we get to Belfast the knives will be out. The bottom line is we're a record company, we must sell records. If an act isn't ambitious, they're off the label. Last year Elvis started off doing 'Neat Neat Neat' and obscure country numbers. Dury was out to kill, to be top dog. When Elvis smelled the competition he went to his album. People must be ready to kill onstage. Lene is very ambitious."

Judging by the rotating six-act bill early indications are that Lovitch and her crew will easily expose the presentational shortcomings of the other acts.

The initial stretch takes in the U.K.'s prestigious seats of learning. Students are a notoriously captive audience who will endure anything, even Wreckless Eric, rather than pretend to read their Sartres and mope suicidally in the halls of residence.

Besides, Stiff needs their grants: "The last tour lost £11,000 but we sold a lot of 'New Boots And Panties'." Current costing is estimated at a peak of £100,000. Preliminary bills are £40,000, the train runs on hire plus mileage.

Everyone, regardless of standing, musician or roadie, receives £75 a week. Add on hotel bills, food and drink for 50-odd — and The Blockheads, Lowes, Edmunds et al are conspicuously absent. Lene Lovitch and Akron dream-date Rachel Sweet have the most going for them. As Robinson says: "They're girls; it's like hitch-hiking."

Last time Wreckless was the child of the tour. He'd collapse into Robinson's arms apres le gig and gazing emotionally at his benefactor enquire. "Woz I alright chief?"

This time young Eric pulls his own crowd, notably the only act to accomplish this feat. They pogo and gob like good uns front stage just like it says to do in the papers.

"I used to live in Bristol once," he told the enthralled audience. "Nice class of people." There was no stopping him after that. This is Eric's big shot. He careered manically across the boards, a trouper with the smell of greasepaint in his nostrils. I was moved to tears and had to leave. Eric played as if his little life depended on it.

Only Rachel, a heroine worthy of Richardson or *Nineteen*, can afford to relax the grip. Providing she doesn't fall foul of those writers who imagine that anything young (and female) must necessarily be that goddess in vinyl armour come to answer their prayers she'll do all right.

Her voice is remarkable enough, entrenched in the plastic tradition of Dolly and Tammy, though lacking their hideous homely facades. But I'd be patronising Ms. Sweet if I pretended she was anything out of the ordinary on the Bristol showing (unlike Dolly).

Her live presence was mediocre. It lacked nerves, true — but also balance, consistently sympathetic material and personality. Sixteen-year-old Akron cutie pies fall a trifle flat in the cold light of a British autumn.

She breezed through her best numbers — those penned by Liam Sternberg — "Truckstop Queen", "Wildwood Saloon", and they worked on inherent quality not application. Her inter-number dialogue consisted of Americanisms like "this is my punk number" and "we'd like to slow the pace down a little". The audience weren't so much bemused as not bothered. The Records backing was tough but loose.

Ironically The Records' own opening set was the finest of the evening and "We aren't on Stiff", they reminded us. High duty metal pop is Will Birch's forte; commercial middle ground that owes a nod to Cheap Trick and Dwight Twilley.

Transatlantic pop is not a dirty word to Will. He likes a bit of platinum polish. The songs that he and guitarist John Wicks invent are engaging and exciting: nuggets like "Starry Eyes", "Girls That Don't Exist", "Affection Rejected", Tim Moore's "Rock And Roll Love Letter" and their killer insight into the musician's adoration of the narcissus youth cult, "Teenerama", replete with its highly applicable hook chorus, *"Sugar candy is all you ever eat, you're so skinny, you're so sweet"*.

Rachel and her sister Leah were packed off to bed early. Rarely out of the protective custody of their tutor, they left a pile of largely unattended books in their wake and chewed great wads of sticky gum. Rachel rolled a fresh stick round her mouth as the crew from "The Old Grey Wizened Testicle" pointed their mikes at all and sundry.

"Gee", she grimaced, "I hate classical history."

It was the bespectacled, studious Liam Sternberg who persuaded Rachel that there was life after school and that a stab in the dark with a new wave Limey company might serve her interests better than warbling the chaff the Acuff-Rose combine harvester left in its wake.

Sternberg came along for the ride to test his theories. Despite protestations that he was a very boring person (his manner of answering questions in a slothful monotone) Sternberg provided insights into the Sweet/Stiff mentality with remarkable objectivity.

Tiring of selling street corner acid to Akron's small hippy population, Liam studied composition and took the freak trail East, to Switzerland. There he backed a Detroit cabaret artist, Dee Dee McNeil.

But he yearned for London.

A training in top 40 disco bar bands held him in good stead on our pub circuit. Spells with Pasha, Ginger Johnson's African Drummers, and a partnership with folkie John D. Bryant got him used to the M.I.

But he dreamed of the rubber factories of Akron and on return found a wealth of homegrown talent lurking in the eternal school halls and diners of Cleveland's fair suburb.

As luck would have it Robinson, in New York looking for Devos, found himself directed towards Jane Aire and WMMS, a radio station whose diet of chart muzak was occasionally punctuated by the cries of young dissidents.

Sternberg looked glassy and began to drone: "The Stiff compilation is really a hype. Akron is only a suburb like any other mid-west town. The inhabitants aren't too proud of it, but there isn't an 'Akron sound'."

Stiff soon closed their option on Jane Aire, "an empty headed girl" according to Robinson. Rachel was

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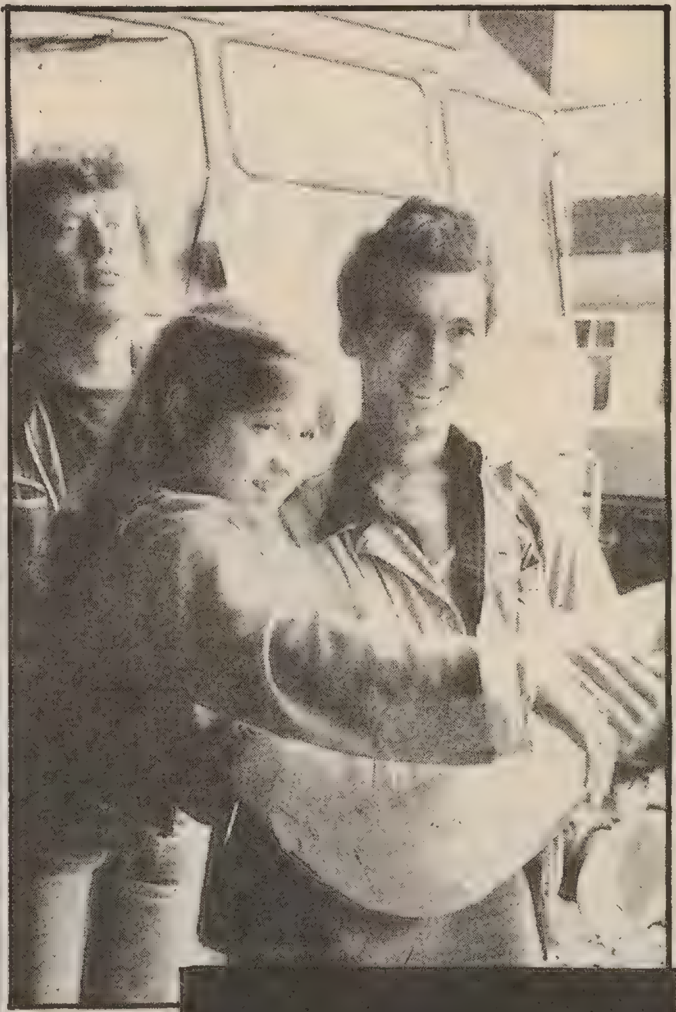

All pix by PENNIE SMITH. Top (from left): a bunch of Stiffs; Lene Lovich; Mickey Jupp, Jona Lewie, Rachel Sweet. Bottom (from left): a bunch of Stiffs; Rachel Sweet.

obviously ready-made for the kooky stuff. "She's a potential star. I don't interfere with her life. There are too many people concerned with her well-being. She's a tough nut, comes from a strong, feisty, intelligent family. She's ambitious, which is better than having a fake modesty.

"She'll take Stiff seriously if they make her records go gold."

The Sweet album, which is infinitely preferable to her live showing (give her time and that will shape up), was delayed by the death of her mother last summer. Yet while interest in the small one's talent travelled down foreign grapevines interest back in Akron is minimal:

"They don't know of her. The compilation album is too pricey and too hyped, only a few shops carry it. A plain sleeve like the 'CBGB's' album would have been better."

"THE TRAIN now standing on platform two is the Stiff special from bzzzzzzz . . ." The ticket collectors looked on sleepily at Bristol Temple Meads as we pulled in.

"What's all this about George?" remarked a rustic as we disembarked. "I don't rightly know", replied his companion. "P'raps tis them pop chappies from London; they look quite normal."

None more ordinary than Jona Lewie (John Lewis as was), former mastermind behind the Terry Dactyl and The Dinosaurs/Brett Marvin chart smash "Sea-Side Shuffle". Lewie's approach to the tour is old-fashioned rather than hard headed, though along with Jupp he's the most seasoned campaigner. As he's hardly au fait with close encounters of the gobbing kind I wondered where his pleasure lies.

"I don't like live gigging much. More than two months on the road gets to be a wank. Besides, I can never remember my lyrics, I have to read them before I go on."

He produced a tatty pile of dog eared sheets from his briefcase. "I like a good chune and a game of tennis. Do you like this suit? Thirty five quid, C&A's, not bad eh? . . ."

The audience at Bristol University were not familiar with Lewie's idiosyncratic talent. The man who wrote "Piggy-back Sue", "The Swan" and "I Was Denny Laine's Valet" was too bizarre a commodity. "Gerrof you wanker," remonstrated an English student after two minutes of Lewie's testament.

"But I've only just come on."

Even so he withstood the abuse like a Stoic on the spit and delivered a set of short, sharp, amusing keyboard ditties much in the manner of an outre Eno, Ferry synthesis. Languid, pungent songs of the stilton and port variety whizzed over the head. Hilarious neo-Roxy pisstakes, "Vous Et Moi", "Hallelujah/Europa", "Bang-A-Lang-A-Boom-Er-Rang-Man", songs whose merits escaped the majority of the punters left me shaking with mirth.

The band were scrappy as hell mind.

But ex-Help Yourself/Man luminary Malcolm Morley, who backed just about everybody, earned his pounds with aplomb. There was a Welsh re-union too when Martin Ace strapped on for Wreckless, an event that went unnoticed, deservedly.

It took a great deal of exercise on the imaginative faculties to watch the Eric extravaganza. He careered in crazy patterns across the stage like Dudley Moore with piles, his post punk antics earning the biggest shout of the evening.

Significantly none of the bands bothered to check each other out front stage. Only straw-boatered Lene Lovitch could be seen tapping a demure foot to Wreckless.

Her own set was the most interesting, if not musically accomplished, part of the evening. The Lovitch argot consists of some re-modelled Siouxsie-cum-Sparks licks delivered with her own undeniable charm and well choreographed dynamics. The band were rusty but will loosen; they look the part and should clean up with weenies and students.

Lene's loopy theatrical gestures are far removed from the expected ice maiden chanteuse image and she stole the show with the timely singalong "Be Stiff" theme tune. Her own adequate sax and Chappell's eerie

■ *Continues page 69*

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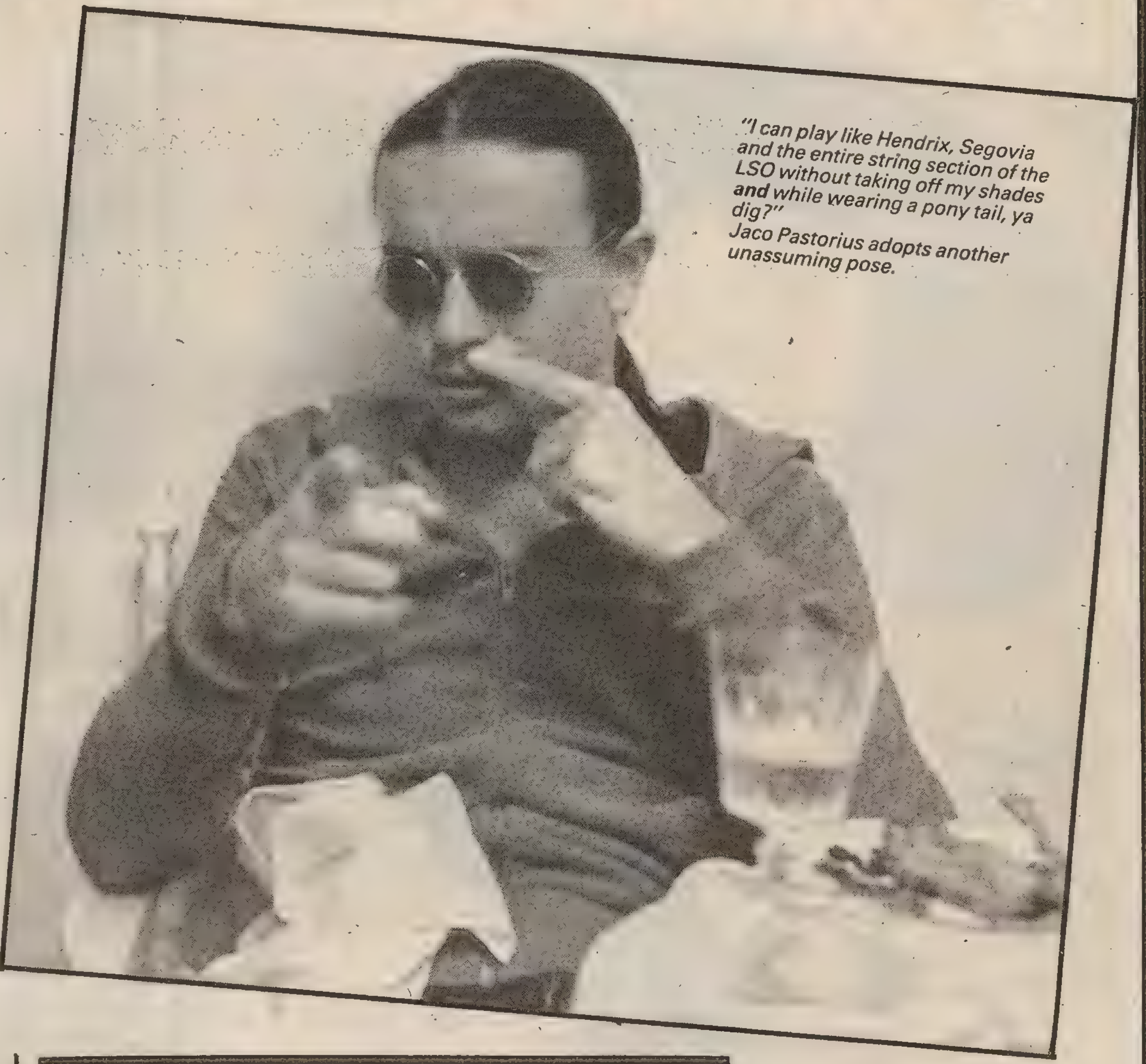


"I can play like Hendrix, Segovia and the entire string section of the LSO without taking off my shades and while wearing a pony tail, ya dig?"
Jaco Pastorius adopts another unassuming pose.

A brightish future is forecast for WEATHER REPORT by intrepid reporter IAN PENMAN, who takes his hangover and tape recorder to meet JACO PASTORIUS and WAYNE SHORTER. Photos by TERRY LOTT

THIS YEAR's Weather Report is twice as nice as last year's. And doubly dodgy.

This year's "Mr Gone" album and this year's tour, summed up with two nights at Hammersmith, seem to have divided both public and private opinion. I'm in two minds myself . . .

A favourite band in a favourite month, the eternal Weather Report in autumnal favour, with the dry and warm "Mr Gone" furthering the mellow and fruity flavour of 1977's "Heavy Weather". It would be nice to think that the band's all weather rapport exists outside the normal and nominal paths of evolution.

And "Mr Gone" — what does that mean? — is Weather Report's eighth album, they *are* moving into the autumn of their career. You have to understand that it *is* twice as nice, that their stylisations are being tested and tried in new settings, blend *not* bland.

Things blur — the tension between the populist Pastorius and phlegmatic Shorter/Zawinul axis seems to move further from, rather than nearer to, conclusion. Pastorius — the Bjorn Borg of bass — has evolved a style of playing all his own (as much as any style is). An adaptable, slippery, corkscrew-harmonic technique first heard in Weather Report on their sixth album ("Black Market"), which recording saw the departure of former bassist Alphonso Johnson, whose playing was both more subtle and more savage than that of his precocious Texan replacement.

Now, Weather Report has always been made up of Wayne Shorter (saxes) and Josef Zawinul (keyboards), plus whatever rhythm section and percussionist(s) they angled for.

This year's Weather Report is rounder than it's ever been, just Zawinul/Shorter and Pastorius/Peter Erskine. Erskine is a new drummer, one of three used on the "Gone" album.

So does it maintain the traditional elements of time and tension, logic and lotion?

THIS YEAR's Jaco Pastorius solo is twice as long as last year's. And trebly troubly, twittery and torpid. The latest addition to the Pastorius arsenal is electronic manipulation/distortion — imagine Hendrix idly doodling with a bass and you've just about got it.

I came away from the O.D.-eon feeling that the bass was dominant, and dull, that Weather Report were not a group but agape, four individuals trying to twine and maintain rather than tighten and take-off.

I *didn't* think that technology (what's that?) got in the way; that is to gravely misunderstand. Rather like the Great Pyramid, the structure of Weather Report might well have been designed as an illustration of a possible, perfect, evolving state — separate categories such as 'science', 'art', and 'spirit' are *not* separate categories!

It is a measure of some modern person's gleeful ignorance and suppression of intuitive perception that the point is missed; the structure *is* the essence, essence is overall, each part a whole and the end construction (composition) infinite, a colossal beginning, potential made concrete.

Which is why Zawinul once said "everybody in this group is a composer", which is why it is so unsettling to witness Pastorius' trip out into ego-jello, which is why there is perfect Weather Report music but also why a perfect or even decent Weather Report interview doesn't seem likely.

An afternoon between the two Hammersmith concerts, and I am invited to bring self and technology to lunch. Weather Report will be there, and I will perhaps be able to talk with all four members. Then again, perhaps I won't.

A pretty pastel table in a pretty posh restaurant, I introduce myself and tape recorder to Jaco Pastorius and his beautiful wife.

Food is ordered, waiters are summoned upon to deliver beer and wine, cutlery is rattled, soup curdles and muzak cuddles. Pastorius is pretty talkative. His manner is brash, his voice loud, with a distinctive Texan edge purring through clearly, frequently making him sound not unlike an outlaw enunciating past feats and footholds. He might also be, um, quite 'high', although I myself had a slight hangover — most things seemed quite extreme.

He looks up from his roast trout (cooked in almonds).

"I am a *connoisseur* of music — I know the best music in the world!"

What do you listen to?

"Right now? Uh . . . The Beatles. Uh, I *actually* never listen to music. I quit listening to music eight years ago when my daughter was born, 'cause I had no time, I had to go out and work. I had no time to *waste*, so to say."

Do you go to concerts?

"No, I never have. The first concert I went to, I played, ha ha ha . . ."

Who did you ever listen to?

"The Beatles, James Brown, Frank Sinatra, Miles Davis, Igor Stravinsky, Elvis Presley — you know, *the* shit!"

"I STARTED off on drums, ma daddy's a drummer, ah played drums m'whole life. I never *had* any drums, but I played 'em — if that makes any sense . . ."

Do you approach the bass as a percussion instrument at all?

"I don't approach it as anything; I let the music approach me!"

Your solo last night seemed more along the lines of a conventional guitar solo.

"Hey man! Nobody can play the bass like me! I ain't tryin' to play like a guitar — ain't no guitar player can play like me either — hell with that shit! I was just playing, man, I was just being . . . JACO!!! Being *myself*. I ain't tryin' to do anything, I ain't tryin' to accomplish anything, I'm just playing music, and if it sounds like something it sounds like it . . .

"You know! It's like a parable, Jesus Christ with the parable, you give it to somebody and it comes in on any level, anybody can appreciate it any way he wants to."

Do you listen to any other bass players?

"Never have."

Or guitarists?

"Never have."

Jimi Hendrix?

"Jimi Hendrix — I love Jimi Hendrix, but I never *listen* to him. I was gonna play with Hendrix and he died. I was eighteen, he was the next band I was gonna be the bass player — very few people know this. But I never listened to him that much. I just sort of experienced him — he used to come to Florida an' I used to see him and stuff.

"I actually do a better Hendrix impersonation than any guitar player . . ."

That's who you sounded like last night.

"Yeah! I played 'Third Stone From The Sun' last night, that's why you thought that!

"In the studio sometimes I'll play the bass, and then I'll double it, I'll just overdub exactly what I've played note for note, and move the vibrato in the other direction, and it causes a natural phasing you know? Like, there's no way I could take a phase-shifter, like a phase-shifter is always going in a certain rhythm, and there's no way you play like that.

"So on stage we were figuring out — how the hell can we accomplish the sound, and ah, the closest thing we could find to make this sound was an MXR digital delay, which has a *flanger* effect I'm told.

"I mean, what it sounds like to me is like a Leslie on a Hammond B3, you know? When it's goin' slow, before you kick it in, before you kick in a chorus? This is the effect I was looking for when I'm playing the harmonics.

"But then one night I was just standing there on stage and I just got crazy and I started fuckin' around with it — and the shit started makin' all sorts of sounds, it was unbelievable!

"This is what happened last night. I had no idea what was gonna happen — I just started playin' man, and that was some of the prettiest music I personally ever heard man . . ."

During the conversation with Pastorius there are frequent interruptions — eruptions is perhaps nearer the truth — when myself, the bassist and my tape recorder break up as the result of manic impersonations and comments emanating from another nearby pretty pastel table. Sitting there is one Wayne Shorter.

In almost complete contrast to this (and to the chat with Pastorius) is the few minutes' conversation I have with Shorter before the entire band are whisked off to radio stations and glossy magazines.

Although he has sobered up massively by the time I engage his interest, Shorter will take great delight in rounding off a very serious sentence or point in the voice of some great horror movie actor. Pretty disorientating, and doubly so once transposed into the sterile dimension of pulp and print.

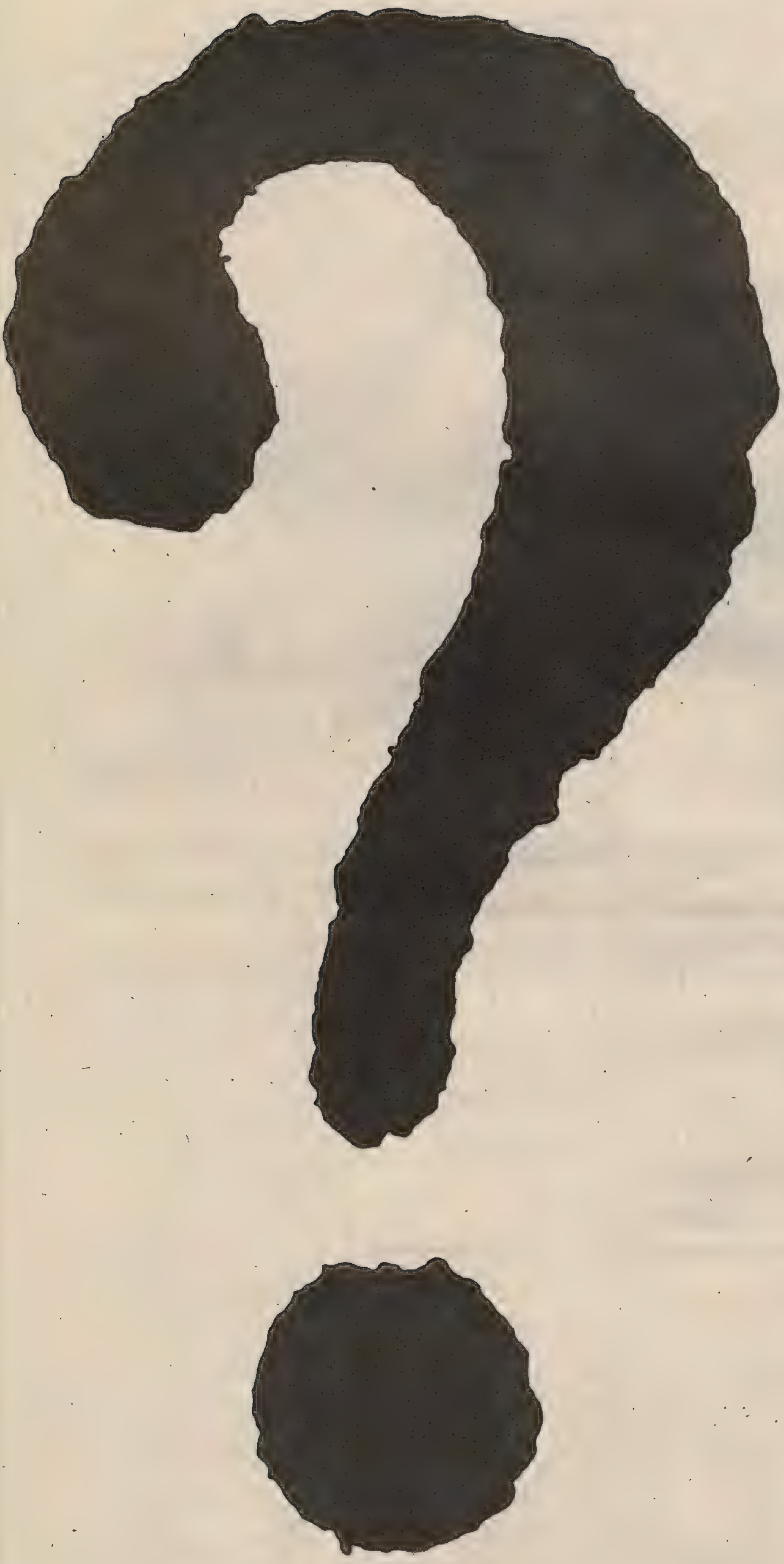
Suffice to say that Shorter seems to be the antithesis of the Pastorius I talked with — someone who has a quite obviously deep understanding of his own position and the position of others, both in relation to Weather Report, music, and the depth of 'commitment' it all entails, and however much of your life it demands.

Between finding your voice and vocation, and fiddling about with virtuosity? Sounds as presumptuous and contentious to me as it does to you, but it's not really that exaggerated an impression. Twice as righteous?

I GET THE feeling that the elders (Zawinul and Shorter) know what's right and wrong with the current rhythm. Pastorius may win ribbons for ricochet, but they'll just leave him be, let the crowds rush in, and maybe back out again, and know that either he'll wake himself up or go form a Monomania Orchestra of his own.

I don't think the day will come when we ask "Whatever happened to Weather Report?", and have to reply "Mister Gone up the nose . . ."

Wayne Shorter, tired of embarrassing questions, casts spell over Penman's tape recorder while hungry journalist eyes unfinished bread roll.



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SILVER

Ryan O'Neal attempts a Charlie Bronson in The Driver.

Driver's wild

The Driver

**Written and Directed by Walter Hill.
Starring Ryan O'Neal, Bruce Dern and Isabelle Adjani.**
(EMI)

Sam Peckinpah recently showed in *Convoy* that the code of the west and the code of the road were but alternative versions of the same old morality, and it's perhaps hardly surprising that Peckinpah graduate Walter Hill (he scripted *The Getaway)* should concern himself with similar themes.

The setting of *The Driver* is Los Angeles (though it's never identified as such), and the film is a contemporary Western — a motif it's hard to miss. The cop refers throughout to his particular adversary as "the cowboy"; the latter, despite the bounty with which his chilling professional competence has surely rewarded him, leads an apparently ascetic lifestyle which allows only one luxury, a small transistor radio permanently tuned to a C&W station — "cowboy's music," as one of the characters deliberately observes.

As in *Convoy* also, the confrontation between law-breakers and law-enforcers is reduced to single-handed combat, a real Korchnoi v. Karpov dogfight, in which neither side earns ethical superiority.

The characters in *The Driver* seems to inhabit a claustrophobic, twilight world, but the cars, accelerating across the urban landscape like guided missiles, have been given the freedom of the city; and if you thought the years since *Bullitt* had eroded the potentialities for cinematic suspense in car chases — well, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

As the eponymous driver — the hired hand who spirits bank robbers from the scene of their crime — O'Neal, thankfully laconic, has rarely been more watchable; while as the cop, Bruce Dern — so besotted in his task that he's almost as manic as the psychopath he played in *Black Sunday* — gives another authoritative performance (Bruce is the word, indeed). There's also an appearance from Ronee Blakley, taking time out from hanging around with Bob Dylan to play the part of O'Neal's connexion.

There is however scant room for character development (or even for names) and the elliptical narrative leaves occasional loose ends, but these potential shortcomings are converted into strengths, such is the unrelenting visual drama and pace of the film. *The Driver* may superficially seem an unprepossessing piece of work, but it's actually a massively assured achievement. Hill is currently outgunning his mentor, for where *Convoy* was kids' stuff, the tautness of *The Driver* attests to the director's mature vision and clarity of purpose.

This is Hill's second feature (the first having been *The Streetfighter* with Charles Bronson: information which gives rise to a curious emotion — regret at having missed a Bronson film) and already he can be considered a potent force in contemporary cinema. *The Driver* will make you wish you went to the movies more often.

Accompanying it on general release is an animated short (very short — under five minutes), *The Oriental Nightfish,* directed by Ian Emes. It's just about worth arriving early to catch it, since the graphics, set to music by Wings, are generally very good; though the film unfortunately has little substance, and is further hampered by a voice-over from Linda McCartney.

Bob Woffinden

*Dern (right) and O'Neal: "Lissen, bub, **NME** got more sense than to knock **this** flick."*

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Word Is Out

Mariposa Film Group.
(Scala)

The prospect of getting up at 8.30 and tubing through rush hour crowds to see a two-hour film that consists solely of interviews with 26 gay people did not strike me as entirely wonderful. I half expected to be bored to tears. Well, there were tears, but not of boredom. *Word Is Out* is the most moving, gripping, fascinating film I've seen for ages.

One reason is that it's

SCREEN

exceptionally well-made. The Mariposa Film Group have chosen their interviewees, and edited the interviews, with rare sensitivity. The pacing is superb, and the emotional range of the film marvellously subtle and varied. It's also remarkably easy to watch — pleasant people being articulate in bright, decorous surroundings.

But it's what these people say that is the real heart of the film. They're from different parts of the States, from different ethnic groups and various class backgrounds, aged between the 20s and the 70s, but their common link is their homosexuality. Each has been engaged in a personal struggle to find out, accept, and simply be, whoever he or she is.

The casual openness with which they talk of their lives is captivating, as are the stories themselves. Whitey realised she was gay when she was 13. Her parents sent her to a psychiatrist, who tried to 'cure' her lesbianism by putting her on a diet of green salad! Rick Stokes had been gay for nearly ten years before his family found out. They pressured him into seeing a doctor, who told him "Well, we could castrate you, but let's try some treatment and cure you that way." His 'cure' was a course of electric shock treatment, which Rick describes as "absolute hell."

Time after time, there are glimpses of the nonchalant savagery and ignorance with which the straight world treat gays. But there is no preaching, no rhetoric. And *Word Is Out* is by no means a heavy film. It's frequently hilarious, and its spirit is essentially optimistic. It's a very *encouraging* film, not just for gays, but for all people who're trying to work out their own lives.

What makes it so riveting, and so *subversive,* is that these are real people simply telling the truth about their own lives. They found the strength and the courage to come out and be what they are, and the film implies that *everybody* has that same power to make of their lives what they will. Go to it, all you closet revolutionaries.

Graham Lock

Shipwreck!

Written and Directed by Stewart Raffill.
Starring Robert Logan and Mikki Jamison-Olsen.
(Columbia-Warner)

It was a hot day in a cool office. The phone squawked and I lift it, see. Catch *Shipwreck!* 6.30 at Warners. OK.

Fifteen minutes into the movie. I was early. The only tomato on the screen was the Kelly dame (Mikki Jameson-Olsen — a tough one to pronounce, to watch tougher). She's this clean photo-journalist who's along for kicks on a sail voyage with a young widower and his two kids.

I'd guessed right. It was Disney, sort of. A family movie anyways. Enough animals to sink Statten Island.

A loudmouth Negro kid called Jesse something (Cjon Damitri Patterson — cute name, huh?) is found stowed away amongst all these Caucasians. The whole act gets shipwrecked and they stall for rescue in Alaska. There's no TV or people in that neck of the woods, but they'd taken along some stuff. A transistor radio with no appetite for batteries, lots of make up and hair conditioner, the usual — *and* some good old-fashioned American optimism.

Hi! I'm shipwrecked!

Rescue looks likely as the Yankees dumping the World series, so they build a boat. A big, sore Kodiac bear chases them but they launch this boat and leave bigfoot on the beach like a sap. A US coastguard vessel pulls up on cue like some waiter's sleeve and Travis, the daddy, asks Kelly to marry him.

A cute story. And slick, but *easy* as a solo bourbon. The Alaskan air and the adventure and the checked shirts made me think about summer camp. So I bit down on my micronite filter.

Micky Eleven

She saw all life through the camera's eye.
Then suddenly she saw death!

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Screenplay by JOHN CARPENTER and DAVID ZELAG GOODMAN
Story by JOHN CARPENTER · Executive Producer JACK H. HARRIS
Produced by JON PETERS · Directed by IRVIN KERSHNER
"Love Theme From Eyes of Laura Mars (Prisoner)" Sung by BARBRA STREISAND
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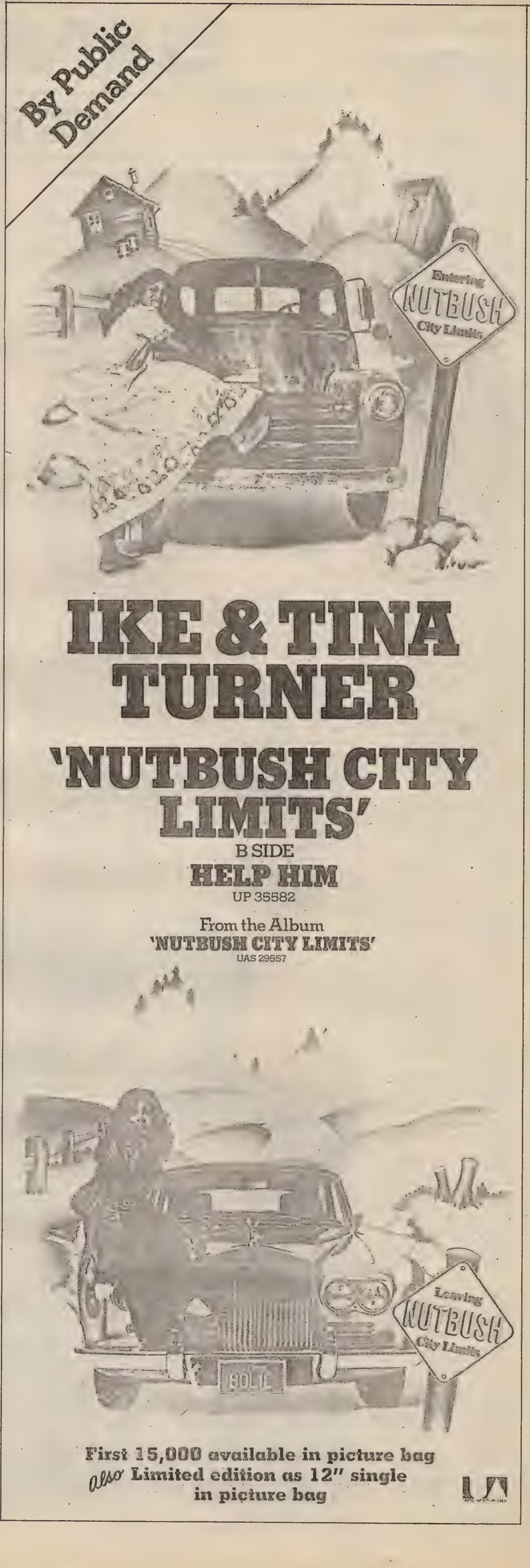
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SINGLES

Reviewed this week by JULIE BURCHILL

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

ALICIA BRIDGES: I Love The Nightlife *(Polydor)*
THE VELVELETTES: Needle In A Haystack *(Motown)*

Against all odds (male songwriters mostly, popularity and peak public consumption, being The Rave, prettiness), there's a million times as many spunky, predatory, faithful girls to be found in disco / soul than in any lousy, liberated white rock. Disco girls wear stilettoes, they are street-smart and want to dance, and want one boyfriend to be true and if he isn't, well, screw you Mac.

"Loving lies just bring me down / When you've got women all over town / You can love them all and when you're through / Maybe that'll make-huh!!! — a man outa you," growls the magnificent Alicia Bridges, fending off universal insincere, mawkish man. I'll never love a black girl singer's song the way I do "Shame", but this will always be the King's close second; totally ordinary mid-tempo beat and tune transformed into the realms of radio-fantasy by Alicia's brilliantly cool, hedonistic sentiments and gritty, Martha-Vandella type voice.

Like "Shame" before it, this is a massive American hit; disco seems to be the only thing the Americans are more intelligent than us about. Please, please, this is a *great* record — don't bother that it's disco and you hate disco, you should buy it and make Alicia Bridges rich and happy and famous for writing and delivering unto us a creature like this.

1964; 1967; 1972 — and now The Velvelettes masterpiece (written, incidentally, by Norman Whitfield, who's currently writing great, sympathetic songs for Gwen of Rose Royce and the three Stargard girls to get across to you) is waiting in the shops for you for the fourth time, cut from a "superior master tape". Tinnier than I remembered it, but that only works *for* its charm like all the Orlons technically-terrible stuff; a tinny production stresses the treble and polarises the bass-thump and the high-sound, making it even more of a girls' record.

DREADFUL DISCO

RICK JAMES: Mary Jane *(Motown)*
M. J. WILLIAMS: Only Your Love Can Save Me Now *(Ariola)*
TIMMY THOMAS: Freak In, Freak Out *(T.K.)*
CAROL DOUGLAS: Burnin' *(Midsong)*
GRACE KENNEDY: Fever *(DJM)*
MADLEEN KANE: C'est Si Bon *(Decca)*
COLORADO: California Dreaming *(Pinnacle)*
BACIOTTI: Black Jack *(Carrere)*
HIGH INERGY: Lovin' Fever *(Motown).*

Appalling disco records, the kind that would give the genre a bad name — if only it didn't have one already, if only disco-haters were intelligent enough to accept individual records on their individual merits.

People react to disco ridiculously these days, either screaming that anyone who likes any disco record should have their brains sucked out, or going completely overboard and lapping up anything with a beat (hi, Jean-Claude of *Gay News.)* Anyway, here's some real crap for you all to love or hate.

Rick James sings a "smooch" aimed at people so ugly they shouldn't be allowed to; M J Williams follows up "I Found Love On The Disco Floor" (like love was a contact-lens or summat) with another mid-tempo Biddu nothing — the only good work Biddu ever did was Tina Charles early stuff.

Colorado assassinate The Mamas And Papas fey, gorgeous classic with oodles of dumb Trattotoria guitars and a Silver Convention impersonator; it's so bad that they deserve to lose their lousy lives in an earthquake. *"I'd be dead and buried / If I was in L.A. / California earthquake / On such a winter's day"* — now that would be a disc worth spinning, tee hee. Sung in sloppy hick-speak, with not even that boring German precision to recommend it to certain pretentious segments of the population; probably Spanish or Italian.

FEVER
GRACE KENNEDY

Yes, I look at the label hard and it *is* Italian. Dumb wops, they probably reckon Colorado's the capital of California.

Black Jack are almost *exactly* like Space, who had that hit with "Magic Fly", and who I used to have great fun making up self-fulfilling prophecies about a good 18 months ago before Stigwood and the rest of you sheep ever knew disco was big news.

Space were a Carrere act, too — in fact I reckon it *is* Space, because *they* never showed their face (makes it easier to change.) This would be a tolerable record were it not for that totally unnecessary male lead voice, so butch and rock-influenced and raunchy and amateur — full of it's non-self, completely cancelling out the tuneful, isolated, expert backing track.

Latest girl to flirt with fake-Fever is Grace Kennedy, this time reviving the old Peggy Lee torch. The disgusting Little Nell did the same a while back in jaundiced-yellow vinyl for *Ritz* readers to fall over their club-feet too.

Grace also discoes it, but straight, no ickle-old-girl ham or fashion aides. Grace Kennedy (fascinating name, calculated to break a girl on the U.S. market, Kelly and Jackie O. being the only girls to live the American Dream and marry the Fairytale Prince) is pretty, has a fine, cool voice and a chic way of phrasing but this is a boring, over-cooked song that would make Evelyn King sound boring.

Madleen Kane is a 19-year-old ex-fashion model who, unlike many tacky disco-sex blondes (Andrea True, La Belle Epoque, Amanda Lear), is really beautiful-high-fashion with masses of snub-nosed popular appeal. She should stick to looking luscious for a living, being an abominable disco-whisperer; when she sighs *"C'est Si Bon"* in her guttaral Swedish accent, she makes it sound like *"Cess Pool."* A slowie, ultra-sluggish; Donna Summer is great, but I reckon she always sounds cold; Madleen makes her sound multi-orgasmic.

I have always found Carol Douglas's work entirely resistable and this is the same as all those I was indifferent to, though apparently growing well in the United States. Standard mid-tempo plod, it rips along jerkily, with Miss Douglas as always sounding alternately like Toni Tenille's disco alter-ego and Tony Tenille's mother.

"Get freaky with me!" squeal a bunch of the asinine disco-chick-voices you all (however ignorant) thought got pensioned off a long time ago, as the intro to the new Timmy Thomas record. To a backing track of shouting, laughing and partying, Timmy intones; *"Freak on, freak on, freak in, freak out".* Disgusting stoned hippie disco *News Of The World*-speak disco if ever they wanted to show how Locarno has currupted and softened the nation's youth.

"Girl and boys and women and men / Freaking out and freaking in!!!" Timmy Thomas made a good record once, a long time ago.

High Inergy (five pretty young black girls) are being groomed as Three Degrees (three pretty old black girls). (Un)fortunately, they don't even sound cynical that exhuberantly.

At one time I would have compared girls to Three Degrees as a compliment; never mind, this is boring, the girls sound bored, the production is slick, Motown is gone, a lost cause. High Inergy try to sound enthusiastic about being all-round surrogates but fail. Up-tempo nothing.

Ah ha!!! Now all you narrow creeps can't accuse me of loving disco *per se,* because I loathe these disco records as much as I despise those cretins who say "Oh, disco, shit for morons."

CROSS GIRLS

LYNSEY DE PAUL: Hollywood Romance *(Polydor)*
LULU: Don't Take Love For Granted *(Rocket)*
ELKIE BROOKS: Don't Cry Out Loud *(A&M)*
JULIE COVINGTON: (I Want To See The) Bright Lights *(Virgin)*
BETTE MIDLER: Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy *(Atlantic.)*

Covington sings rocky horror in butch, strident voice, just dying to be a whiney protest singer complete with twee guitar solo etc. Despite telly semi-success, Covington is still completely charm-free and reeking of fringe-theatre. You can take the girl off the campus, but she'll always be cramming her preps, over-educated and uninspired.

You really should have taken that role in *Evita,* dear.

Lulu's song sounds like a reconciling mating-call to old Momo, a mopey, self-pitying slowie in the tradition of "How Deep Is Your Love" with backing vocals identical to current Bee Gees ones.

Elkie Brooks is one of these ageing theatricals like Maddy Prior and Maggie Bell who swear eternal loyalty to the college / pub / folk circuit and then run screaming for the sequins and schmaltz as soon as there's the slightest chance they could be groomed to mild success on the cabaret round.

Hollywood Romance

Here Elk has chosen a typically slow and twee Carol Bayer Sager song to do her Edith Piaf impersonations to, putting a ridiculous, trilling vibrato into her voice to make herself sound Fransh. She probably reckons she sounds all tasteful and chic. Horrific. The most horrified you can be outside of the *London Dungeon.*

Bette Midler is so horribly 1973-camp that she should stick to shocking and delighting one's parents on prime-time TV in person, Bette will always be years ahead of Man Tran and whoever, being by design and nature and physique a great comedienne (though only as good as her gag-writers, naturally); on record she's a flat punch-line, especially on this loud, brassy rendition of the old Someone's Sisters hit wherein her voice is undiscernable from those of her Staggering Harlettes.

What was the joke again, Bette? *(That I'm multi-tracked on this one, dear — Bette)*

Lynsey De Paul had one of the most insidious, ingenuous, successful, crossover / sell-out careers of the early '70s, hideously under-studied by the rock press — shame. If ever there was a cool-headed girl ... still, it's all gone now, those barriers broken by a walking beauty-spot, those glam parodies and all markets covered, and Lynsey's as boring as any other smart blonde who moves out to Hollywood.

IS CAPABLE OF GREAT THINGS: MUST TRY HARDER

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: Hopelessly Devoted To You *(Polydor)*
JUDIE TZUKE: For You *(Rocket)*

Though I think *Grease* is easily the most magical musical since *Oklahoma!* (if those "Summer Nights" and "Your're The One That I Want" routines don't get you all wet-eyed in awe, put your name down on Christian Barnard's waiting-list) and that old Olivia has made the transition from chanteuse to actress with as much grace as anyone has ever mustered, this is wet rubbish, very much in the vein of Travolta's "Sandy."

I think John and Olivia should get married, or at least take a vow only to cut singles *together;* alone, they almost deserve the abuse currently coming at them from over-14's all across the land.

Judie Tzuke's gorgeous happy-sad little song (released yet again) shimmers away accapella for all it's worth; beautiful, honest and sophisticated until — *yeuchhh!!!* — those auful chamber-pot-music violins break out like eczema all over the gem. You shouldn't have bothered, Judie you really *shouldn't.*

ADAM AND THE ANTS: Young Parisians *(Decca).*

Tee hee hee, Adam, and you too credibility-Sioux, didn't we tell you you'd have to drop all your swastika japes before any record company would touch you, dears? Now you're all falling over yourself to play R.A.R. gigs and dedicate songs to famous anti-Nazis, so wasn't it an expensive waste of time to dress up like Germans in the first place?

I was at least expecting to be unfashionably offended by Adam's first fab 45 waxing but all I could do was blush and giggle at the lyrics; *"Young Parisians are so French at the Champs Elycee"* — too subtle for my brash intellect, I reckon. Instrumentally and lyrically reminds one of nothing so much as Queen in their typically-tennis English innocents abroad phase. Adam resembles Horace the *Crackerjack!* puppet, has spent too long alone in his room and will soon go blind.

THE VELVELETTES

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A SINGLE MAN

The ELTON JOHN Interview by ROY CARR

JUST AFTER the release of "Tumbleweed Connection", Elton John was approached in the Speakeasy Club one evening by Jeff Beck, who asked to join Elton's band.

For the next week, they rehearsed solidly.

Enter Beck's manager, who suggested that the guitarist should receive 90 per cent of the take and Elton the remaining ten.

Enter Dick James who was then acting on behalf of Elton John and who, to the pianist's chagrin, immediately scuppered such a one-sided deal.

"Within nine months," James insisted, "Elton will be earning 15,000 dollars a night". And nine months later his prophesy came true.

As regards visiting the States, our budding megastar was not keen. He was more concerned with establishing himself in Europe — and his only motivation to play the Troubadour in LA was to satisfy his vinyl junkie fixation by visiting the world-famous Tower Records supermarket.

But within 10 days of his opening date, he was known coast-to-coast, returning soon after for a full-scale tour as a headliner.

"My success", admits Elton, "was a freak. I was just the right person in the right place at the right time."

He emerged as the most popular solo recording artist since Elvis Presley, a media personality who became more newsworthy for his extrovert appearance than for his undoubted musical ability.

"When I had a hair transplant it reached such ludicrous proportions that — on the day Bob Dylan played to over 250,000 fans at Blackbushe — *The Sun* put a photograph of me without a hat on the front page, and only gave Dylan, who'd just played to the biggest ever audience in this country, about four column inches somewhere inside!"

By 1975, Elton John's professional career had turned sour on him and after much soul-searching he announced his retirement from the stage.

But now, having temporarily severed his working relationship with lyricist Bernie Taupin to collaborate with Gary Osborne, Elton John insists that his new album "A Single Man" once again finds him poised at a crucial crossroad in his career.

"In the past I've often neglected my singing. On this new album and, expecially on 'It Ain't Gonna Be Easy', I've sung far better than I've ever sung in my entire life."

After the comparative commercial failure of his last album ("Blue Moves") and an artistically daring single, "Ego", he's optimistic about his new album.

"If it does flop", he states, "I'll be very disappointed, but I won't be destroyed. In the past, if something failed I could put it down to other things, to other people; this time it's really all down to me".

Unlike other megastars, Elton John didn't become a tax exile; he remained in Britain, channelling both his energies and a considerable amount of finance into Watford Football Club. As the club's chairman, he has seen Watford rise to a position where — on their present form — they could be promoted from the Third into the Second Division.

Possibly one of the few genuine Good Guys in the music business, Elton John lives near Windsor surrounded by arguably the most comprehensive private record collection in Britain and some beautiful works of art. He keeps open house. He welcomes visitors with genuine hospitality. His home is not a shrine to expensive bad taste.

"I've really had to struggle for what I've got out of life", he reflects, "but when I look back on it now, I honestly enjoyed those early days working for a miserable £15 a week with Bluesology. In retrospect they weren't the bad times I imagined them to be at the time".

Undoubtedly the most enthusiastic fan in the business, Elton John champions the cause of other musicians as vigorously as he approaches his own career.

For the first time in well over two years, he has agreed to give an interview. And for the very first time has spoken openly about both his private and professional life.

Elton John reclines on the leather couch . . . Roy Carr files a report.

RC: Over the last year or so you have made a number of statements that have garnered a great deal of headline press. Like when you received Capital Radio's Award for the Best Male Singer you said it should have gone to Elvis Costello. Did you mean that?

EJ: I felt guilty afterwards, because those awards come from the fans, but I really hadn't done anything during that year to warrant it . . .. hadn't put out any new product. I honestly felt that of all the people who had emerged Elvis Costello was the most important — by far the best songwriter and the best recordmaker. It seemed a bit farcical for me to pick up the award. I was genuinely shocked. Sure, I knew I must stand a chance in the Best London Concert category, but as far as the Best Male Singer was concerned, me winning it was a bit unfair.

Over the last couple of years most established artists have been extremely guarded in viewing their opinions of newcomers like Elvis Costello or The Sex Pistols, and some have been downright patronising. But you have been most enthusiastic in your support.

Yeah, and I still get all the shit slung at me.

Sure, but not as much as, say, The Rolling Stones, The Who and in particular Rod Stewart.

I think I have, but generally it doesn't worry me. I think that what has happened over the last year and a half has been one of the best things that's happened to the industry in years. It's very healthy. The first time I saw The Sex Pistols was on the Janet Street-Porter *London Weekend Show*. I was sitting up in bed watching television and suddenly I really felt old . . . fuckin' hell, I thought, what the hell's going on? I wasn't frightened by it, but I was a little perturbed.

Why? Because suddenly here was something very new and very exciting. It was a good programme. The guy they interviewed from the 100 Club said it was something new that the kids were creating for themselves, not something new that the record industry was creating . . . and I feel very strongly about the industry creating monsters, dictating what people buy.

After listening to Costello and The Stranglers and artists like that, I fell it has proved extremely healthy. I also think some aspects are very comical. Anyone who gets dressed up like so many new bands do — tie both legs together and run for a bus — has my full approval.

Well, there have been persistent rumours that President Carter's administration applied pressures on the American record industry to keep the new wave in check.

It's strange. I'm surprised that the Costello and Stranglers records haven't made more impact in the States than they have.

As far as Costello is concerned, they chose a good single, "Alison", but nothing really happened. It's such a great song that I seriously considered covering it myself.

However, there is a certain amount of prejudice against new British acts at the moment; they're highly suspicious of things that have proved successful outside of America.

I know that Costello and The Stranglers have done U.S. tours but the only way you're gonna break big over there is to tour constantly for three or four years and that's why, after ELO, Thin Lizzy are going to be the next Big British Band and the best of luck to 'em.

Ian Dury has probably got one of the best road bands but I don't feel he stands too much chance Stateside. I've never seen him live, only on TV, and I don't mean this remark to be derogatory to anyone, but I hope Dury doesn't end up being like Joe Brown . . . a professional cockney.

You spoke about the record industry creating monsters. Did you ever feel that you were ever in danger of becoming such a monster? I mean, at one time it was said you accounted for two per cent of all world record sales?

I think that figure was exaggerated. I don't know who came up with that statistic or where they got it from.

Anyway, things like that go in circles. When I came off the road, it was Fleetwood Mac and Peter Frampton who were the big international record sellers; now it's The Bee Gees. I

Continues over page

"It's power that runs any country; you can't change things overnight with a hit song. Rock singers getting into politics is rather stupid . . ."

From previous page

supposed I should be motivated by that to get back into it, but I'm not. I enjoy making records but I don't particularly want to go back out on the road again.

I was disillusioned with all that. As far as my professional career was concerned, I'd burnt out all my ambition. I'd seemed to have done just about *everything* in five years and I couldn't do any more . . . sell any more records . . . play to bigger audiences, and I'd always said that should that time ever arise . . . when I no longer had that driving ambition or the burning hunger in my stomach, then I wouldn't do it, I'd quit.

I lost complete interest in my career. And it just so happened that this coincided with my involvement with Watford Football Club.

A strange predicament for such a self-confessed rock and roll enthusiast . . . I mean, you were the ultimate fan who made it.

I still am the ultimate fan, but I feel the rock industry has become just that — an industry. And, I abhor it, especially as I was one of those who started it . . . becoming the first million dollar plus signing in America complete with full-page advertisements in the *New York Times* and whatever.

I was knocked out by it all at the time, very flattered, but who wouldn't be . . . I know that perhaps I shouldn't . . . but fuck it, why not, I always have a go at the big record companies. I just don't see the point of major record companies spending a lot of money with trade journals like *Billboard, Cashbox* and *Record World*, taking double-page adverts congratulating their acts on going platinum.

Let's face facts, they only do it to feed the artist's ego and it's a waste of money. They could use that revenue better by supporting some of their newer signings.

That's one of my biggest disagreements with record companies. Look, a young artist doesn't stand much chance to begin with. They've got to be extremely lucky to succeed. People like, say, Kate Bush only come through once in a while — made a good single and sold lots of albums on the strength. But for every Kate Bush there are a hundred others who could use that money to boost their career in terms of promotion.

When did you fully realise that you were bereft of further ambition?

Like I said, when I really became involved with the football club. I suddenly realised I enjoyed going down to the club and, if you know what I mean, mixing with normal people who led normal lives. And, I thought, I really miss all this, because originally I came from this sort of background and I just couldn't stand the thought of constantly being surrounded by people any more. Sure, I was still surrounded by people, but nothing to what it was like a couple of years ago. I'd get off a plane, into a car, go to a gig, back in a car, back to the hotel . . . I just became totally disillusioned with the entire lifestyle.

Had you grown to hate what Elton John had become?

No. I had no regrets . . . I'd enjoyed it, but towards the end I wasn't living a happy personal life. Everything was geared around my professional existence and — I know it must sound like an awful cliche — I thought, there must be more to life than this. (Laughs).

You realise many people who will misconstrue that statement as the old rock and roll sob story. And some artists would rather transform such a situation into a self-pitying concept album.

When you realise the danger signs, you've got to be strong enough to say, that's it. Otherwise you become Elvis Presley. If you're half-hearted when you go on the road, you're cheating the public. Let's own up . . . half the bands who go out on tour hate each others' guts and channel this aggression into their music. I couldn't exist under such conditions. But fortunately I was never in that situation because I always got on well with my musicians.

All the same, you encounter so many big bands who insist on travelling in separate cars, have separate dressing rooms and stay in separate hotels. What a hyprocritical way to earn a living!

But having a working schedule that demanded two albums regularly each year coupled with constantly touring and all the other commitments a successful career entails must have taken its toll?

I got into terrible depressions, but I'm the sort of person who can get out of them very quickly. It was never a case of being depressed because of what I was doing — trying to meet schedules. I got depressed because I felt that I was losing contact with so many things. I wasn't having any time to myself, to enjoy myself.

The most important decision I made was to stay here in Britain. I'm so glad I did, because it was pushed into my mind that I could save so much money if I moved out. But there's only so much money you can have and if I had decided to go abroad I'd have ended up in a terrible state, that's for sure.

I've often felt a lot of people have misconstrued the more extrovert part of your image. Basically, you're Jack The Lad who suddenly won the Treble Chance and embarked upon a pretty wild spending spree . . .

Everything I do is very tongue-in-cheek and I enjoy it and that's why I enjoy the punk thing. It's wonderful. I look at 'em and think, what a fuckin' state they're in and then suddenly remember that when I first went to Watford I was six foot three and had punk hair and now I'm five foot eight and have hardly got any hair at all! Even used to dye my eyebrows pink . . . and those stupid shoes I used to wear, they were monstrosities.

But it was all fun and that's one of the reasons why I genuinely approve of what's gone down in the last couple of years. Everyone doing what they want while they're young — that's very important. Unfortunately, I really don't think too much genuine quality has come out of it. But, 1977 was a great year for singles . . . really off the wall things like The Pork Dukes and a few good new bands.

Though a number of new wave bands subsequently copped out and demonstrated their rhetoric was just an empty gesture, there was still a lot of truth in the arguments of the more genuine protagonists. Could you relate to the predicaments that confronted both bands and fans?

Of course I could, but first let me say this. One of the things that disturbs me, and this is true of a lot of big stars, is that their public image is often far better than it should be.

For instance, Bob Dylan and his Rolling Thunder Tour. A great idea, let's go back and play small places, but on the other hand why did they do the Mapleleaf Gardens in Toronto, why did they do a series of big concerts? To pay for the film.

Now you can't tell me that Dylan hasn't got enough money to pay for that film himself, 'cause he has. That was long before all his divorce business started. And that annoys me. . .hypocrisy annoys me, because kids think their heroes are doing such things for their benefit.

One thing Ian Dury did really pissed me off. He had a go at me in one of the rock papers and stated, I don't wanna live in a big house like Elton John, I'm quite happy in catshit mansions. Then the very next day in *The Daily Mirror* it read, 'we went to interview Ian Dury in his new luxury hotel suite and he said he couldn't live in his place any more because he needed a good rest after his tour'. I thought, Ian, you hypocrite. And some people don't see that.

. . . I'm sure that some of these new wave bands. . .I know it, I know it, it's only human nature, they want their money. I know for a fact that when The Stranglers made it the first thing they did was to contact my accountant. I only know this because he phoned me and enquired if they were alright. He said they seemed very weird, but I assured him they were OK.

Tom Robinson. . .I think he's very genuine in his beliefs, but on the other hand, I don't believe that people who get into this profession aren't interested in money. I don't believe that Johnny Rotten isn't interested in money. I don't believe it.

In some instances that's debatable. It did appear that some of the Pistols were content to be popular with just their own crowd. I mean, a lot of musicians don't want to become Rod Stewart or Elton John.

Well, Johnny Rotten has had as much press as me.

Granted, but much of it was forced upon him because The Sex Pistols suddenly became newsworthy on Fleet Street. Most of it had absolutely nothing to do with the music.

I don't know the way he lives, but I think some of the things he's said have been incredibly stupid — although there's something about him that you can't help but like. I just get annoyed when they have a go at me for living in a big house. I know that Rotten may have been screwed rotten and on that score I feel sorry for him.

I've always had an honest operation behind me, whereas most of the kids coming up now are gonna get screwed out of their money simply because their movement has suddenly been transformed into Big Business.

When you get Zandra Rhodes designing expensive punk clothes, it's fashion — there's money to be made.

I picked up a paper and read something about The Rezillos stating that they're getting something like £30 or £40 a week. . .

That's fine as a wage, if the rest of the money is being banked in their name.

Johnny Rotten has claimed in the press that he was robbed, but on the other hand he's not supposed to be interested in money and it's the money I'm speaking about.

Well, you haven't been taken to the cleaners, and you haven't run to the nearest tax haven. But you've ploughed considerable amounts of your income into improving Watford Football Club.

Right, and I've paid for the privilege of remaining in Britain.

Last year I handed the tax man a cheque for £1,800,000. I'm not complaining, but should a situation arise when those bands who went abroad to escape paying tax are free to return, they'd be given a hero's welcome.

It's not that I want preferential treatment, but people like Pink Floyd and myself aren't given any credit for staying and paying taxes. OK so I may have become disenchanted with the music industry, but it's no use giving up. The only alternative is to give one's records away for nothing. I'd love to be able to do just that, but people would immediately become suspicious and assume there was some ulterior motive.

For instance, I toyed with the idea of giving away a free 12-inch single with my new album, but I thought that as my last album didn't do too well in Britain and, as this new one is very important to me, people will think that giving away a 12-inch single is some kind of cheap sales gimmick.

The thing I'm suspicious of is the way record companies structure their prices. As soon as an artist becomes a big money-spinner his albums are hiked to the DeLuxe retail price.

I'm all for maxi singles and the public getting value for money. It's no big secret that I get a high record royalty, and as I've just negotiated a new deal I've found out what other artists get and I'm shocked at just how little some of the very big stars earn. And, if they're only getting that, then what the hell are the smaller bands copping.

Look, I know they're all very enthusiastic about putting out their records on coloured vinyl or in a picture bag, but whose bill does that come off — theirs, not the record company's. I really like the Stiff, Chiswick and Andrew Lauder's Radar labels — I think they're doing something very worthwhile and I just hope that they're giving their acts a fair deal.

But I've seen artists like David Bowie get screwed and apart from the petty jealousies and bitchiness, you don't like to see someone whose worked hard and who's got a lot of talent come out of it with nothing.

I think that in five years time it'll be artists like Elvis Costello and, hopefully, Ian Dury And The Blockheads who'll still be around. But I can forsee that many of these new bands will break up because of ego problems and all the same old things that plague bands. At the moment everyone wants to clean up while the going's still good, but they don't realise that in the past people who only played for the sake of playing and didn't look after their money — people like Graham Bond, Zoot Money and Brian Auger — all suffered in the long run.

They've ended up not earning what they should have done.

When a group makes a record they want it to be popular with the public and they want as many people as possible to go out and buy it, otherwise what are they making records for in the first place, unless they're like John Coltrane or John Fahey: dedicated artists and who, in my opinion, are above other musicians, but even they wanted or want to reach as many people as possible through their art.

I suppose everyone is idealistic, but it just doesn't work 100 per cent because you have the facts of life to contend with. So when people like Generation X or Sham 69 have a go at me, they don't stop to think that maybe I've bought their records, enjoyed them and have gone around telling other people how good they are.

I'm also sure that deep down many of them don't believe in some of the attitudes they've adopted. For instance, I'd love to meet Steve Jones and Paul Cook and if they want to send me up I can take it.

Trouble is, most musicians aren't fans; they don't respect other musicians for what they might have done, what they might have pioneered and that's so wrong. I couldn't be disrespectful to another artist even if I didn't like his music. As it happens, all that most musicians are interested in is the money, getting a screw and getting out of it.

They don't realise you can't get any higher than if you've played a great gig, but they seem to forget that. They don't look after themselves and try to sustain that high with drugs and booze.

To return to your own career, at heart you're a die-hard rocker — so why do you persistently subjugate that side of your personality?

When you write something like, let's say, "Daniel", you instinctively know it's gonna be a winner. As a composer, I like chord changes and as such always write for my own pleasure. . .on the other hand, it's much harder to write a good hard rock 'n' roll song than to compose a ballad. When you're writing a hard rocker you've got to be much more direct.

Nevertheless, it was a most scathing attack.

And one of the best lyrics Taupin's ever written.

The move that accompanied it explained certain crucial points which, without the visuals, could be construed in a number of ways.

It was based on a few superstars that I know, but again it was done tongue-in-cheek. There's some classic lines like, *"I'm not in it for the money, I'm in it for the gravy"* and isn't *"Inflate my ego gently, tell them heaven sent me"* a wonderful couplet? And there's so many people I know that it applies to, but if I came out and named those people . . .

Name them. . .

. . . Well. . .it's the David Bowies. . .the Neil Diamonds. . .the Barbra Streisands of this world. I heard an interview on the radio when Bowie said that he adopted that particular personality of that album and I thought, what a fuckin' awful way to lead your life. Basically, your personality is determined at birth.

But didn't Bowie utilise the medium of rock in precisely the way as an actor utilises film?

Dunno 'bout being an actor, I just think he's a brilliant showman. But I do think that he's misguided in what he's done lately. What clothes shall I wear for the next album . . .coming to London in a train and giving the Hitler salute. . .his every move is far too calculated. Nevertheless, he's a fascinating subject, a brilliant stage artist.

I'd prefer to talk about your career. You've often been termed "The Liberace Of Rock 'N' Roll", but how do you feel when like Bowie states you're rock's "Token Queen"?

I try not to be bitchy, even though at times we're all bitchy in conversation. But saying it in print is another thing. The only time I ever really got on my high horse was when Rod Stewart said I shouldn't be in pop music 'cause I am a soccer club chairman. And I had a go at Rod in the *Evening Standard*

That statement about me being a token queen really upset me because I've never done anything to upset him. Basically, I think he's a bit jealous because he doesn't sell so many records worldwide. But on the other hand, Mick Jagger saying in the paper the other week, 'I don't wish to be associated with the likes of Rod Stewart or Elton John'. . .I thought, what the fuck is he talking about? What does he mean saying terrible things like that. . .come on, Michael!

Honestly, I try and avoid such things, because if you get involved in public bitching, then it's a sign of immaturity.

I don't always retaliate when someone has a go. I didn't retaliate when Bowie said I was a token queen, even though he's had a couple of goes since. Because I know what's happened to him. I'll always remember going out for dinner with him and Angie when he was Ziggy Stardust. It was a fabulous evening and over dinner he admitted to me that he always wanted to be Judy Garland and that's the God's honest truth.

No matter what he ever says about me, I genuinely feel sorry for him because he's been screwed rotten by a lot of people.

First of all, what prompted you to reveal such a personal subject like your sexuality in an interview, and secondly, were there any unpleasant repercussions?

The only reason I made that statement about being gay was because nobody had actually asked me before. But I don't think it was some startling revelation — a lot of people already knew. I felt that I'd rather be totally honest about it than try to cover it up. . .get married for the sake of appearances and lash it to a toothbrush.

Really, I didn't encounter any trouble once I'd made that statement. Sure, I get some stick up North. . ."Don't sit down while Elton's around, or you'll get a penis up your arse" (laughs). . .Very nice, when that's sung by 1,500 Halifax supporters and it echoes around the stadium. And I get people I'm with asking what they're singing and I reply oh, nothing. . .nothing. I can take all that until the cows come home.

But after it appeared in print did you perhaps worry that it might put a strain on certain relationships? The Watford directors' wives?

Possibly, but I've not had one bitter thing aimed against me. No hate mail except from some guy in Sussex who wrote me two really evil letters. I've never encountered any hostility from the people of Watford. I don't feel that they really care because, hopefully, I'm doing a good job for the club. Anyway, most people don't believe it.

Don't you feel that the public expect gay stereotypes?

Absolutely, because television produces comedy stereotypes and that's disgusting. Really, you've got to act like Larry Grayson or John Inman before the general public think of you as being homosexual. And I think that papers like *Gay News* should attack the Graysons and Inmans of this world, because in interviews they always deny being homosexuals yet make their living out of persistently portraying homosexuals. It's disgusting and hypocritical because they represent the worst aspects. What people don't realise is that most homosexuals aren't like Larry Grayson or John Inman, they're invariable very frightened people who desperately need associations like The Campaign For Homosexual Equality.

Having said that, I have to say that the one thing that disappoints me about the gay movement is that whenever they do a TV interview they're so straight-faced about it.

OK, so I'm in a different position — a "theatrical person" and it's accepted that there are a lot of gay people in the theatrical profession — but I just wish that those people who represent the gay movement would send themselves up just once on TV.

As far as my own life is concerned, I really don't think people care, especially more so in Britain where people are much more broadminded.

In America, it's slightly different. I've had more people insult me in the streets in America. . .you know, calling me a "faggot". And yet America's supposed to be the great liberated free-minded society — which of course it isn't. It's just fucked up. I couldn't ever live there, it would drive me crazy.

On the other hand, I've got a lot to thank America for and I can't help being fascinated by it. They do go from one extreme to another. *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* — you sit and watch that movie and don't think of it as fantasy, you think, oh yeah, *that's* America. But, to be truthful, making that statement did effect my record sales in America and I won't deny it. Everyone goes peace and love man, but it'll never happen because hatred is rammed into kids by their parents and hate makes much more money.

When did you first realise you had gay tendencies?

Sexually, I was very naive, but then I was naive anyway right up until I was 21 or 22. . .I think I was a virgin until I was 22 and that was only because I was living with this girl at the time. I didn't accept the fact that I was gay and didn't come out of my shell until I was about 24. But that wasn't only sexually, that was all round. I was so naive it was pitiful.

Was accepting the inevitable a traumatic personal experience?

No, it was wonderful.

How did your parents react?

They were fabulous, because they were the very first people I told. My mother has always said how hurt she'd be if I was ever deceitful and so when I confided in her that I might be gay she was very understanding about it.

For so many people, 'coming out' often proves to be a traumatic, sometimes disastrous experience. It's only quite recently that people have shown sufficient confidence and courage to reveal their true selves

Well, it's much harder for someone in a normal walk of life than for people in the theatrical profession. If you work in an office or a shop and are continually surrounded by straight people it must make things that much more difficult.

Because many people honestly believe that gays or bisexuals are not only sexually motivated every hour of the day but both depraved and a threat?

Correct. They feel that gays are promiscuous, when in fact, straights are much more promiscuous than gay people. But that never comes across. A gay person is invariably regarded as a child molester. . .someone who hangs around in public toilets and is a filthy and utterly depraved human being. Well, that's not the case at all, because when you check out the number of sexual assaults in the courts the majority involve heterosexuals.

A few years ago we couldn't have discussed this subject in the press, because it would have destroyed your career. For instance, Jerry Lee Lewis's career was smashed for much less.

I agree. Thankfully, things are gradually getting better. More people are becoming broadminded in their attitudes to gays.

OK I get some stick when I go to football matches, but that's only from a handful of people.

I still believe there's an awful amount of ignorance. You can't wipe it out overnight because it's there on a National Front level. . .there on a Nazi level. . .on a religious and gay level. The worst thing is that it's still there on a religious level, which is still the biggest cause of hatred in the world.

But people turn a blind eye towards religion being the cause of hatred and that upsets me no end.

Returning momentarily to the subject of your 'confession', didn't you think rock and roll has always been regarded as one of the ultimate heterosexual and macho poses?

Yes. And it still is. The only artists who have openly ever said anything concrete about being either gay or bisexual have been David Bowie, Marc Bolan, Tom Robinson and myself — and Robinson has been the only one who has come out and admitted to being 100 per cent homosexual, which is a very brave step.

But then he's got nothing to lose. I'm in a very responsible position and we'll get around to that very shortly. To be honest, I don't believe that I'm 100 per cent gay, because I'm attracted to older women and therefore I can't dismiss that side of my character.

Would you like to have children?

I love children. . .other people's. But I don't know if at this time in my life I could tolerate children of my own. To be brutally honest, I'm terribly like my father which really depresses me. . .don't touch this, don't touch that. I don't think I'm mature enough to cope with kids. Basically, I think I'm a loner and I always will be. See, I'm not the kind of person whose gonna get married, get tied down. But then I can't predict anything. In ten years time I could be married to Shirley McLaine and we could have six dwarfs.

Continues over page

> **"I'd love to write songs attacking people like Mary Whitehouse. I'd also like to write obscene songs . . ."**

Pictures by CHALKIE DAVIES

THE ELTON JOHN INTERVIEW

From previous page

Do you feel that being a loner has something to do with the fact that you were an only child?

Definitely. I was terribly upset that I was an only child. . .especially when my father, who didn't want any more children, re-married and had four kids in four years. That completely destroyed me. To be honest, I think my childhood has had a terrible influence on what I am, on what I think, on what I do and what I'm trying to fight my way out of.

Just how important to your peace of mind is your professional career now?

Still very important, because I'm a musician and a good one at that, and therefore I feel I still have a lot more to give. It's just a matter of re-evaluating my life. Music is still important, but selling oneself at a price isn't. Once you've attained success you reach a crossroad and you have to be totally honest, and I feel that's what "Ego" was all about. Re-evaluating one's career may happen three or four times in an artist's professional lifetime. And you have to accept that certain things haven't sold as well as others and that other artists have come up in your place, and that's the kind of healthy attitude that you've got to take.

Part of your initial success was your visual appeal. You represented the fans who went to all the gigs. You were the first megastar that made it acceptable not to be snake-hipped and emaciated.

Of all the people who made it in the last decade, I was the least expected because I've never represented what a typical rock star is supposed to be. Furthermore, I got away with it because there were so many kids who could identify with me. Sure, they would have all loved to have looked like Keith Richard and live the life he leads, but I gave them some kinda hope.

But let's put one thing straight, I'm not as bankable in this country as I used to be. Over the last couple of years I've had a one-off hit single with Kiki Dee — which, as it happens, was my first chart-topper over here — released "Blue Moves" which wasn't a fantastic success and a flop single. There's no getting away from it, my popularity has slumped record-wise, but I realise it.

I'd like to take your career back a few years to that time when you and John Lennon had a mutual admiration society going. Did you ever collaborate on any original material?

Actually, it never entered my mind — though I was responsible for getting John and Yoko back together again. I've hardly seen them since the baby was born, even though I was the god-father. But I'd love to work with John again because it was such a fabulous experience . . . he's such a nice person.

With regard to your songwriting, haven't you ever wanted to write both words and music?

I've done quite a few things on the new album . . . thought up the titles and contributed four or five lines here and there.

Before, it was always Bernie Taupin putting the words in your mouth.

. . . Words first, the music later. This time around the music came first and Gary Osborne wrote the lyrics around the melodies after we'd discussed precisely what we wanted each song to be about.

But surely you would like to express yourself through the lyrics of your songs?

If I wrote the lyrics for an album — which I'm sure I will eventually do — it might come out very raw and very crude when I'd want it to sound intelligent. Also I'm quite positive it would be extremely bitter.

Why?

Well, I'm in a funny position professionally. The things I'd say in my lyrics would probably shock a lot of people and they'd probably assume that I'd gone mental. Just things like, discrimination, censorship . . . I'd love to write songs attacking people like Mary Whitehouse. I'd also like to write obscene songs, like using swear words which, in many instances, is essential to put across certain attitudes.

Are you then excited and stimulated by the everyday street vocabulary that bands like Sham 69 and The Sex Pistols use in many of their songs?

Very much so . . . but the record that I did like was Wayne County's "If You Don't Want To Fuck Me, Fuck Off".

That really made me laugh. But I've got myself into a position where I've got to be very careful about what I do. I'm responsible to a great many people, especially in my job as chairman of Watford Football Club. One has to be aware that if I recorded that kind of material I would upset a great many people in the town of Watford. On the other hand, as an artist I don't want to be forced to make such compromises.

You feel that in the past you have had to make artistic compromises?

No, not since I've been at Watford, but if I did make a very bitter and controversial album like the one I had in mind . . . this is very difficultt.

I'm very aware that a lot of people at the club look towards me for guidance and I really enjoy that and I'm having such a good time that I never want to ruin it. My way of helping the people of Watford is to try and make things better for them. To build a new stadium which can also be used as a community centre.

In that sense, though I've never voted in my life, I've suddenly become politically minded. After all these years, the government have only just started making grants to clubs to make sure that they've got facilities so that the actual community can use them. And, that's terribly important, because as far as I'm concerned, sport is just as important . . . perhaps even more so than music.

Not every kid can play a guitar but there are hundreds of thousands who can apply their talents to various sports activities and therefore they must be encouraged because in Britain sport and football clubs are run on an archaic Victorian class-based level.

It's them and us — like the directors and the supporters never talk to one another. And that's disgraceful. In fact most boards of directors don't care about their supporters. They despise them.

But to return to the question, I have this responsibility to the people of Watford since I often represent them at various council meetings where I have a good relationship. Now if I came out with a highly controversial album, I'd have to think what the fuck are *they* going to think? It's very tricky position. I really don't know if I have the strength to overcome what might transpire.

But surely your artistic commitment should be divorced from your social obligations?

Of course they should, but unfortunately, most people don't think that way.

Do you think if you'd written a song like "Glad To Be Gay", it would have been accepted?

You mean, I'm a poof, troll-de-roll! I don't know. Returning to the question of writing my own lyrics . . . there's a lot of things I want to say, but it's just a question of gaining momentum and collecting my thoughts. I'm just disgusted that people build up preconceived ideas about things and it's their parents' faults, because from a very early age they're inbred with a bias or a hatred against something or somebody.

Is this partnership with Gary Osborne a one-off?

I intend to work again with Gary and, depending upon his reaction to this album, to collaborate again with Taupin, but he might be dreadfully upset because there's not one track of his on the new album. He'll probably feel extremely hurt but it'll give him a much-needed kick up the arse.

But when success almost gives you a license to print your own money, and you can perform to crowds like those who came to the LA Dodgers Stadium, it must turn your head.

I was ecstatic about the Dodgers shows, because only two weeks prior to that event I'd been in bed after dropping 85 ten-strength valiums and I didn't think that I'd ever perform again. Yet, it was the most magical gig I've ever done.

Funnily, I can remember things from five or six years back but can't distinguish or identify with what I did from year to year. Of late the only year I can recognise is 1975: though it was a great year on stage, personally it was one great disaster.

What caused that?

I was in love with someone who didn't love me and, being very foolish, attempted to pursue it for a year. As a result I caused that person a great deal of misery, caused myself a great deal of misery and in retrospect was terribly immature about the whole situation.

That's why I swallowed 85 valiums in my hotel room, went up to the pool where my mother and grandmother were sitting and said, "Well, that's it. I've ended it all. I've taken 85 valiums."

And my Mom replied, I better get my case and fuck off home! Not one ounce of sympathy, which was the right attitude for her to take, because I wanted someone to show concern. I replied: "You're not supposed to say that, you're supposed to take me in your arms!"

But my parents were great. It was the best thing that she could have said. I was so full of self-pity that I don't know how I ever got through that "Rock Of The Westies" tour. I was the thinnest I've ever been in my life and practically on my death-bed.

So the press reports that you had made suicide attempts were correct?

I'm talking about the second occasion. The first time was when I tried to gas myself a few years back. That's what "Someone Saved My Life" was all about.

So what would you have done if, after swallowing the valiums, nobody had taken any notice?

I'd have called the doctor. I'm too much of a coward to take it through to the end. As it is, I was in a coma for three days and I regret what I did. Because, even though she took it very lightly, it did hurt my mother. It was a very selfish thing to do and I'd never attempt it again. I was an immature little schoolboy craving attention on a totally different level than what I was getting as Elton John.

Is it a self-destructive streak?

Must be . . . but I'm not self-destructive and in many other aspects. Like with Watford. I want to get positive things done. My only self-destructive streak concerns my personal life.

The trouble is that the music business has become just that — a business. It's become the domain of the lawyer and the accountant, and in most cases

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ALBUMS

Elaine Bryant

The Jam Sell Out

THE JAM
All Mod Cons *(Polydor)*

Third albums generally mean that it's shut-up-or-get-cut-up time: when an act's original momentum has drained away and they've got to cover the distance from a standing start, when you've got to cross "naive charm" off your list of assets.

For The Jam, it seemed as if the Third Album Syndrome hit with their second album. "This Is The Modern World" was dull and confused, lacking both the raging, one-dimensional attack of their first album and any kind of newly-won maturity. A couple of vaguely duff singles followed and, in the wake of a general disillusionment with the Brave New Wave World, it seemed as if Paul Weller and his team were about to be swept under the carpet.

Well, it just goes to show you never can tell. "All Mod Cons" is the third Jam album to be released (it's actually the fourth Jam album to be recorded; the *actual* third Jam album was judged, found wanting and scrapped) and it's not only several light years ahead of anything they've done before but also the album that's going to catapult The Jam right into the front rank of international rock and roll; one of the handful of truly essential rock albums of the last few years.

The title is more than Grade B punning or a clever-clever linkup with the nostalgibuzz packaging (like the target design on the label, the Swinging London trinketry, the Lambretta diagram or the Immediate-style lettering); it's a direct reference to both the broadening of musical idiom and Weller's reaffirmation of a specific Mod consciousness.

Remember the Mod ideal: it was a lower-middle and working-class consciousness that stressed independence, fun and fashion without loss of integrity or descent into elitism or consumerism; unself-conscious solidarity and a dollop of non-sectarian concern for others. Weller has transcended his original naivety without becoming cynical about anything other than the music business.

Mod became hippies and we know that didn't work; the more exploratory end of Mod rock became psychedelia. Just as Weller's Mod ideal has abandoned the modern equivalent of beach-fighting and competitive posing, his Mod musical values have moved from '65 to '66: the intoxicating period between pilled-up guitar-strangling and "Sergeant Pepper." Reference points: "Rubber Soul" and "A Quick One" rather than "Small Faces" and "My Generation".

Still, though Weller's blends of acoustic and electric 6 and 12-string guitars, sound effects, overdubs and more careful structuring and arranging of songs (not to mention a quantum leap in standard of composition) may cause *frissons* of delight over at the likes of *Bomp, Trouser Press* and other covens of ageing Yankee Anglophiles, "All Mod Cons" is an album based firmly in 1978 and looking forward.

This is the modern world: "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight" is a fair indication of what Weller's up to on this album, as was "A-Bomb In Wardour Street" (I can't help thinking that he's given more hard clear-eyed consideration to the implications of the Sham Army than Jimmy Pursey has), but they don't remotely tell the whole story. For one thing, Weller has the almost unique ability to write love songs that convince the listener that the singer is *really in love.* Whether he's describing an affair that's going well or badly, he writes with a penetrating, committed insight that rings perfectly, utterly true.

Weller writes lovingly and (choke on it) sensitively without ever descending to the patented sentimentality that is the stock-in-trade of the emotionally bankrupt. That sentimentality is but the reverse side of the macho coin, and both sides spell lovelessness. The inclusion of "English Rose" (a one-man pick'n'croon acoustic number backed only by a tape of the sea) is both a musical and emotional finger in the eye for everyone who still clings to the old punk tough-guy stereotype and is prepared to call The Jam out for not doing likewise.

Weller is — like Bruce Springsteen — tough enough not to feel he needs to prove it any more, strong enough to break down his own defences, secure enough to make himself vulnerable. The consciousness of "All Mod Cons" is the most admirable in all of British rock and roll, and one that most of his one-time peers could do well to study.

Through the album, then: the brief, brusque title track and its immediate successor ("To Be Someone") examine the rock business, first in a tart V-sign to some entrepreneurial type who wishes to squeeze the singer dry and then throw him away, and second in a cuttingly ironic track about a superstar who lost touch with the kids and blew his career. Weller is, by implication, assuring his listeners that *no way* is that going to happen to him: but the song is so well though out and so convincing that it chokes back the instinctive "Oh *yeah?*" that a less honest song in the same vein would elicit from a less honest band.

From there we're into "Mr Clean", an attack on the complacent middle-aged "professional classes." The extreme violence of its language (the nearest this album comes to an orthodox punk stance, in fact) is matched with music that combines delicacy and aggression with an astonishing command of dynamics. This is as good a place as any to point out that bassist Bruce Foxton and drummer Rick Buckler are more than equal to the new demands that Weller is making on them: the vitality, empathy and resourcefulness that they display throughout the album makes "All Mod Cons" a collective triumph for The Jam as well as a personal triumph for Weller.

"David Watts" follows (written by Ray Davies, sung by Foxton and a re-recorded improvement on the 45) with "English Rose" in hot pursuit. The side ends with "In The Crowd", which places Weller dazed and confused in the supermarket. It bears a superficial thematic resemblance to "The Combine" (from the previous album) in that it places its protagonist in a crowd and examines his reactions to the situation, but its musical and lyrical sophistication smashes "The Combine" straight back to the stone age. It ends with a lengthy, hallucinatory backward guitar solo which sounds as fresh and new as anything George Harrison or Pete Townshend did a dozen years ago, and a reference back to "Away From The Numbers."

"Billy Hunt", whom we meet at the beginning of the second side, is not a visible envy-focus like Davies' "David Watts", but the protagonist's faintly ludicrous all-powerful fantasy self: what he projects in the day dreams that see him through his crappy job. The deliberate naivety of this fantasy is caught and projected by Weller with a skill that is nothing short of marvellous.

A brace of love songs follow: "It's Too Bad" is a song of regret for a couple's mutual inability to save a relationship which they both know is infinitely worth saving. Musically, it's deliriously, wonderfully '66 Beat Groupish in a way that represents exactly what all those tinpot powerpop bands were aiming for but couldn't manage. Lyrically, even if this sort of song was Weller's only lick, he'd still be giving Pete Shelley and all his New Romance fandangos a real run for his money.

"Fly" is an exquisite electric/acoustic construction, a real lovers' song, but from there on in the mood changes for the "Doctor Marten's Apocalypse" of "A-Bomb In Wardour Street" and "Tube Station". In both these songs, Weller depicts himself as the victim who doesn't know why he's getting trashed at the hands of people who don't know why they feel they have to hand out the aggro.

We've heard a lot of stupid, destructive songs about the alleged joys of violence lately and they all stink: if these songs are listened to in the spirit in which they were written then maybe we'll see a few less pictures of kids getting carried off the terraces with darts in their skulls. And if these songs mean that one less meaningless street fight gets started then we'll all owe Paul Weller a favour.

The Jam brought us The Sound Of '65 in 1976, and now in 1978 they bring us the sound of '66. Again, they've done it such a way that even though you can still hear The Who here and there and a few distinct Beatleisms in those ornate decending 12-string chord sequences, it all sounds fresher and newer than anything else this year. "All Mod Cons" is the album that'll make Bob Harris' ears bleed the next time he asks what *has* Britain produced lately; more important, it'll be the album that makes The Jam *real* contenders for the crown.

Look out, all you rock and rollers: as of now The Jam are the ones you have to beat.

Charles Shaar Murray

1978-1878

BJH in rural retreat circa 1922

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
XII *(Polydor)*

Poop go the wizened wastrels! The starry, clammy curtain rises once again, and here they are, still waiting.

Vladimir and Estragon? The Boomtown Rats? Jefferson Starship? The Conservative Party annual conference?

"I'm hitting the road to going nowhere/Got no place to go/I'm stuck inside my generation/Round and round I go . . ."

Not Keith Joseph but Barclay James Harvest. "XII", 1978, and the '60s are as groovy as ever they were, eh!

"Lovin' is easy with both eyes closed/You know that's the best way to feel it/Lovin' is easy with both eyes closed/Just get a hold and watch how it goes."

You're buying a stairway to heaven, right? Or is it a pizza? Are you taking the pizza away? Or taking the piss? Feeling indoctrinated? Groovy? Backward and forward and backward across the grooves we stride, tramping the eternal pathway to a brighter, jollier land. Remember?

But this isn't a revolution of love at all, this is *popular music.* Like Pam Ayres or something. A popular music which sees things in clean, rounded wholes, which maintains the value of older, more comfortable thoughts, frightened of the inconsistencies of change.

A paranoid, right-wing orchestral voice to uplift and to uphold. Hip, hip!

Given the opportunity BJH mull over the fact that they've spent the last ten years of so mulling over tha past, ten years or so ago. Ah, an age of age, a rage at rage, yea indeed a coming that just keeps starting and never stops.

It's staring you in the face. "XII" sounds more than slightly frightened, because (politics as aside as it ever is) BJH must have finally realised that words give 'selves' away. Y'know, man, relative degree of commitment and contemporaneity.

Barclay and Nothingness' harvest, 1978. "XII".

Ian Penman

JOE COCKER
Luxury You Can Afford
(Asylum)

Joe Cocker is rock's most impassioned singer, a man with the gift for turning trite little songs into emotional epics.

It's now more than 10 years since he gave The Beatles' "With A Little Help From My Friends" the benefit of his treatment, and the intervening decade has not always been kind to Mr. Cocker.

A mixture of personal problems and inept choice of material put his career in the doldrums. Cocker's last album "Stingray", now two years old, was the first sign of a comeback, with its glorious version of Dylan's "The Man In Me" and Bobbv Charles' "The Jealous Kind".

This new set fulfils that album's promise. Once again, the finest moments are the ballads, but don't let that put you off. Cocker sings love songs like no one else, with a gritty integrity that transcends the most maudlin lyric and the schmaltziest melody.

A cut called "Lady Put The Light Oot" by Guy Fletcher and Doug Flett provides the opportunity for a poignant virtuoso performance. Cocker, of course, is no perfectionist and misses almost as many notes as he hits. It's the power and the anguish in his voice that gives material like this such depth.

He even lends meaning to the nonsensical lyrics of "A Whiter Shade Of Pale", a song that would previously have seemed impossible to cover successfully.

Throughout this album, he's given the sensitive support of producer Allen Toussaint and musicians of exquisite taste like Cornell Dupree, Steve Gadd and Richard Tee. The least successful bits are up-tempo knees-ups like Toussaint's own 'Fun Time" and Dylan's "Watching The River Flow".

Cocker's forte is romancing, not ranting, and there's plenty of that here to confirm his renewed stature.

Bob Edmands

GENYA RAVAN
Urban Desire *(20th Century Fox)*

JENNY DARREN
Queen Of Fools *(DJM)*

Genya Ravan is Goldie Zelkowitz of Goldie and the Gingerbreads, and later of Ten Wheel Drive. After a stint at producing she's back with a new solo album that's little short of magnificent.

A few tracks inhabit the same inner city wastelands as Bruce Springsteen's work, but Genya eschews his romanticism for a toughly realistic appraisal of the hassles that come down at the dark end of the alley. "The Sweetest One", a wry look at the hustlers and the drunks, deliberately undercuts the glamourisation of poverty, as does "Aye Co'lorado", on which Lou Reed guests as a Puerto Rican hit man.

The best track, though, "Jerry's Pigeons" — an instant classic — admits to a nostalgia for teenage street life in typical Springsteen fashion, right down to the allusions to The Crystals and The Shirelles.

Other tracks are concerned simply with love and sex. The gloriously sweaty R&B of "The Night Ain't Long Enough", a fiercely joyful version of Holland-Dozier-Holland's "Back In My Arms Again" and the dramatic "Shot In The Heart" are celebrations, while the rest of the album recounts the pain, need and desolation that come in their wake. The closing "Shadowboxing" is an epic of survival with traces of "Fool To Cry" in the tune, and Genya's rasping vocals on a lurid tale of violence and betrayal.

What makes the album work so well is the utter conviction of the music. She sings from the heart throughout, and receives excellent support from her band — a monster rhythm section, two cruising guitars and some brilliant slippin' and slidin' piano.

Genya Ravan produced the album herself, and co-wrote three of the songs. Her experience and authority ooze from every groove. "Urban Desire" is stamped with a rare passion and strength, a record to be proud of.

Not so Jenny Darren's "Queen Of Fools". I once read a review which made the amazing claim "Jenny Darren has balls". And it seems to be the fate of every female rocker to be tarred with the epithet "ballsy": a situation which reflects our wonderful culture's curious idea that the expression of a tough, aggressive sexuality is the sole preserve of the male.

The great English language doesn't even have a word for a female equivalent of "ballsy", and one spin-off of this is that ladies who have a powerful voice — unless they have a powerful personality to match — tend to be moulded by male songs and male producers into precisely this "ballsy" category, and so end up coming over as a distorted mirror-image of male machismo.

So "Queen Of Fools". Most of the tracks are written by Geoff Gill and Cliff Wade, who produce and arrange the album, and play in the backing band. The music is a series of heavy rock cliches, occasionally leavened by syrupy strings, tossed in I presume to demonstrate Jenny Darren's 'versatility'.

In fact, she screams, moans, boasts and slurs her words in a blatantly *man*ufactured style, allowing no glimpse of real individuality or emotion. Her level of political awareness (and that of her songwriters) is indicated by titles such as "Lay Me Like A Lady".

The result is an album that is totally hackneyed, completely impersonal, and immensely dull.

Graham Lock

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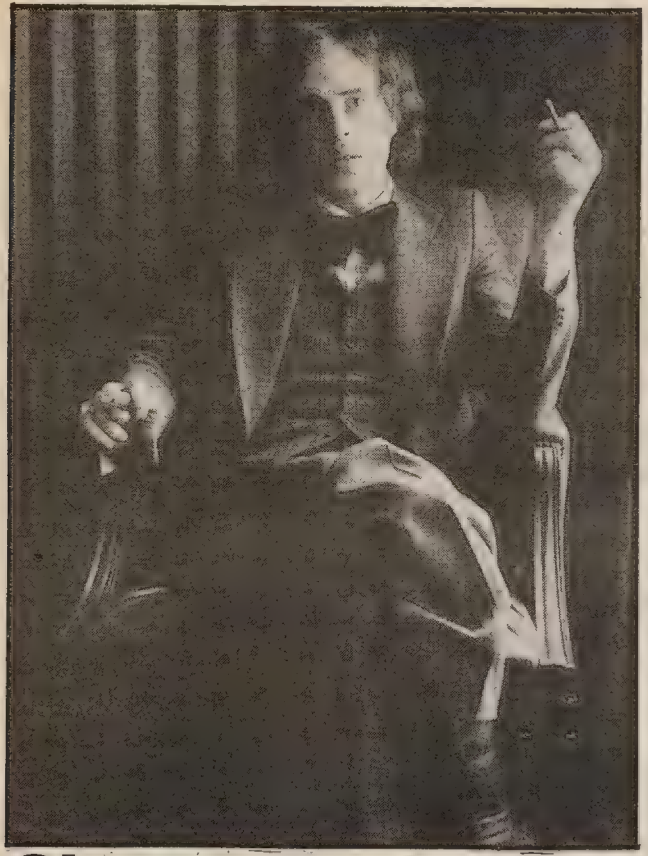

Pennie Smith

Cigar . . .

HAWKLORDS
25 Years On *(Charisma)*
Old hippes rarely die, they just bland away.

There's every chance that this could be a very big album for the Hawkserfs. It's cunningly commercial in an impressive way. The polite word for it is "eclectic". Somewhat more cynically, you might say they've taken on board a lot of successful formulae created by others.

On the opener, "Psi Power", there's the same blend of cosmic lyrics, cute harmonies, and taut guitar that characterised Spirit around the time of "Dr Sardonicus". With "Free Fall", you could be listening to some Pink Floyd film soundtrack from the late '60s.

Then again, "Twenty Five Years" is Roxy Music from their art-school glitter days. The obvious influences seem unending. Bob Calvert's vocals on "Flying Doctor" could be those of any intellectual new waver, and the backing track is slow XTC. But you get the gist.

It's extremely odd that after all these years this band still sound like bits of other people. A distinctive style has eluded them.

Still, it'll no doubt go down well with their original followers, many of whom are well on the way to being grandparents by now. There's nothing here to so much as ripple the surface of their g and t's.

Bob Edmands

BLACKWELL
Boogie Down
(Rampage Records)
Take your suit to the boogie, wherever yo' assertion leads. It's a clean livin' thing, can you dig it? Put yo' ass in, take yo' ass out, shoot it all about. This record will self-erase in seven tracks. Perhaps you can fiddle with something to the cover picture.

These ladies look like plastic fruit. Insect-limbed artificial flotsam and jetsam doing nothing more or less than simply being there.

Why do I want my mind disturbed? Do I hate my body? Am I ashamed of my feet? As an intellectual do I secretly desire that feet didn't exist, that the inclination to *Boogie Down!* could be declared null and void, in short, that the world could simply evaporate into one's *idea* of it, where physical reverie of all kinds was out of the question?

Why have I got a headache? Has "Boogie Down and Mess Around" got anything to do with de-evolution? Has "Belly Button" got anything to do with death? Where is all this leading? To a greater understanding?

Where is all this leading? I just can't wobble my body in front of people. Can't I stay at home? Do it to a cushion?

Ian Penman

RACING CARS
Bring On The Night
(Chrysalis)
This can be no-one's idea of a 'significant' album, but it is interesting in terms of the band's apparent motivations. The Racing Cars always did seem like they were going to abandon themselves out west — which is presumably why Jim Mason is at the controls to effect the total Americanisation of the band.

Having worked with The Cate Bros, Firefall et al, Mason has the kind of *curriculum vitae* which really tells its own story: Racing Cars are aiming this for the American market, and the product is so 'right' it's not true. At a time when even the Americans are learning to be embarrassed by the blandness of their Californian muzak, a British band is taking the genre to the limit. A few years too late, maybe, but bigger and better than many of the coastal bands.

"Travelling Mood" is representative of the 'heavier' material: nice, but essentially nothing more than a run-of-the-mill trucking song. Like the Faces without the balls, it has a neat beat, although Ray Ennis on guitar sounds a little unfulfilled.

Altogether an album of spectacular competence, though one of ultimately questionable merit.

Emma Ruth

CRAWLER
Snake, Rattle And Roll *(Epic)*
Elevation! Strength! Restoration! The new Crawler album! Sweatshirt, pay dirt, kick ass, quick stash, cash, cash, cash . . .

Hot potato, he swears! Not jus' another leather jacket ejeculation. It all swaggered before his eyes as he *felt* rock and roll.

His consciousness rising, pulse racing, muscles contracted to a Wimpy, fingers clamping 'round imaginary snakeskin boots, albums climbing up the north face of the mythical "American Hot 100" . . . oh yes! His heart beat like a deposit account.

He lived the life of the songs of Crawler, through thick and thin, fat and lean, girls and, sometimes, ladies: Eden . . . Madison Square . . . Garden!

Rock and roll is all about, he thought, rock and roll!!

Ian Penman

Ian Gomm away from home

Paul Cox

And chips

IAN GOMM
Summer Holiday
(Albion Records)
Ian Gomm is ex-Brinsley Schwarz, previous home of half the Rumour and of Nick Lowe in the days when he used to write good songs. Perhaps spurred by their newfound fame, Ian Gomm has come up with his own solo album, and one which evokes the spirit of the Brinsleys far more closely than does the subsequent work of his erstwhile partners.

"Summer Holiday" is gentle, unassuming, well-made pop. Tasteful, melodic, and ever so pleasant. The best songs are on side one — "Airplane", the catchy new single "Hold On", the gusty reggae of "Sad Affair", the slinky reggae of Chuck Berry's "Come On" which is mysteriously absent from the cover track list.

Side two has the slight, soulful "That's The Way I Rock'n'Roll" and an intriguing version of The Beatles' "You Can't Do That" which grows on me thanks to the upfront bass and a vaguely sinister keyboards part that's reminiscent of "You've Lost That Loving Feeling". The rest of the side tends toward anonymity, except for the wimpy ballad "Another Year", which is cloyingly annoying.

It's an album I like very much, without being able to summon up a lot of enthusiasm — perhaps because Ian Gomm has been almost too modest in his aims and achievements. Next time I hope he'll produce something more substantial — and *longer*. "Summer Holiday" clocks in at barely 15 minutes per side, hardly a fair deal at today's prices. Especially since the motto of Albion Records is (ho ho) "a cultural service to the community".

Graham Lock

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Dick Wright, Richard to you

Wwrong!!!

DUDLEY MOORE
The Music Of Dudley Moore *(Cube)*
RICHARD WRIGHT
Wet Dream *(Harvest)*
STEVE KUHN
Non-Fiction *(ECM)*

Three different ways to be moderate and derivative with the piano, and Dudley Moore's double compilation surprisingly emits more passion than either of Kuhn's or Wright's efforts. And you thought I included him for a laugh? — so did I.

Moore plays light, swinging antiseptic MOR jazz piano with much flair and enthusiasm. Thinly entertaining, but it knows its place. He's a versatile composer, using straight lifts of broad styles such as Bach and Peterson or just simple stylistic tricks for specific evocation, this evident on the soundtracks he supplies for his own films (represented here by *Bedazzled* and *30 Is A Dangerous Age, Cynthia).* Good competent stuff.

What am I saying?

The Wright debacle demands to be taken seriously by virtue of the condescendingly cryptic sleeve (a Hipgnosis travesty, and how accurate Lowry was when he judged all Hipgnosis packaged albums to be rubbish), the music's solemnity and the Pink Floyd serious musician myth . . .

A myth this dull and immature record should completely smash. Wright's placid keyboards, synthesiser and vocals do not in fact dominate the record; "Snowy White's" extrovert guitar parts and Mel Collin's soothing sax come close to doing that. Larry Steele (bass) and Reg Isadore (drums) also aid.

The ten tracks demand to be treated with 'respect'. But it's exceedingly difficult to be gentle and avoid tedium. Wright in fact fails miserably; throughout the record the colours are pale, the structures loose (messy not 'funky') and the moods diffident. Wright is too ambitious. "Wet Dream" resembles the type of transparent, innocent stuff Dvorak could knock up without misplacing a hair, but lacking in any full melodic wealth. It's not even good 'rock'.

It is noticeably Floydish music of deluding emphasis and touch. Hardly what *Rolling Stone* called "pregnant and poignant" but "muted and passive". It just doesn't have the depth of feeling to support its delicate demands. It's pleasant, but an album that shadows and caricatures atmosphere and experience. If you really want something precious, glowing, vaguely modal, exotic and precise, dig up some Debussy. Now there's a musician.

Kuhn's record is familiar, charming post-Coltrane quartet stuff. Five pieces, just under 40 minutes of music and that legendary ECM sound quality. Kuhn's piano is cautious, Steve Slagle's sax and flute work slightly more robust, Harvie Swartz's bass a little too cocky, Bob Moses' drumming cheerfully functional.

It's a typical ECM record. Harmless and calm. Only rarely can an ECM album be wildly enjoyed rather than numbly appreciated. Save up for the Keith Jarrett 10 album set.

Paul Morley

GORDON GILTRAP
Fear Of The Dark *(Electric)*

Ideal background music for BBC2 documentaries on hang-gliding.

All things percussive, synthesised, ethereal and choral, also of course Giltrap's guitars, combine to be pleasant but insubstantial.

It'll probably sell more than the last half-dozen John Fahey and Leo Kottke albums put together, although those gentlemen's taste and restraint only highlight Giltrap's speedy excesses.

Titles include "Roots (Parts One And Two)" and "Visitation". Draw your own conclusions.

Patrick Humphries

CALDERA
Time And Chance *(Capitol)*

Fortunate sinners of old used to suffer a mere plague of locusts or some such pestilence of one sort of vermin or another. I fear that I must either give up rock criticism or I must confess, because the descent upon my dwelling place of but one more jazz-rock or jazz-pop samba swarm will surely be the eternal agony of me, not to mention open neck shirts worn outside the jacket.

Such of these swarms as are want to descend upon me are constituted of an unnatural ectoplasmic mass of grins, perms, pendants, orchestral strings, cosmic-tone-poem titles, and — the final solution — digital aquasonic modulators.

The dry, flittery beating of percussion instruments is a relentless gnaw. The poisonous, viscous keyboard ejaculations stick to your flesh and arouse the Rash of a Thousand Polyphonic Imitations. The fatal sting is one of Pan American acoustic guitars which, once inserted, induces a smiling, torpid, twittering coma: to withdraw from it is to risk transmutation into a canvas shoe at the very least.

It is the shapelessness of these swarm-attacks, though, more than aught else which drives the mortal victim to his fateful prolonged end — distraction, catatonia and cashmere sweaters even. The fusion-devils seem so ambivalent and laid back, as if hardly aware of their mission, hardly cogniscent with the abyss of comfort their victims are pushed toward.

But I have been told, and this I learnt from an old man far from any state of dementia or vagrancy, told that the devils hide their malicious enjoyment of the suffering beneath the fabled moustaches which each and every one is rumoured to wear.

Ian Penman

Imports

First, a quick newsflash for **Elvis Costello** devotees. Your lad's "This Year's Model" album has surfaced on Swedish Smash with not only a different sleeve but — get ready to gasp — also an alternative version of "Watching The Detectives". Import shops are already stocking and anxious to take your moolah.

Back on the main wave, there's a Reuter report concerning one **Linda Keel**. The name may be reasonably familiar to you, as Pye have already released her version of Nick Gilder's "Roxy Roller" here as a single. But for those of you who treasure longer engagements, I'll impart the info that also around right now is a Vogue album called "Lady Rock And Roll". A gutsy-voiced, innocent-eyed lady with a pushy little band, I imagine she'd light up Dingwalls real well for an evening or two. Pye should lavish a quid or two on a hovercraft ferry for her.

Matthew Moore's another who's had an introductory single pushed out in these isles. Titled "Savannah", it came out a couple of years ago, got raved over but somehow Island failed to follow up with Moore's album which, oddly enough, has now turned up on Caribou/CBS. "Winged Horses" features back-up contributions by the likes of Steve Cropper, Jim Price, Jim Keltner, Don Preston, Davey Johnstone, Russ Kunkel, Jim Gordon, Carmen Twilley and David Jackson, who was bassist with The Moon. Vocally, Moore's got nothing to learn. "Horses" is the kind of late evening job that seems to improve with subsequent listening sessions.

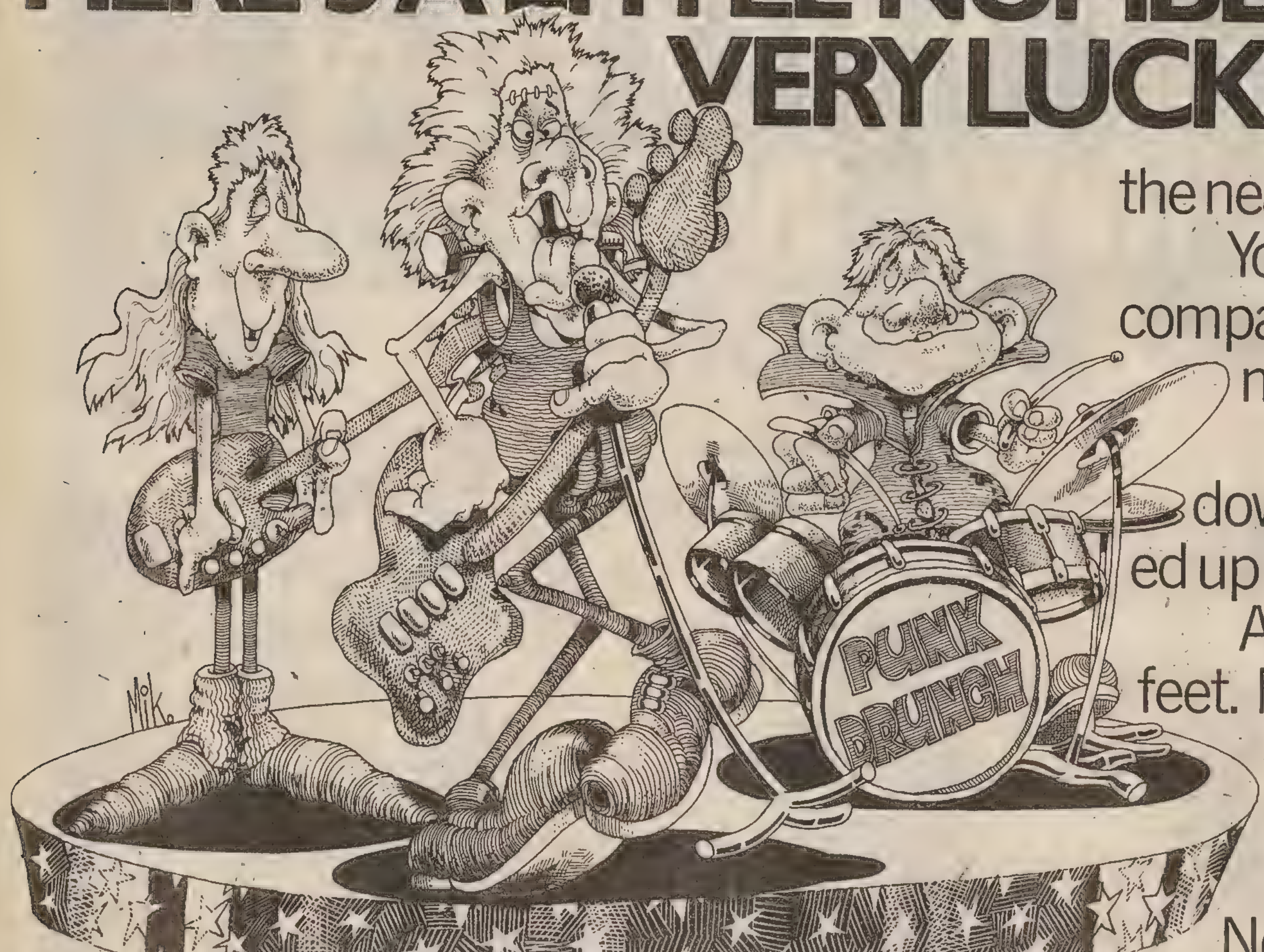
I'll skip the coloured vinyl report this week on account of the fact that it's not only totally confusing but equally boring — though I guess I ought to warn Presleyites to ready their wallets for the forthcoming "Legendary Performer Vol.3" (RCA), which will not only contain four previously unissued **Elvis** tracks but also be a picture disc.

Meanwhile, those prize loonies at Rhino Records claim that their 12" E.P. by the **Temple City Kazoo Orchestra** is "pressed on disco vinyl, an exclusive product of Rhino". And the music matches the sleeve info, for the TCKO, no doubt overwhelmed by the critical acclaim afforded their previously issued version of "Whole Lotta Love", have massed their kazoos once more to provide fresh onslaughts on The Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive", The Stones' "Miss You" and good ol' Richard Strauss' well known space theme — which emerges here as "2001 Sprach Kazoosha".

It's all a nutty gag of which I approve, though I doubt it the TCKO will inspire a massed return to the roots (yeah, the music really does have roots as anyone who ever latched onto the Mound City Blue Blowers will tell you), or even an instruments page on kazoos from CSM.

Fred Dellar

HERE'S A LITTLE NUMBER THAT'S BEEN VERY LUCKY FOR US



the neat little 4/2 mixer.

You chose a guitar after reading our comparative bit on copies of the classic names in electric axes.

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21st Glasgow University
22nd Redcar Coatham Bowl
24th Belfast the Pound
25th Belfast the Pound
26th Belfast the Pound
27th Dublin Trinity College
28th Cork Arcadia
30th Bath University

NOVEMBER
3rd Plymouth *Metro*
4th Luton Tech.
8th Liverpool University
9th Porthsmouth Poly.
10th Birmingham
13th Cambridge University
15th Bradford University
16th Stoke-On-Trent *North Staffs Poly*
17th Newcastle Poly.
18th Manchester University
22nd Loughborough University
23rd Leeds Poly.
24th Aston University, Birmingham.
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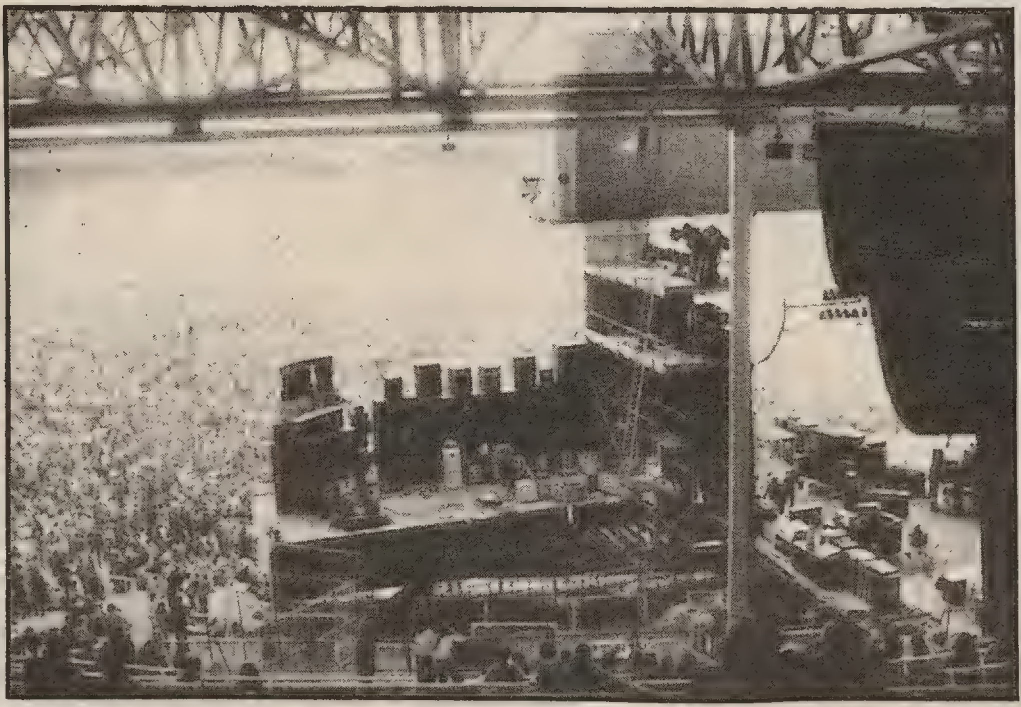
TOOLS OF THE TRADE

What should you pay for a P.A.?

ZENON DE FLEUR of The Bishops with some advice for bands just starting out.



Is this enough for the Hope & Anchor. . .?

SO YOU'VE got the band together, got the amps and guitars, heading for the stars: and dying to do your first gig. In days gone by the singer would've brought along a couple of columns and a mixer amp and you were set. But go to a gig these days and you see mounds of gear and have a fit on discovering the cost.

So you decide you need a P.A. anyway, but where do you start? What do you buy? And how much?

Well! First of all the alternative to buying is to hire and it will cost you from £30 per gig upwards, depending on how much you need. However this is worth serious thought because if your gear is not used a lot it will work out cheaper and more convenient to hire.

Bearing in mind that owning your own you have to transport it, store it, and have someone operate it, this all adds to the cost.

So you want to buy anyway and the first thing you must decide is, what kind of system is most suitable? And can you afford it?

If you play predominantly small venues a set-up of a pair of columns and 100 or 200 watt mixer amp, such as an H/H, will do, and you can hire for the bigger gigs. That should set you back well under £1,000, including microphones etc.

The drawback here is that expanding the system is not easy, but losing on the resale value is.

You can, of course, buy second hand but unless you know a bit about it or have good advice the pitfalls are too numerous. Best thing is to consult a reputable dealer specialising in P.A. The guy in the local music store, while being fine for strings and picks, probably knows little more about it than you.

Most professionals will be glad to give advice and it's free, so get all you can.

When spending a lot of money it makes good sense to buy the best quality "name" equipment, for this will not only be more reliable but will also hold its value. Get a demonstration of the gear, make sure you know enough about it and that you're happy with it. Don't be fooled by cosmetics.

It's not possible in this brief article to go into the workings of P.A. systems. So to get a rough idea here is a 400 watt system with adequate monitoring onto which items can be added, as you get bigger, up to any size:

2 × JBL 4560 pattern bass bins
2 × JBL 2345/2420 radial horns c/w capacitive crossover
3 or 4 1 × 12" ATC wedge monitors
RSD 800 B power amplifier
RSD 12/2 mixing desk
RSD 12 way 50 metre multicore
Shure SM58, SM57 vocal and instrument microphones
AKD D.12 microphone for bass drum
Various microphone stands and required cables

Flight cases for the mixer, amps and cables are a good idea to protect your investment.

The above are quality components of proven reliability and would put a three-and-a-half grand hole in your pocket. H.P. is available if you've the deposit but don't forget you'll have to insure it all. Cheaper systems are around but satisfy yourself with a demonstration first; ultimately you will always get what you pay for.

Having bought the P.A. you'll need someone to operate it and mix the sound. His job will be getting a balanced , clear sound without over-running the system and causing expensive damage to amps, speakers and horn drivers. So again, if in doubt, seek advice from professionals; or better still get someone to show your man how best to set up and run the rig and do simple maintenance.

Anything major should be left to competent specialists.

So where do you go for advice? In London good places to start are: **HHB P.A. Hire and Sales of Cricklewood** or **Mick Jones Music of Putney.**

Tell them your requirements and budget and they'll put a system together to suit. They handle all the "name" quality equipment by such manufacturers ae R.S.D. J.B.L. A.T.C. Shure, etc. . . .

A few words about connectors. Use only heavy duty types e.g. Cannon or Switchcraft. They are the lifelines of the P.A. and most prone to faults. Check them regularly to avoid embarrassing breakdowns.

To summarise then. Don't spend on flashy gear you don't need. Don't ask whatsisname, and don't buy without trying first. Do go to a reputable dealer, get good opinions and advice and spend wisely on good quality equipment.

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From page 38

artistic integrity is all down to moving as many units as possible.

Absolutely and it's disgusting. Lawyers were never needed in the old days. The major record companies really upset me. And, one of the most upsetting things was Bruce Springsteen . . . that was the ultimate act of record hyping . . . it was so blatant. He writes good songs, but in my opinion he was no more than average.

I thought that, but having seen him recently he's made that giant step. His show was unbelievably good.

I still find his recordings disappointing . . .

I disagree . . .

But he's got such a great band — same with Ian Dury. I also liked Wreckless Eric's first couple of singles. At one time I was going to produce a couple of things with Wreckless, but I felt a little out of touch . . . unsure which musicians to use. I almost used The Blockheads . . . a magnificent band and that's why Dury's records are of such high quality. The backing tracks alone would make a great album. Tom Robinson is another example of someone who made a great record, "2–4–6–8 Motorway", but failed to follow it up. I just wish he'd make another good record.

He did, the "Rising Free" EP.

I know he's politically motivated . . . I don't know the man. I think he's great, but I can't take most of the stuff on his album. But "Glad To Be Gay" was a fine record, which brings me right back to the big record companies. Tom Robinson's "2–4–6–8 Motorway" was an example of Capitol Records being inefficient and losing that record in America along with the Kate Bush single and even Steve Harley's "Come Up And See Me". They don't seem to be able to break British records in America to save their life.

To return to your career again. Apart from becoming typecast, do you feel that you ever got over-exposed to the point where you got sick of reading about the exploits of Elton John?

I probably did get over-exposed, but it never really bothered me up until 1975. Problem is, people judge me on my outward image.

I haven't done any interview like this for well over two years but there's some bullshit printed in the papers about me almost every day . . . about me going to Brazil, getting off a plane, realising there was a football match back home and catching the Concorde to Paris and then onto London — utter bullshit. Same about me spending £2,500 in a New York restaurant, also completely untrue.

But people believe all that crap.

Trouble is, you can't have a go back, because people like Jean Rook in the *Daily Express*, and Patricia Boxall, and Linda Lee-Potter have the last word.

I'd love to have a go at Jean Rook live on TV with her sitting across from me, because aside from its sports coverage the *Daily Express* really is the pits. It epitomises precisely what's wrong with this country. I hate those people and I'll always fight them because it's wrong that people like Jean Rook are given so much power to implant information in so many readers' minds.

Have you ever considered doing something like a Rock Against Racism gig?

No I haven't, but don't get me wrong. I believe in the same things they champion — equal rights, the abolition of censorship — but at this time in my life it would be dishonest of me to do such gigs because my heart and soul isn't in it. And that's not meant to be a convenient cop-out.

But even if you only made a non-performing appearance or jammed on a number?

I'd probably get bags of flour and beer cans thrown at me.

Why do you say that? You'd probably reach more people than The Clash and Tom Robinson because you're such a public figure?

I think I'm a bit afraid. Sure I'd be willing, but how would some of the New Wave bands react? I support all these new bands and I'd go along with my arms wide open, but they might not accept me.

If they believed you were honest in your convictions why should there be problems?

I often underestimate myself. Musicians have got this terrible thing, they never phone each other up because they assume everyone is far too busy. I love playing on other musicians' sessions, but hardly anyone invites me because they think it's a waste of time in the first place to ask. I'd love to play with some of the New Wavers, like Cook and Jones.

But to return to the subject of rock as a political weapon. Music can only do so much. If you want to fight racist organisations then you've got to do it on a more political level. This I've learned through my experiences with Watford and various councils. I's no use jumping up on stage and screaming, we hate this and that and that's the end of it. You have to get actively involved outside of music.

Probably, there are some bands who do this, but I suspect that some bands leap on the RAR bandwagon knowing that they'll get good press coverage from it. It's no use just making a record about it because it only lasts for as long as you're up there on stage performing. You've got to actively campaign. You can knock Joan Baez as much as you want to — I think she's boring, but she got up off her backside and actually got physically involved. Same with Jane Fonda. And you can't knock them because they did back up their beliefs and I admire them for that.

Let's be realistic, it's power that runs and changes any country and you can't change things overnight with a hit song. The idea of rock singers getting into politics is rather stupid because most of them can't even organise their own lives, what with getting ripped-off.

Having said all that, there's nothing wrong with being idealistic if you're sensible about it. But those people who scream and rant about unemployment and whatever in their songs ... will they go out and vote at the next election? Probably not. Trouble is that the British have always been so apathetic about things.

The other problem is that there's also so many armchair socialists. I love Brian Clough as a person and he's a staunch Labour man, but he drives a Mercedes and is more money-orientated than anyone.

People will say, who am I to talk ... yes, I'm in a difficult position ... I live in this big house, own this and that. But I do keep a lot of people employed.

I genuinely believe I'm physically doing something worthwhile with Watford. Furthermore, I'm trying to get a better deal for sport which, I've come to realise, is more important than music. So nowadays, my values and political motivations are with Watford Football Club. Because, if I created an indoor music centre and stocked it with thousands of pounds worth of gear, it would get ripped off. Because, underneath it all, that's what the music business is really all about.

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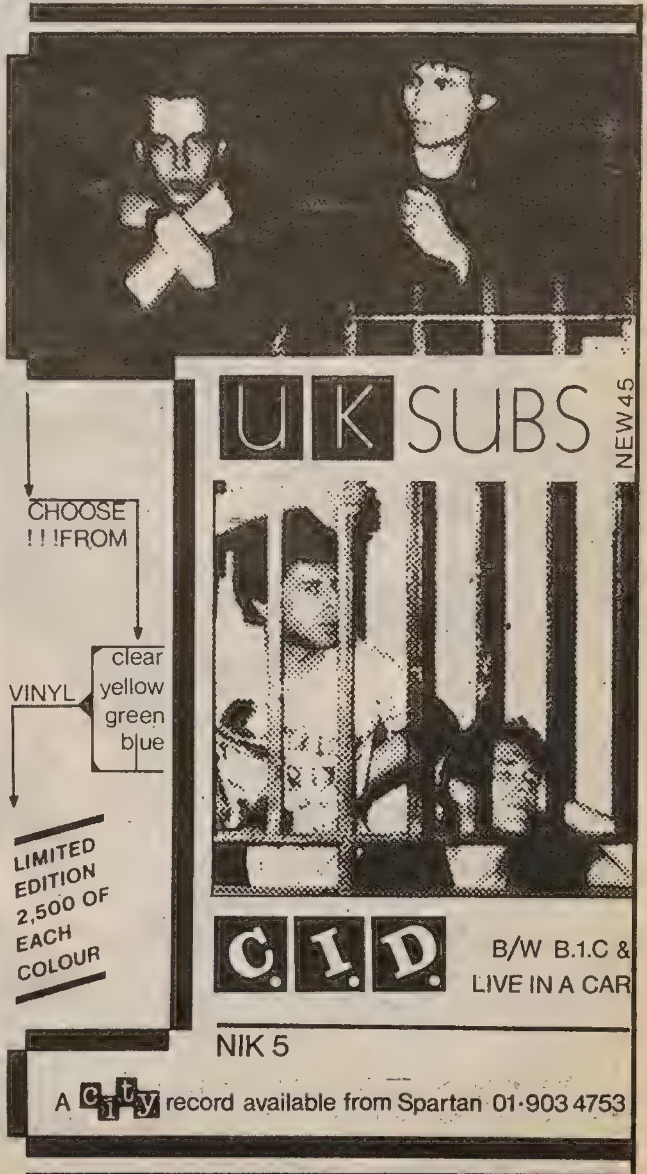

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BILLIE JO SPEARS headlines the "Nashville Cavalcade" package tour, which also features such C&W stalwarts as Lloyd Green, Vernon Oxford and Ronnie Prophet. Country music devotees can wallow in it at Ipswich (Saturday), Norwich (Sunday), Peterborough (Monday) and Belfast (Tuesday).

SANTANA are back in Britain for a short tour, kicking off with three days at Wembley Arena on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday — with concerts in Stafford and Manchester to follow. But there's a very heavy demand for tickets, so you'd better hurry along. Pictured above: Carlos Santana.

SUZI QUATRO is playing a short series of dates, before she leaves for America to film some more "Happy Days" episodes. This week she's at Peterborough (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday) and Oldham (Tuesday), with a London concert to follow in next week's Gig Guide.

GRAHAM PARKER & The Rumour are back in action as the opening attraction at London's latest rock centre, The Venue in Victoria. They appear there for three nights from next Wednesday (playing twice nightly) and, as a bonus, there are restaurant and bar facilities available.

ISAAC HAYES is at last paying his much-delayed visit to Britain, accompanied by his full U.S. stage revue, plus special guest Edwin Starr and his backing band — totalling over 50 performers in all, and that sounds good value for money. Their first gig is in Manchester on Tuesday.

WHITESNAKE are undertaking their first major concert tour, starting at Newcastle (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Sunday) and Brighton (Wednesday). And with Jon Lord now a permanent member of the band along with David Coverdale (above), it's a mini Deep Purple reunion.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

STARTS HERE: EIGHT PAGES OF WHERE TO GO AND WHO TO SEE

Thursday

BASILDON Van Gogh: THE OPPOSITION-/GRINDER
BATLEY Crumpets: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
BATH Fortes Banquet Hall: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS with JOHNNY G
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STEEL PULSE/CHINA STREET
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: JOHN OTWAY BAND
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: THE PIRATES
BRADFORD Princeville Club: JAB-JAB
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: NICKY & THE DOTS
BURNTWOOD Troubadour: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CARLISLE Market Hall: MIKE HARDING
CHATHAM H.M.S. Pembroke: SOUL DIRECTION
CHELTENHAM Shaftesbury Hall: ROY HILL BAND
CORBY Stardust Centre: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: THE UTENSILS
COVENTRY Warwick University: THIRD WORLD
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
DERBY Assembly Rooms: JACK JONES
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: MARY O'HARA
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
GLASGOW Amphora: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STEVE HACKETT BAND
GLOSSOP The Trap: ANY TROUBLE
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: REDNITE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE SMIRKS
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BOOMTOWN RATS
KEELE University: ANDY DESMOND/THE ACTORS
KING'S LYNN Norfolk College of Art: DAWNWEAVER
KING'S LYNN Tiffany's: KANGAROO ALLEY
LEEDS Fan Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS/AGONY COLUMN
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE LURKERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE RICH KIDS
LEICESTER De Montford Hall: LEO SAYER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RICO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DOCTORS OF MADNESS (farewell gig)
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE METHOD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: THE CLASH
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: EXHIBITOR
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: FISCHER-Z
LONDON KENNINGTON Cricketers: MANYANA
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON KILBURN National Club: CHRISTY MOORE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE INTERLEKTUALS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: IMMIGRANT
LONDON OXFORD St. 100 Club: REVELATION
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Digby Stuart College: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MAC CURTIS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: YES
LONDON W14 The Kensington: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ACKER BILK BAND
MALVERN Winter Gardens: RADIO STARS
MANCHESTER Kelly's: FRANTIC ELEVATORS/THE NOT SENSIBLES
MANCHESTER Pips: R.B.Q.
MANCHESTER Russell Club: THE ACCELERATORS
MANSFIELD Miner's Welfare: STRANGE DAYS
MARGATE Winter Gardens: BARBARA DICKSON
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: JOHNNY JOHNSON & THE BANDWAGON (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic: THE ENID
MILTON KEYNES Stantonbury Theatre: MIKE GIBBS BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: WHITESNAKE
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita: THE CRUISERS (for three days)
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: STEVE BROWN BAND
NOTTINGHAM Commordore International: FOUR TOPS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAP REGION
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: BENNY & THE JETS/THE DIRECTORS
OLD WARDEN Shuttleworth College: SCRATCH
OXFORD New Theatre: DR. FEELGOOD
PLYMOUTH Metro: MATUMBI
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: XTC
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: 999
POYNTON Folk Centre: MIKE ELLIOTT
PURFLEET Thames Rugby Club: FOGGY
READING Target Club: THE NO
READING University: SLADE
SALTBURN Spa Pavilion: THE REAL THING
SEAFORD Third World: SAMSON
SHEFFIELD City Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
SHEFFIELD Josephine's: MUSCLES (for three days)
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: MANICURED NOISE
SHEFFIELD University: WIRE
SHEPTON MALLET Centre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
STIRLING University: WRECKLESS ERIC/JONA LEWIE/RACHEL SWEET/LENE LOVICH/MICKEY JUPP
SWANSEA University: BUDGIE
WATFORD Carey Place: APOCALYPSE/HELIX
WEST BROMWICH The Bush : OCEAN BOULEVARD
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: JUDAS PRIEST

Friday

ABERYSTWYTH University: RADIO STARS
BARSNLEY Civic Hall: EASIE / BLUESY RUBY
BATLEY Crumpets: THE BISHOPS
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Festival Suite: ECLIPSE ROOTS / THE PREFECTS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: MIKE HARDING
BRADFORD University: LYNX
BRIGHTON hambra: NIGHTRIDER
BRISTOL Colston Hall: WISHBONE ASH
BRISTOL University: THE SMIRKS / C.P. LEE / JOHN DOWIE
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: YAKETY YAK
BURTON 76 Club: LITTLE ACRE
CAMBERLEY Raggamuffins: SOUL DIRECTION
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: MOTORHEAD / LIGHTNING RAIDERS
CHARHAM Central Hall: FOUR TOPS
DUBLIN Trinity College: BETHNAL
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: NEON HEARTS
DUNDEE Technical College: JENNY DARREN BAND
EASINGTON The Club: R.B.Q.
EDINBURGH Napier College: THE TOOLS
EDINBURGH Odeon: WHITESNAKE
EDINBURGH University: THE PLEASERS / SIMPLE MINDS
FELTHAM Rock Club: MATCHBOX
GALASHIELS The Talisman: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
GUILDFORD Surrey University: SLADE
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: PENETRATION
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
ILFORD Odeon: DR FEELGOOD
LANCASTER University: STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET
LEEDS Haddon Hall: ZHAIN
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: SALFORD JETS
LEICESTER University: 999
LIVERPOOL Eric's: YACHTS
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THE RICH KIDS
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: PINPOINT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JAB-JAB / LIVE WIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SUPERCHARGE / 29th AND DEARBORN
LONDON CAMDEN Queen Elizabeth College: BOUNCER
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: RAMROD
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: SORE THROAT / THE RESISTANCE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SOFT BOYS / LUXOUND DELUXE
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: NOBODY'S BUSINESS
LONDON GUILDHALL School of Music & Drama: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JUDAS PRIEST
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: BROWN SUGAR
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: CGASS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET / FUN
LONDON LEICESTER-Sq. Notre Dame Hall: WHIRLWIND (free lunchtime gigs, noon to 2pm, until next Wednesday)
LONDON Marquee Club: THE MOVIES
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: SHAKE BEFORE USE
LONDON Palladium: SAMMY DAVIS / BUDDY RICH BAND (for a week)
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STRAND King's College: RUMBLESTRIPS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ABBRAKA
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: YES
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: HOUNDOG
LONDON W10. Aclkam Hall: THE NIGHT / PAM NESTOR
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: BUZZCOCKS
MANCHESTER The Factory: THE EDGE
MANCHESTER Mayflower: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
MANCHESTER Royal Northern College of Music: MIKE GIBBS BAND
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: RICHARD DIGANCE
MANSFIELD Great Northern Hotel: THE VYE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: WIRE / MANICURED NOISE
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE REAL THING
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: CADO BELLE / SANDY & THE BACKLINE
NEWPORT The Village: THE LURKERS
NEWTON ABBOT Seale Hayne College: LANDSCAPE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
OAKENGATES Town Hall: FLINTLOCK
OXFORD Caribbean Sunshine Club: MISTY
OXFORD New Theatre: LEO SAYER
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: LEFT HAND DRIVE
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: ALAN FREEMAN / BLUE MAX / STORMER
READING Merry Maidens: TOKYO
RUGBY The Woolpack: DAWNWEAVER
SALFORD University: THE PIRATES
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: CIMARONS
SHEFFIELD K.G.B. Club: REVELATION
SOUTHEND High School for Girls: FOGGY
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: CHEAP FLIGHTS
STEVENAGE The Swan: ZAINE GRIFF
STOKE north Staffs Polytechnic: ROY HILL BAND
STOKE Victoria Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: RUTH DAVIES / LOZ KINGSLEY
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
WALSALL West Midlands College: BENNY & THE JETS
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: SCENE STEALER
WESTON-SUPER-MARE 49 Club: HOT VULTURES
WOBURN SANDS Fulbrook Youth Club: SCRATCH
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: JOHN OTWAY BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: MALCOLM STENT
YORK Revolution Club: SAMUEL GOODNIGHT & THE PASSENGERS / AGONY COLUMN

Saturday

ABERDEEN University: SANDY & THE BACKLINE
ALDEBURGH: The Maltings: MARY O'HARA
ATHERTON: Briar Cross Youth Club: THE ACCELERATORS
AYLESBURY Friars: STEVE HACKETT
BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
BATH University: FABOLOUS POODLES
BATLEY Crumpets: SPLIT ENZ
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CGAS5
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: THE TANNAHILL WEAVERS
BIRMINGHAM Pye Hayes Park: KILLER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM University: RADIO STARS
BLACKPOOL Norbeck Castle: BENNY & THE JETS
BRADFORD Universitv: SLADE
BRIGHTON Hove The Adur: STAA MARX
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Granary: HI-FI
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: QUASAR
CAMBRIDGE University: THE SOFT BOYS
CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
CINDERFORD Causeway Club: SOUL DIRECTION
COLCHESTER Essex University: XTC
CORK Arcadia: BETHNAL
COVENTRY Warwick University: ANNETTE PEACOCK
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: BILLY J. KRAMER & THE DAKOTAS
CROYDON Red Deer: SUCKER
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
DERBY Kings Hall: BUZZCOCKS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: FOUR TOPS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: JENNY DARREN BAND
FIFE Kinsey Nook: SIMPLE MINDS
FIFE St Andrew's University: THE ADVERTS
GOSPORT John Peel: THE EXECUTIVES
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: JOHN OTWAY BAND
HARROGATE Royal Hall: THE YETTIES
HEREFORD Woolpeckers Club: THE ROTAVATORS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: WIRE / MANICURED NOISE
HULL University: BUDGIE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BILLIE JO SPEARS / LLOYD GREEN / VERNON OXFORD / RONNIE PROPHET
KIRKBY Malseard Hall: ZHAIN
LEEDS Cherry Tree: RED EYE
LEEDS Guildford Hotel: SNOOTS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT BAND
LEEDS University: WISHBONE ASH
LEICESTER Polytechnic: REDBRASS
LEICESTER University: STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: PENETRATION
LLANDUDNO Astra Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: OUT OF THE BLUE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NOBODY'S BUSINESS / THE LEOPARDS
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE BISHOPS / TRIBESMAN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: RAMROD
LONDON CHELSEA College: BLACK SLATE / PANTIES
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: CHEAP FLIGHTS / NOBODY'S BUSINESS
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: DR FEELGOOD
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON ISLEWORTH West London Institute: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SORE THROAT / THE STICKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: SMARTIES
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REDNITE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: "THE GRATEFUL DEAD" (film)
LONDON School of Economics: THE SMIRKS / C.P. LEE / JOHN DOWIE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL SMITH
LONDON University: THE ONLY ONES / BLAST FURNACE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ABBRAKA
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: THE NIGHT
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: YES

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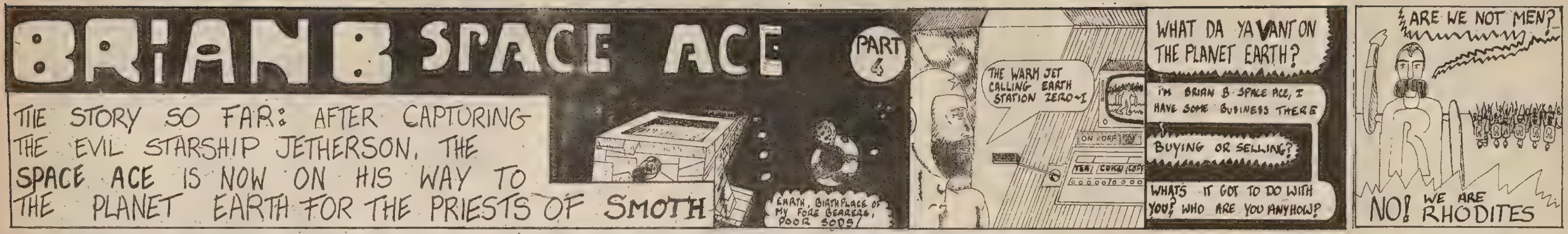

BRIAN B SPACE ACE
PART 4
THE STORY SO FAR: AFTER CAPTURING THE EVIL STARSHIP JETHERSON, THE SPACE ACE IS NOW ON HIS WAY TO THE PLANET EARTH FOR THE PRIESTS OF SMOTH
EARTH, BIRTHPLACE OF MY FORE BEARERS, POOR SODS!
THE WARM JET CALLING EARTH STATION ZERO-1
ON / OFF
TEA / COKE / COF
WHAT DA YA VANT ON THE PLANET EARTH?
I'M BRIAN B SPACE ACE, I HAVE SOME BUSINESS THERE
BUYING OR SELLING?
WHATS IT GOT TO DO WITH YOU? WHO ARE YOU ANYHOW?
ARE WE NOT MEN?
NO! WE ARE RHODITES

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 **01-437 6603**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 26th Oct (Adm 85p) **THE INTELLECTUALS** Plus Support and Ian Fleming	Mon 30th Oct (Adm £1.00) **THE SMIRKS** Plus Support and Jerry Floyd
Fri 27th Oct (Adm £1.25) **THE MOVIES** Plus friends and Ian Fleming	Tues 31st Oct (Adm £1.00) **ZAINE GRIFF** Plus Support and Joe Lung
Sat 28th Oct (Adm £1.00) **BLAZER BLAZER** Plus Support and Ian Fleming	Wed 1st Nov (Adm 85p) **THE SKIDS** Plus Support and Ian Fleming
Sun 29th Oct (Adm 85p) **THE YACHTS** Plus guests and Mandy H	Thurs 2nd Nov (Adm £1.00) **TOURISTS** Plus Support and Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS & OTHER HOT & COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday November 26th £1.00
SUPERCHARGE + Support

Friday October 27th 75p
THE STARJETS + Fun

Saturday October 28th £1.00
SORE THROAT + The Stickers

Sunday October 29th 75p
THE BRAKES + Ray Morgan Quartet

Monday October 30th 75p
JOE JACKSON + C GAS 5

Tuesday October 31st 85p
DOLL BY DOLL + Red

Thursday November 2nd £1.00
THE YACHTS (Live recording)

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

PENETRATION

BLACK SLATE

FUSION

ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1
SUNDAY 29TH OCTOBER AT 5·30

ADMISSION £2.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE: TEL: 267 2564; OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL: 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

Rainbow

OUTLAW CONCERTS
PRESENT

DILLINGER

Saturday 25th November 7·30p.m.

TAPPER ZUKIE

Saturday 16th December 7·30p.m.

Tickets £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50
From Box Office, London Theatre Booking,
Premier Box Office

THE MAYFLOWER CLUB

1/3 BIRCH STREET, OFF HYDE ROAD
MANCHESTER

Friday Oct 27th
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
(Ex Motors)
+ Support

Saturday Oct 28th
LURKERS
+ Special Guests Skrewdriver

Sunday Oct 29th
RADIO STARS
+ Reaction

Friday Nov 3rd
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ Fischer Z

Saturday Nov 4th
RACING CARS
+ Axe

Sunday Nov 5th
REAL THING
+ Support

Thursday Nov 9th
IAN GILLAN BAND
+ Support

Saturday Nov 11th
GLORIA MUNDI
+ Support

Friday Nov 17th
PURE HELL
(From America — the world's first all black punk band)
+ Support

Saturday Nov 18th
JAPAN
+ Support

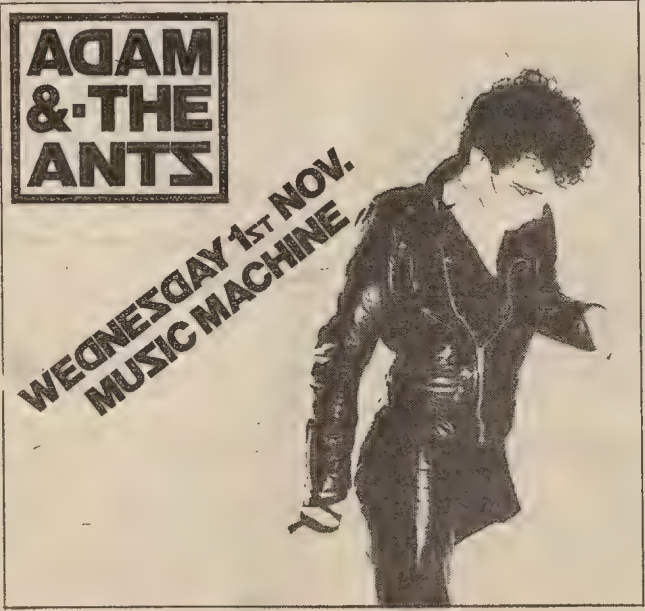
Sunday Nov 19th
MERGER
+ Support

Friday Nov 24th
SNIPS
+ Support

Tickets available from Virgin Records, tel 061 236 4801, Piccadilly Records, tel 061 236 2555 or from club
Futher enquiries ring 061-624 1174

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Oct 26th 75p **FISCHER Z**	Monday Oct 30th £1.00 **MATCHBOX**
Friday Oct 27th 75p **JUICE ON THE LOOSE**	Tuesday Oct 31st 50p **JOE JACKSON**
Saturday Oct 28th £1.20 *Benefit for Albany Empire Fire fund* ***MERGER***	Wednesday Nov 1st 75p **LEW LEWIS BAND**
Sunday Oct 29th £1.00 **KAHN'S VILLAINS**	Thursday Nov 2nd £1.00 **JOHNNY CURIOUS**



THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981

Friday October 27th
THE EDGE

Saturday October 28th
TOMMY HUNT

GET IT LIVE! SUNDAYS AT THE LYCEUM

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
MATUMBI
+Quatz +The Vipers +Holding Strong
Sunday 29th October £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangement with Albion Management present
999 + CHELSEA
+John Cooper Clarke +Razar +Salford Jets
Sunday 5th November £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith by arrangement with Stiff present
THE BE STIFF TOUR 1978
WRECKLESS ERIC MICKEY JUPP JONA LEWIE RACHEL SWEET LENE LOVICH
& GUESTS TO BE ANNOUNCED
Sunday 19th November £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)

Doors open 7.15pm

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES,
LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

Thursday, October 26th Free
Young Bucks
Friday, Oct 27th 50p
MONOS
Saturday, Oct 28th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday, Oct. 29th Free
Vipers
Monday, Oct. 30th Free
Electrotunes
Tuesday, Oct. 31st Free
Tennis Shoes
Wednesday, Nov. 1st Free
Salford Jets

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100 CLUB
**100 Oxford St.,
London West One**

★ *The Reggae Centre,* ★

Thursday October 26th
REVELATION
featuring three lovely girl singers + support

Tuesday October 31st
WEAPON OF PEACE
+ support

7.30pm - 1am
Late bars food

CAPITAL RADIO 194
by arrangement with M.A.M.
present

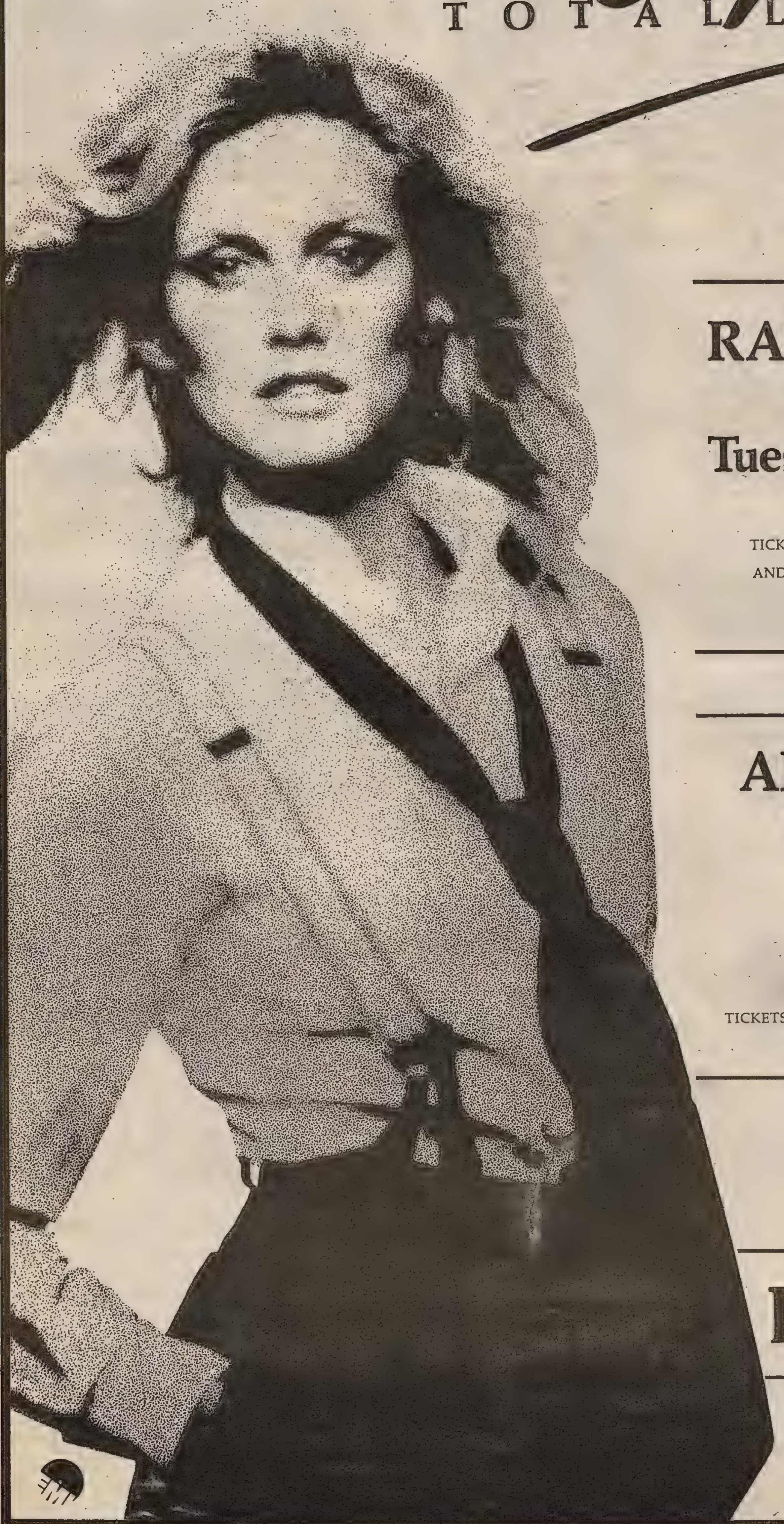
SUZI QUATRO
SHOOTER

on Thursday 2nd November 1978
at 7.30 p.m.
ODEON, HAMMERSMITH.

Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 available from Box Office Tel: 01-748 4081 and usual agents.

MAM introduces Genesis Guitarist
STEVE HACKETT
and his band in concert
MONDAY 30th OCTOBER at 8.00 pm
**ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Tel: 01-748 4081**

Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00.



Harvey Goldsmith presents

OLIVIA

TOTALLY HOT

in Concert at

RAINBOW THEATRE
LONDON
Tues 28th & Wed 29th Nov
at 8p.m.

TICKETS £6, £5, £4 AND £3 FROM THE RAINBOW BOX OFFICE,
FINSBURY PARK, N.4 01-263 3148
AND THE HARVEY GOLDSMITH BOX OFFICE AT CHAPPELLS.
50 NEW BOND STREET, W.1 01-629 3453
(20p Booking Fee)

APOLLO THEATRE
MANCHESTER
Thurs 30th Nov
& Fri 1st Dec
at 7.30p.m.

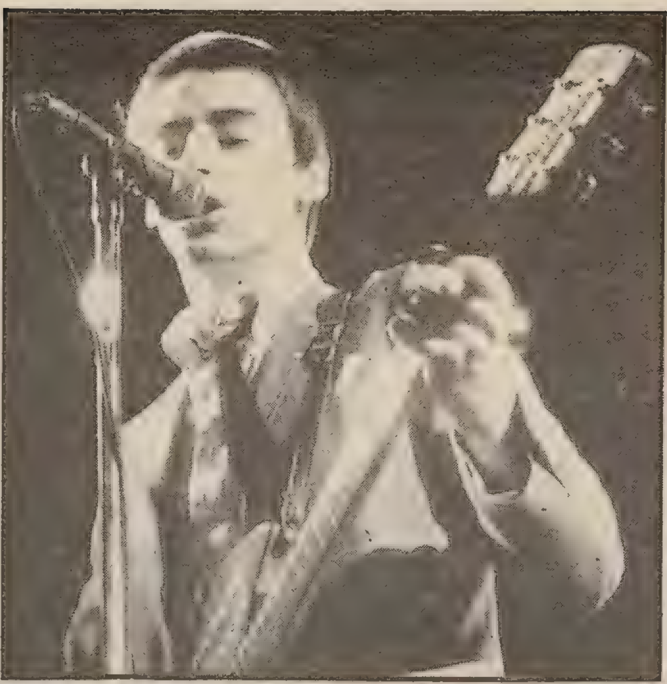
TICKETS £5, £4, £3 AND £2 FROM THE APOLLO THEATRE BOX OFFICE,
ARDWICK GREEN, MANCHESTER 061-273-1112

Plus Special Guest

LABI SIFFRE

SHAM 69 are headlining a major autumn tour, tied in with the release this weekend of their new album "That's Life". Their shows, the first of which is in Edinburgh next Wednesday, are billed as "Guy Fawkes Memory"; though we're not sure why! Pictured is Jimmy Pursey.

● AC/DC play Liverpool (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday), as the first gigs in their autumn tour promoting their new LP "If You Want Blood You've Got It".



THE JAM are playing 20 major dates in November in their "Apocalypse Tour '78", opening in Liverpool next Wednesday. Supporting Paul Weller (above) and the band, who'll be promoting their new album "All Mod Cons", are U.S. outfit The Dickies and Patrik Fitzgerald.

● PENETRATION also hit the road this week, setting out at Huddersfield (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), London (Sunday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Newport (Wednesday).

YES return to the British concert platform this weekend, appropriately times to coincide with the chart success of their album "Tormato". They're at London's Wembley Arena on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with an extra matinee on the last day. Pictured: Steve Howe.

● CLIFF RICHARD is last but not least of the 12 big names beginning tours during the period of this Gig Guide. He starts his nationwide jaunt in Southampton on Wednesday.

GIG GUIDE

LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: JAB-JAB / AGNES STRANGE
LUTON Kingsway: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: JACK JONES
MANCHESTER Mayflower: THE LURKERS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: MATUMBI
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: THE RICH KIDS
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: THE EDGE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MOTORHEAD
NEWCASTLE University: CIMARONS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: WILKO JOHNSTON'S SOLID SENDERS
NORTHAMPTON Nene College: AFTER THE FIRE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: ERIC BELL BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: R.B.Q.
NOTTINGHAM University: THIRD WORLD
NUNEATON 77 Club: DAWNWEAVER
OXFORD New Theatre: LEO SAYER
OXFORD Orange & Lemons: THE V.I.P.'s
OXFORD University: SCRATCH
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: THE HAWKLORDS
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: SUZI QUATRO
PONTEFRACT Kingsley Farmers: STRANGE DAYS
SHEFFIELD Broadfield Hotel: THOMPSON TWINS
SHEFFIELD University: THE PIRATES
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: BOOMTOWN RATS
SNODLAND The Bull: SAMSON
ST. IVES Curlews: THE FANS
SUTTON COLDFIELD Boldmere: CRYER
WALSALL Town Hall: THE REAL THING
WATFORD Red Lion: BRAVE STRANGERS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: OCEAN BOULEVARD
WEYBRIDGE College of Food: STARJETS / SQUIRE
WEYMOUTH College: SCENE STEALER
WHITEHAVEN Calder Club: TOUCH OF CLASS
WHITEHAVEN St Mary's Club: VINTAGE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
WRITTLE Agriculture College: THE LATE SHOW
YORK Revolution Club: SPEED-O-METORS
YORK University: MIKE GIBBS BAND

Sunday

BELFAST Queen's University: WRECKLESS ERIC / LENE LOVICH / RACHEL SWEET / JONA LEWIE / MICKEY JUPP
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: THE DOOLEYS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Old Maltings: TRACKS (lunchtime)/SOCIETY RHYTHM ORCHESTRA (evening)
BLACKWOOD (Gwent) Ynysddu Hotel: HOT VULTURES
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE AUTOMATICS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BRIGHTON Hove The Adur: STAA MARX
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
BRISTOL Locarno: STEEL PULSE/CHINA STREET
BURNLEY Bankhall Institute: ZHAIN
COVENTRY The Climax: STREET LIFE
COVENTRY Theatre: BUZZCOCKS
CREWE Grand Junction Hotel: ANY TROUBLE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: FOUR TOPS
CROYDON Greyhound: THE DOOMED
DAGENHAM The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
DERBY Assembley Rooms: SLADE
DERBY Playhouse Theatre: THE YETTIES
DONCASTER White Hart Hotel: SPOOKEY
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: THE ADVERTS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: WHITESNAKE
GLASGOW Doune Castle: SIMPLE MINDS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THIRD WORLD
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
HANLEY Victoria Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavillion: XTC
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: THE PIRATES / BLAST FURNACE
HITCHIN Talisman Hotel: FOGGY
LARGS Royal Hotel: UNDERHAND JONES
LEEDS Gaiety Showbar: THE CRUISERS
LEEDS Staging Post: CRYER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: AGONY COLUMN
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LIVERPOOL Sportsman: 29th & DEARBORN
LIVERPOOL Wallasey The Dale: KILLERWATT
LLANTWIT MAJOR Atlatnic College: LANDSCAPE
LOCHMABEN Balcastle Hotel: JENNY DARREN BAND
LONDON ACTON The Windmill: BRAVE STRANGERS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MERGER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON Chalk Farm Roundhouse: PENETRATION/BLACK SLATE / FUSION
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE STICKERS
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: LEO SAYER
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DR FEELGOOD
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BRAKES/RAY MORGAN QUARTET
LONDON Marquee Club: YACHTS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: MATUMBI
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: MRS. SPINKS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LUTON Cotters: SPRING OFFENSIVE
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: SUZI QUATRO
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: RADIO STARS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MOTORHEAD
NEWCASTLE University: MIKE GIBBS BIG BAND
NORWICH Theatre Royal: BILLIE JO SPEARS / LLOYD GREEN / VERNON OXFORD / RONNIE PROPHET
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SPOONFULL
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NUNEATON Trocadero Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OXFORD College of Further Education: JOHN OTWAY BAND
POOLE Wessex Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
POYNTON Folk Centre: STEFAN GROSSMAN / SAM MITCHELL / HUGHES BROS.
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: BUDGIE
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: THE CURE
ROMFORD Albermarle Club: MENACE
SALFORD Willows Leisure Centre: THE REAL THING
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: RICHARD DIGANCE
SLOUGH Fulcrum Centre: JACK JONES
WALSALL Dirty Duck (lunchtime): THE AMAZING DARK HORSE

Monday

BATH University: BETHNAL
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: MIKE GIBBS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Crown & Cushion: OCEAN BOULEVARD
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FEY RAY
BLACKBURN Bailey's: CO-CO (for a week)
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: WISHBONE ASH
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: SALFORD JETS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BUZZCOCKS
CAMBRIDGE Kelsey Kerridge Hall: FOUR TOPS
CANTERBURY Kent Univeristy: 999
CARDIFF University: HOT VULTURES
CASTLEFORD Roundhill Club: ZHAIN
CROYDON Red Deer: NIGHTRIDER
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CHELSEA
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THIRD WORLD
EXETER Routes: THE MOVIES
GLASGOW Doune Castle: UNDERHAND JONES
HARROGATE Royal Hall: JASPER CARROTT
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: RADIO STARS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: AC/DC
LIVERPOOL Kirklands: THE STOPOUTS/CUDDLY TOYS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: THE EDDY
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: WHITEFIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: EMBRYO/BURN-/TOP MARX
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SLADE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: HUMPHREY LYTTELTON/WILD BILL DAVIDSON/LONDON JAZZ BIG BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE LOOK
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon: STEVE HACKETT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MATCHBOX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ERIC BELL BAND/CGAS5
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SMIRKS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: ECHO MOUNTAIN BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ELECTROTUNES
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: SANTANA
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MARK GAUMONT/LAURA LOGIC
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JERRY THE FERRET
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: BUDGIE
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: THE FALL/RODENT ENTERPRISES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SIOUXSIE + THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: SABREJETS
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: BACK DOOR MAN
NEWPORTStowaway Club: JOHN OTWAY BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PARTY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: THE ONLY ONES
OXFORD Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET
PETERBOROGH ABC Theatre: BILLIE JO SPEARS / LLOYD GREEN / VERNON OXFORD / RONNIE PROPHET
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: WAYNE COUNTY + THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
RAYLIEGH Crocks: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SUZI QUATRO
SHEFFIELD University: THOMPSON TWINS
SWANSEA Circles Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE

Tuesday

BELFAST Polytechnic: ASWAD
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: THE SMIRKS / C. P. LEE / JOHN DOWIE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: PENETRATION
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: KILLER
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BUDGIE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPEED LIMIT
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: HOWARD LIKE
BOLTON Bus Inn: GENOCIDES
BRIGHTON Dome: JUDAS PRIEST
CANTERBURY Odeon: RADIO STARS
CARDIFF College: SCENE STEALER
CARDIFF Top Rank: XTC
CHEPSTOW George Hotel: HOT VULTURES
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: JOHNNIE RAY
CREWE Grand Junction Hotel: THE EDDY
DERBY Assembly Rooms: GORDON GILTRAP
DERBY Lonsdale College: STRANGE DAYS
EDINBURGH Odeon: AC/DC
EXETER University: STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET
HANLEY Cauldon College: JOHN OTWAY BAND
HITCHIN Red Hart: QUASAR
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: CHELSEA
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: WISHBONE ASH
LIVERPOOL The Masonic: FUN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE RADIATORS / STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SLADE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SALFORD JETS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: MIKE GIBBS ORCHESTRA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPLIT RIVVIT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON Marquee Club: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SUCKER
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: SANTANA
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: U.K. SUBS / NECROMATS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: THE YOUNG BUCKS
MALVERN Winter Gardens: MARY O'HARA
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: MANCHESTER MEKON / CREATION / ALIEN TINT
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ISAAC HAYES. REVUE with EDWIN STARR
MANSFIELD Eight Bells: WITCHFYNDE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LEO SAYER
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: THE 45's
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: BLACK DIAMOND
OLDHAM Civic Hall: SUZI QUATRO
PENZANCE The Garden: WAYNE COUNTY + THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE MOTORS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BUZZCOCKS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: DAWNWEAVER
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SIOUXSIE + THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
SHEFFIELD University: THIRD WORLD

Wednesday

BATH Fernley Hotel: WORKING CLASS HEROES
BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: BILLIE JO SPEARS / LLOYD GREEN / VERNON OXFORD / RONNIE PROPHET
BELFAST The Pound: ASWAD
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: ZHAIN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: MOTORHEAD
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD University: DIRE STRAITS
BRIGHTON Dome: WHITESNAKE
BRIGHTON Top Rank: BUDGIE
CARDIFF Top Rank: STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
COLERAINE Ulster University: THE ADVERTS
COVENTRY Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
CREWE Madeley College: SOUL DIRECTION
EDINBURGH Odeon: SHAM 69
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: LEO SAYER
EXETER Routes: WAYNE COUNTY + THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
FIFE St. Andrew's University: GILLAN
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: AC/DC
GLOSSOP The Trap: THE EDDY
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: WRECKLESS ERIC/ JONA LEWIE/LENE LOVICH/RACHEL SWEET/ MICKEY JUPP
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE SMIRKS / C. P. LEE / JOHN DOWIE
KEELE University: RADIO STARS
LANCASTER University: SIOUXSIE + THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
LEEDS University: THIRD WORLD
LEEDS Victoria Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
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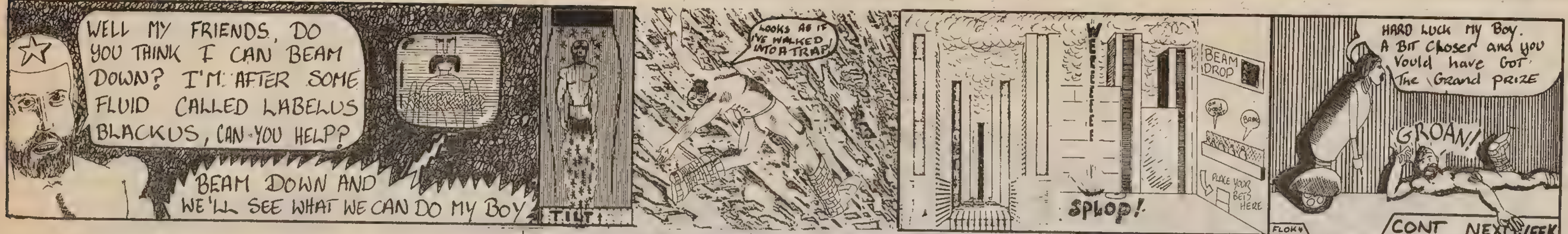
LIVERPOOL The Masonic: THE GERMS
LIVERPOOL Mountford Hall: XTC
LONDON ACTON White Hart: EATER / IMPRINTS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: OK
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: BRAVADO
LONDON CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: DOG WATCH
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: INTERVIEW
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE HAWKLORDS
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SALFORD JETS
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR (for three days)
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: SANTANA
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE PASSIONS / PINK PARTS
LONDON WC1 Collegiate Theatre: ANDY DESMOND / THE ACTORS
MANCHESTER Blighty's: DESMOND DEKKER (for four days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: PRESSURE SHOCKS (for four days)
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: JUNCO PARTNERS
NEWCASTLEHeaton Buffs Club: DEEP FREEZE / WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE Manor Park School: SPEED
NEW MILLS Town Hall: JEVUTSHTA / EYSLOM / APPLE TREE LANE / TOUCH OF CLASS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: PENETRATION
NORTHAMPTON Salon Ballroom: THE REAL THING
NORWICH Boogie House: JOHN OTWAY BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
POOLE Arts Centre: FOUR TOPS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: JUDAS PRIEST
PRESTON Jago's Club: GENOCIDES
READING Bones Club: THE ONLY ONES
READING University: AFTER THE FIRE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: CLIFF RICHARD
SOUTHAMPTON University: FABULOUS POODLES
TORQUAY 400 Club: THE LURKERS
TREFOREST Polytechnic of Wales: THE PIRATES / BLAST FURNACE
WARRINGTON Wilderspool Leisure Centre: SLADE
YORK Pop Club: 999


WELL MY FRIENDS, DO YOU THINK I CAN BEAM DOWN? I'M AFTER SOME FLUID CALLED LABELUS BLACKUS, CAN YOU HELP?
BEAM DOWN AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO MY BOY
TILT
LOOKS AS IF I'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP
BEAM DROP
PLACE YOUR BETS HERE
SPLOP!
HARD LUCK MY BOY. A BIT CLOSER AND YOU WOULD HAVE GOT THE GRAND PRIZE
GROAN!
FLOKY
CONT NEXT WEEK

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Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight

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Wednesday October 25th £1.50
ASWAD
+ King Sounds

Thursday October 26th £1.50
Last ever concert by
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
+ Cabaret Voltaire

Friday October 27th £2.00
SUPERCHARGE
+ 29th & Dearborn

Tuesday October 31st £1.00
IMMIGRANT
+ Magnets
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday November 1st £1.50
ADAM AND THE ANTS
+ The Members

Saturday October 28th £2.00
RAMROD
(Ex S.A.L.T. Rory Gallagher)
+ BOMBSHELL

Monday October 30th
SLADE
+ Nick Van Eade
Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

LICENSED BARS – LIVE MUSIC – DANCING
8PM – 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

(BARRY CLARKE) WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORD WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS

CITY HALL, ST ALBANS

Friday, Nov 3rd, 8.30 pm — 1 am
Late Late Rock Show IX

BUDGIE
+ special guests STRIFE
+ Force
Bar until 12.30 am
MARY JANE DISCO BAR FOOD
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St Albans. Tel. 64511 or on door
Sat. Dec 2nd IAN GILLAN BAND

QUEENSWAY (CIVIC) HALL, DUNSTABLE

Monday, October 30th, at 7.30 pm
Sin After Sin
JUDAS PRIEST
+ ★ Lea Hart ★

Sunday, November 5th at 7.30 pm
Sultans of swing
DIRE STRAITS
+ Lee Fardon's Legionaires

BAR FOOD
Advance tickets from Box Office, Tel 603326, F.L. Moore Records, Dunstable and Luton, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, Record Room, St. Albans, or available on door

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Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangements with Stiff present

The Be Stiff Tour 1978

WRECKLESS ERIC
MICKEY JUPP
JONA LEWIE
RACHEL SWEET
LENE LOVICH
& Guests to be announced

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
Wednesday November 1st

Tickets £1.75 from Pavilion Box Office, The Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead.
Tel Hemel Hempstead (0442) 64451.
Doors open 7 p.m., show starts 7.30.

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
Re-Opened at
THE GROVE TAVERN
Washington Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey
presents

BRAVADO

Thursday October 26th.
Doors open 7.30 pm.
Admission £1.00. — Members 85p

CRYPTIC ONE CLUB

BISHOPS BRIDGE ROAD, PADDINGTON
Friday October 27th, 8.30 pm. £1.50

RAPED
NIPPLE ERECTORS
+ RUDI + MUVVERS PRIDE

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday October 26th 30p
ZAINE GRIFF

Friday October 27th 50p
RAMROD JAM
(Featuring Little Stevie Smith, Etc.)

Saturday October 28th 50p
CHAMPION

Sunday October 29th 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday October 30th 30p
YOUNG BUCKS

Tuesday October 31st
SALFORD JETS

Wednesday November 1st 30p
BRAVADO

We've got "A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" Live Album, have you?

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST., SW1

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London's Leading Music Club

FOOD, DRINK, LIVE BANDS till 3.00 am

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR
November 1, 2 and 3 **£3.50** 2 shows per night

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November 9 1 show
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November 12 1 show
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TODD RUNDGREN
December 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21 **£3.50** 2 shows per night
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DOORS OPEN 7.00 and 11.30 Sundays 7.00 (one show only)

ARTISTS ON STAGE 8.30 pm and 12.30 am

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WEMBLEY ARENA

MEL BUSH PRESENTS

The Great British Music Festival

LONDON

WED 29th Nov

The JAM
Generation X
THE PIRATES
BERNIE TORMÉ
PATRIK FITZGERALD
SPECIAL GUESTS
SLADE

THURS 30th Nov

Lindisfarne
FRANKIE MILLER'S
FULL HOUSE
CHRIS REA
BANDIT
MIKE ELLIOTT
SPECIAL GUEST
JOHN MILES

SAT 2nd Dec

DAVID ESSEX
RICH KIDS
THE MOVIES
NICK van EEDE
SPECIAL GUESTS
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BOX OFFICE OPENS WED NOV 1st

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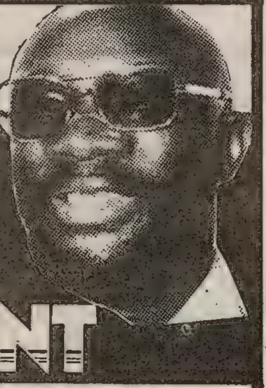
EACH DAY

COMPERES
NICKY HORNE ROGER SCOTT
MIKE SMITH

DOORS OPEN 4·00pm, ALL SHOWS COMMENCE 5.00pm.

Peter Grainey Graphics, Bournemouth



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ISAAC HAYES MOVEMENT

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AND HIS SPECIAL GUEST
EDWIN STARR
AND FEATURING ISAAC'S INSPIRING VOCALISTS
HOT BUTTERED SOUL SINGERS
HEAR THE MAN PLAY HIS THEME FROM "SHAFT"
HOT BUTTERED SOUL . . . CHOCOLATE CHIP . . . JUICY FRUIT . . .

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER. TUESDAY OCTOBER 31st 6.30pm & 9.00pm. Tickets: £5, £4, £3, £2. Available from Box Office. Tel. (061) 834 0943.
CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE. THURSDAY NOVEMBER 2nd at 9.00pm. Tickets: £4.00 on the night, £3.50 in advance. Available from Box Office. Tel. (0582) 600474.
TIFFANY'S, BLACKPOOL. FRIDAY NOVEMBER 3rd at 10.00pm. Tickets £4.00 on the night, £3.50 in advance. Available from Box Office. Tel. (0253) 21572.
EMPIRE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL. SATURDAY NOVEMBER 4th at 6.30pm & 9.00pm. Tickets: £5, £4, £3, £2. Available from Box Office. Tel. (051) 709 1555.
ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM. SUNDAY NOVEMBER 5th at 6.00pm & 8.45pm. Tickets: £5, £4, £3, £2. Available from Box Office. Tel. (021) 643 6101.
GUILDHALL, PORTSMOUTH. MONDAY NOVEMBER 6th at 6.45pm & 9.00pm. Tickets: £5, £4, £3, £2. Available from Box Office. Tel. (0705) 24355.
WESSEX HALL, POOLE ARTS CENTRE, POOLE. TUESDAY NOVEMBER 7th at 6.15pm & 8.45pm. Tickets: £5, £4, £3, £2. Available from Box Office. Tel. (02013) 85222.
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Thursday October 26th
GAFFA
Saturday October 28th
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BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.
KINGSTON LANE, UXBRIDGE, MIDDLESEX. Tel: 39125
Friday October 27th in the Kingdom Room
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ FISCHER Z
Advance Tickets £1.30, £1.50 on door

Wednesday November 1st in the Kingdom Room
THE LURKERS
+ Support
Tickets £1.00 in advance and on door
Friday Nov. 3rd: STEEL PULSE
Tickets available from Social Secretary and City Electronics
Nearest tube Uxbridge Buses 204, 207, 223, 224

SUSSEX UNIVERSITY S.U.
S.A.C. PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH BEST (INCO) LTD
Monday October 30th
Radio Stars
+ Support
Disco Bar Lights Food Stalls
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FALMER, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX
Tickets £1.30 in advance from Virgin Records, £1.50 on door
S.U. only

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29th
(Tickets available at the door)
OO THE
DAMNED
+ THE SNIVELLING SHITS
+ D.J. GRAHAM FOX
SAT., NOV. 5th: THE LURKERS + Night

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
Calderwood Street, Woolwich, S.E.18
Saturday, October 28th
RACING CARS
+ THE CASUAL BAND
Licensed Bar Non Students welcome

·YACHTS
NASHVILLE · NOV 2
special live recording
captured for prosperity
· free badge ·
get there early!
·tickets £1 on door·

LIVE PAGE

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LAST BASTION! THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday November 1st
EATER
+ Imprints

D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Please come early!

LSE ENTS present

on Saturday October 28th
THE SM!RKS
+ C. P. Lee
at LSE Main Building
Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2
Tickets 80p advance from LSE Union shop, £1 at the door
Tubes — Holborn or Temple
Doors open 8 pm

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
THE ONLY ONES
PATRIK FITZGERALD
BLAST FURNACE & THE ....S
THE ETHOS TRAPP
AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION, MALET ST W.C.1
7.30 P.M. SATURDAY OCTOBER 28TH
TICKETS £1.50 ON THE NIGHT OR IN ADVANCE FROM
SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

MICHAEL KRAMER
presents
SPLIT RIVITT

Tues. Oct. 31 £1.
Halloween at the ROCK GARDEN

Sat. Nov. 4
MOONLIGHT CLUB WEST HAMPSTEAD

Mon. Nov. 13
DINGWALLS

Sat. Nov. 18
TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE Bishops Stortford

Tues. Nov. 21
MUSIC MACHINE

Party up North at
REVOLUTION, YORK
Nov. 29

NORBRECK CASTLE BLACKPOOL
Nov. 30

BOOGIE HOUSE NORWICH
Fri. Dec. 1

FURTHER INFO CALL
01-729 2666 OFFICE

FRIARS | AT THE MAXWELL HALL **AYLESBURY**

Saturday October 28th at 7.30 pm
Shadow of the Hierophant
STEVE HACKETT
(Steve Hackett, John Hackett, Dik Cadbury, Nick Magnus,
John Shearer, Peter Hicks)
AC Sound & Vision

Tickets 199p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion Records High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable and Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Discovery Records Stratford upon Avon or 199p at door on night. Life membership 25p.

Steve Hackett's first Aylesbury appearance since the last historic Friars Aylesbury appearance of Genesis on September 2nd 1972. Icasus ascending

---

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BOURNEMOUTH
GLEN FERN ROAD
Tel: 0202 26636

Thursday October 26th
Raw Deal
+ Dreamwaver
+ Rock Disco

Friday October 27th
Local Finals of
"Brazillian Blend"
"Grease" Dancing
Competition

Saturday October 28th
Capital Radio's
ADRIAN LOVE

Wednesday November 22nd
H.A.T. Promotions present
THE CLASH
+ Dead Boys
+ The Flys
Advance tickets available by post
(please enclose s.a.e.)

Tuesday December 12th
Adrian Hopkins present
LINDISFARNE
+ Chris Rea
£2.50

Music *Bars* *Food*
8 p.m.—1 a.m.

SCANDAL
shouldn't be allowed
at the Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet
Saturday, October 28th

ESSEX S.U. ENTS PRESENTS
X T C
+ THE PUSH

Saturday October 28th in the
S.U. Dance Hall at 8.30 p.m.

Tickets £1.30 from S.U. & Parrot Records

Saturday Nov. 4th: MATUMBI

Enquiries: Colchester 63211

JAB-JAB
Booking enquiries
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Thurs 26th
NICOL + MARSH
+ Exzibitor £1

Fri 27th
C GAS 5
+ Support £1

Sat 28th
JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
+ Tiger Ashby £1

Sun 29th
STRAIGHT 8 50p

Mon 30th
THE IDOLS
+ Overseas 50p

Tues 31st
AUTOMATICS
+ Angelo Palladino £1

Wed 1st
YOUNG BUCKS
+ The Swim 50p

Live Music from 8.30pm till Midnight Westbourne Park Tube

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Opening rounds start soon in pubs all over the country – so there's sure to be one near you.

Phone and ask for an entry form and a list of participating pubs in your area;

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Enter now – this could be your lucky break!

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Please send me further details of The Pub Entertainer of the Year Contest.
I would like to participate in the following area:
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LONDON SOUTH-EAST ☐
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PENETRATION
ON TOUR

OCTOBER		
27	HUDDERSFIELD	Polytechnic
28	LIVERPOOL	Eric's (two shows)
29	LONDON	Roundhouse
31	BIRMINGHAM	Barbarella's
NOVEMBER		
1	NEWPORT	Stowaway
2	BRISTOL	Polytechnic
3	MANCHESTER	Factory
7	NUNEATON	77 Club
8	READING	Bones
9	PLYMOUTH	Metro
10	UXBRIDGE	Brunel
11	NORTHAMPTON	Cricket Club
12	CHELMSFORD	Chancellor Hall
15	YORK	Pop Club
16	LEEDS	Fan Club
17	SCARBOROUGH	Penthouse
18	DUDLEY	JBs
24	RETFORD	Porterhouse
25	LONDON	Thames Polytechnic

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First 15,000 on luminous vinyl. V2109
Don't miss their new single 'Life's A Gamble'. VS226

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THE EDGE

LONDON COLLEGE OF PRINTING
Elephant & Castle, SE1
THURSDAY NOV. 2nd at 8 pm
Tickets £1.00 on door or phone 01-735 6871

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FRI 27 JAB JAB
SAT 28
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
TUES 31 THE SOFT BOYS
WED 1 CHAS AND DAVE
BOOZE IS HALF PRICE BEFORE 10pm EXCEPT SUNDAYS

THE STICKERS

28th Oct	NASHVILLE
29th Oct	ROCK GARDEN
4th Nov	ROVERS RETURN
7th Nov	NASHVILLE
9th Nov	WINDSOR CASTLE
10th Nov	ST MARYS COLLEGE
11th Nov	CHELSEA ARTS

single out soon on reliable records

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Warehouse
DONMAR THEATRE
OCT 27 28 NOV 9,10,17,18,
20,29,30, DEC 6,7 ENDS
A play about rock music
Pete Atkins
A&R
'Pete Atkins playing is as enjoyable as his dialogue'
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POLY S.U.
Rotary St.,
S.E.1.

Friday October 27th
THE LATE SHOW
+ Disco
80p N.U.S. £1.60 OTHERS
Nearest tube: Elephant & Castle

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Chalk Farm Road, NW1
Monday, 30th October

EMBRYO
+ BURN
+ TOP MARX

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BOGNOR ROCK FOUND IN GREAT PYRAMID . . .?

Was Mrs. Aardvark An Astronaut?

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WINCHESTER: Riverside Inn
SAT/SUN 28/29 Oct.
HOVE: The Adur.

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Erich Van Diningkar told Cairo magistrates: I'd had five pints of Pharoah's Export Malty Keg in 'The Moses & Bullrush' and when I got back to the tomb, there was this pink aardvark looking at me. It was horrible". He was banned from driving chariots for 3,000 years.

PEPPERS, HIGH WYCOMBE
TOWN HALL
Sunday, October 29th at 7.30 pm

THE PIRATES

+ Blast Furnace and . . .

Tickets: £1.60 in advance, £1.90 on door.
Available from usual shops

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Sat 28 Atlantic College, St Donats, Llantwit Major, S Glam
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Mon 6 BBC TV
Thu 9 BBC TV
Fri 10 Durham University
Tue 14 Nashville Rooms, London
Wed 15 University College, London
Fri 24 Goldsmiths College, London
Sat 25 Royal Holloway College, Surrey
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184 Camden High Street.

Saturday October 28th
8.30 pm-2 am

THE BISHOPS

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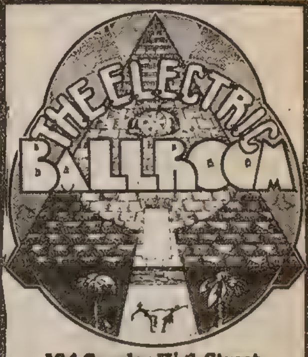

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BLAST!!!

THE BISHOPS' Dave Tice. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY.

BLAST. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

BOOMTOWN RAT Bob Geldof. Pic: CHRIS HORLER

Ain't no cure for the rhythm'n'blues

Boomtown Rats

Dundee

So what is it about these guys that has otherwise intelligent and perceptive people falling over themselves to lavish critical acclaim on their extremely average persons? I just don't see it.

Well, maybe I do see it — it's called Bob Geldof — but it's the uncritical acceptance of something that's not just shallow and juvenile but *intentionally* shallow and juvenile that I find slightly bewildering.

"Shamelessly plagiaristic", "calculatedly assinine", "accomplished manipulator", enthuses the *NME Book Of Modern Music.* That's what these guys have going *for* them? Talk about Irish . . .

OK, let's take the back-up boys first. Apart from the fact that they all look like schoolboys on the skive, their chief characteristic is that they are entirely characterless, odd clothing excepted. When the big G leaves the stage (only briefly of course) they suddenly stand exposed as being incredibly ordinary. Gerry Cott manages a couple of nice guitar breaks, but that's about the sum total of their postage stamp personality.

Not that it matters really — they're only there as extras for Bob Geldof's big scene.

As for Geldof himself, he's nothing more or less than the thinking man's John Otway. His act is unbelievably goofy. Like a marionette on speed, he's all silly jumps and windmilling arms. A sugar coated kiddies' version of Roger Chapman, it's a lot of fuss signifying absolutely nothing. I'm convinced it's only the novelty value of his being Irish that enables him to get away with it.

Coming on like the crazy big brother that everybody loves to love, it's no coincidence that so many of Geldof's fans are so young. He's the Santa Claus of rock'n'roll. All the tricks in the book from glitter ball to toy saxophone has the kiddies eating out of his hands. He's only got to look at his bare wrist and they all start to chant "Tick Tock". How long before Geldof takes over *Crackerjack?*

It's just as well Geldof's good natured rabble rousing occupies so much of the attention because underneath all the surface razzle dazzle there isn't really much to latch onto. Some easy to master choruses for the kindergarten crowd, and second rate, third hand r'n'b for the rest. The oldest songs and the singles are still their best songs, and only the slower numbers can muster any real power, though they definitely lack the impact of their vinyl counterparts.

So what will happen when all the hoo-hah dies away? there's very little of any originality here and precious little with any real depth to it. Just another showband after all.

All in all, it seemed entirely appropriate that this musical joke should be happening in the home town of the *Beano.* Strictly for the kids, young and old.

Ian Cranna

The Bishops

Nashville

The Bishops have always delivered, but I've never seen them play like this.

In a word, they were dynamite. From Zenon de Fleur's rhythm guitar and creditable Link Wray impersonation to Dave Tice's vocals it was an exhilerating celebration of Rock'n'Roll, pure and absolute.

And don't mistake them for revivalists — that path leads to the Big Snore — the spirit on show here transcended fashion, defied classification and revitalised familiar songs. They convinced me they'd written "Route 66" the night before.

Blitz Kreig and Skid Marx from Blast Furnace contributed guitar and harmonica respectively, on one or two occasions, and must have walked away proud men. There was only one song that seemed out of place: "Someone's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight".

They just don't *need* that kind of thrash-trash. But by the time they'd reached "I Want Candy" I was ready to forgive them anything. Buy the single and have a party.

Johnny Guitar and Zenon de Fleur swooped and soared like fighter planes leaving trails of steel-ribboned smoke in the air, while Pat McMullen's bass and Paul Balbi's drums fuelled the rhythm engine with pure nitroglycerine.

This band play with such locomotive power that Superman would stand aside and let them pass. "Train Train", "I Need You", "Reeling 'n' A Rockin", "Shake Your Money Maker" . . . but who really cares about individual titles?

How many bands have you seen recently getting five encores; every one a killer and every one deserved? No frames of reference. No comparisons. They stand alone.

If the thunder don't get you then The Bishops will.

Neil Norman

The Pirates

Leeds

The last time I saw the Pirates (Hull, late May), Mick Green was helped from the stage experiencing the full implications of free cosmetic surgery courtesy of an unidentified flying glass. He brought it on himself then, and to a certain extent, he always will.

The Pirates exploit every aggressive instinct in the book and — more so than their younger, less accomplished punk cousins — they will always threaten to pay the price for playing classic rock and roll so good it hurts.

This time the band took to the stage to a pre-recording of "Yo Ho Ho (And A Bottle Of Rum" (traditional), and quickly belted into the Johnny Kidd tune "Please Don't Touch" and "I Can Tell".

It looked to be a retake of the Nashville Rooms side of "Out Of Their Skulls", only they halted the sequence with a funky rendition of the Ray Sharp chestnut, "Linda Lou", this number epitomising The Pirates' formula of building rhythm suspense to interrupt themselves with a sudden and brutal unlocking of every trick in their R&B brief.

Johnny Spence then began his lietmotiv for the evening, which was loosely based around the concept of 'sweating'. We couldn't be having a good time unless we sweated: the sweatier it got, the more likelihood there was of us having a good time.

"We'll get you sweaty," promised Spence — and that's exactly what happened. Everybody sweated and had a good time together.

It had as much to do with the central heating as with the Pirates, but everyone was sweating so much, nobody was in any condition to realise it.

"Don't Munchen It" and "Gibson Martin Fender" followed. Apart from "Linda Lou", The Pirates hadn't yet ventured away from their first album. Were they trying to tell us something? And was the PA really *that* bad, or was it just Spence's mouth wrapped too far round the mike-head?

But then came "Four To The Bar" the "Skull Wars" number written when Green and Spence were "well pissed in a London pub". Green celebrated the number with soaring, slashing lead and broiling rhythms.

By this time though, the absolute supremacy of a band so obviously on top of the case got to be a little monotonous. Incredible but true. After a while, it becomes self-evident that every member is essentially the same, and that it's all too easy, second nature production line stuff for old virtuosi pushing 40.

The Pirates aren't challenging themselves any more, because they can't — they founded the frontier, and now there's no place to boldly go.

The Pirates shared the loot evenly and Spence got his pound of sweat. Their music is glorious, but essentially it's music to get canned to. From a critical point of view, there are no nadirs and no zeniths. What the Pirates have achieved is the modernisation of a number they knew a long, long time ago. What they do, they do better than anyone, but sometimes even even-keeled excellence can get boring.

"Johnny B. Goode", a suitably raucous first finale was followed by the ultimate "Lonesome Train", by which time there was a surfeit of sweat, onstage and off (which meant that everybody had had a good time).

It was all adequate proof that the Pirates are a treasure of exhilarating, stylised music, but they're marooned in a different time wrap. That's not a bad thing, but the message I got here was that they're the last band to be studied by the same reviewer more than once.

Emma Ruth

Blast Furnace And

Dingwalls

Less hear it one tahm, people, because as sho' as bears shit in the woods an' this ole world keeps turnin', somewhere somehow someone's a-gonna be laying' a mess of blues and someone's gonna be a-pickin' 'em up.

Blast Furnace racked up a royal flush down Dingwalls last night. Oh yeah, natch some wiseass is gonna creep outa the wainscot to point out that my heart is just an applecart waiting to be upset — aint there always one? — but I'd like to go into Granby Condensed *rite here and now* and say Blast Furnace is one helluva mutha, collectively speaking, people.

Kicking off for the new Sunday night R&B sessions, Blast are gonna be tuff to top for sheer gatling-gun gameness. "South Of The River" came thumping off the stand like a jackhammer handler in a hailstorm on the lip of Vesuvius.

They tore through their numbers — "I Hear Ya Knocking", "Keep On Dancing", "Can't Stop The Boy", "Mustang Sally", "Nutbush City Limits" — 'n' encored with an embolism-dissolving "Rip It Up".

The leader, suss sleek svelte snake-hipped space-barred wetsweating and yet somehow oh-so in his cool, sported the sunglasses bequeathed to him by his blind Mississippi mentor, the legendary and spectacular Big Dolland 'n' Aitchison, and worked his proverbial butt off.

Value! Skid Marks blew yowling harp like a cat dogged by a harphound on his trail, while the egregious Blitz Kreig slid slide guitar like Hutto's Hawks in a hailstorm with a jackhammer handler on the lip of Vesuvius.

If ya wanna hear a good honest British blues band that plumb dee-livers, Mrs. Glove's little boy is tipping Blast and the boys for win, show and place.

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I and I and I and

Merger
Doll By Doll
Pressure Shocks

The Roundhouse

A pleasant evening at London's Roundhouse. Not many people, so lotsa room for dancing. Ageing hippies, a scattering of punks, but only the occasional roots person in evidence.

Pressure Shocks are on first, a reggae group I haven't heard before. They're very good. They hit a nice, danceable yet relaxed groove with "I Lay Me Down" and keep it just so throughout the set. The songs are hard-hitting, political — "Blood Money", "Policeman", "CIA", "Fight For Your Rights". The last, a stirring, up-tempo number, was messed up by an ill-judged attempt to elicit audience participation.

Good, tough rhythms, sensuous harmonies, lovely delicate lead guitar. Definitely a group to see again.

I've already raved about Doll By Doll in these pages so I'll just say they're still an exciting and imposing band. Their slower, soulful material came across well but a little of their ferocious intensity was lost in the draughty spaces.

The extra volume used to fill a large venue meant their precision and hard-edged distinctiveness became blurred. At times they sounded like a good, poppy Heavy Metal group, but really they're better than that.

Merger — now, as at Blackbushe, a six-piece — rounded off the evening with a set of pacey, sophisticated reggae that was far livelier than the music on the "Exiles Ina Babylon" album. "African Lady" and "Ghetto Child" from the album began the set, and another "Exiles" track, "Understanding" — treated here with a marvellous dub interlude — provided a brilliant encore.

In between, they were entertaining in patches. Highlights were the slow, almost mellow "Take It Easy" and the powerful protest of "Soweto" — spoiled slightly by one of those long-winded "meet the band" interruptions.

The rest was divided into cliched love songs and cliched Rasta songs. "Babylon Is Falling Down" and "Armagheddon Time" were the usual doomy prophesies, while "Evergreen Land" was one of those "there is a happy land somewhere else" variations which display wishful thinking at its most banal level.

As for the music — I preferred Pressure Shocks' easy-going tunefulness to the faster, choppy complexities of Merger but I guess that's just a pecularity of my taste. And certainly, in Tony Osei, they have a keyboards player of exceptional talent and inventiveness.

But, enjoyable as they were, Merger don't have any really *special* songs. The dubbed "Understanding" came closest, but they'll need many more songs of that calibre before they can really justify a top-billing, and draw in the crowds.

Graham Lock

Barry Ford

Nashville

Too much of all that passes for modern music is merely an unashamed rehashing of well worn ideas and form. How refreshing it is to find an artist who is willing to break a few boundaries and come up with music a little different.

Mat Stagger has done this with his new band. There is something arresting about a guy who, while looking like a true Rasta, writes plain honest to goodness rock'n'roll songs. His eclectic influences are startling. From the roots-rockin "Crowded Road" to the lilting soulful melody of "Sunshine", a finer cross-section of black music's finest moments over the last decade or so would be hard to recall.

Mat Stagger (the band) will be causing a lot of critical interest in the not too distant future, and if the rock'roll finale "When The Girls Come Out, The Boys Come Out Too" is the standard maintained it'll be fun.

Barry Ford has been keeping a somewhat low profile since he parted company with Merger. However he has a new band and is starting to gig in venues which will draw more interest. Merger continue to be in the forefront of the British Reggae scene, but on the evidence of Ford's set he could join them.

It is a failing of many British reggae bands that the influence of soul musak dilutes the music till it sounds like bad Philly mush. If you can't find a new form as Mat Stagger have done, it is vital to have a true feel for soul music. And Barry is a real fine soul singer.

He sounded like Marvin Gaye on the sailing ballad "How Long". The backbone of the music was the rhythm section, with Ivor Steadman's bass keeping each song struting along aided by Leroy Holmes' economical but vital drumming

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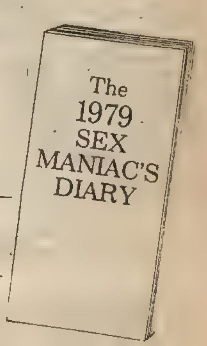

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I and I and I and

Against this classy dancing rhythm Ford played licks that were by turn, sweet and angry.

"Oh What A Shame", a beautiful love song, was a showcase for his guitar with a dynamic percussive backing.

Ford also writes pointed songs of social comment. "Curfew" and "Freedom Fighters" may put over widely held ideas but they are sung with an honest conviction. *"We're gonna whip them"*, for sure.

It was the set's last number, "Rebel, Rebel", dedicated to Johnny Rotten and Sidney Vicious that really had the soul and anger of great music. Various Merger people and Mat Stagger joined the band for the encore, "Understanding" — a fitting end to a fine night's music.

Michael J Pritchard

Tribesman

100 Club

The London Reggae Mafia is ranged about the inner perimeter of the near bar discussing its respective peccadilloes. Onstage, eight pieces of Tribesman are strutting their stuff to the delight of a few dozen dutiful dancers.

I circumspectly approach one reporter on a rival music weekly and ask his opinion of the band.

"Consistently entertaining," he says, aiming for an epigram. "One of the better bands on the circuit, but I'd rather be at home listening to Derrick Harriott."

An *NME* colleague is less enthusiastic. "They sound to me like an Island reggae group," I am told with a sneer. "They'll probably sign them up as the next Steel Pulse."

Onstage, as if in answer, Tribesman are playing their "Back To Nature" number. *"Does Island exist?"* asks songstress Maria Ffolkes. *"Does it really persist — in madness?"*

Personally I would rate Tribesman as inferior only to Misty among the second wave UK reggae bands to have emerged in 1978. They maintain a fluid and percussive sound, with vocal harmonies complemented by tight but relaxed instrumentation; short, neat songs, somewhat dull in the lyric department; and a good if unspectacular stage act.

Line-up of the group is: Maria Ffolkes and Robbie (vocals), Waggo T — brother of Blackstones' Byron Otis (drums), Rueben (percussion), Matthew Webb (lead guitar), Astro (bass), and Skool on congoes.

The 100 Club set is virtually the same as the one plied by the group at Dingwalls the previous night.

Beginning with "The Vision", the group then move into their best tune "Wonder Wolf" — *"It's time for I and I to get rid of you"* — followed by "When I Father Come", "I Want To Know" and Ms Ffolkes' self-congratulatory "African Woman", also a strong tune.

The latter half of their act reviews "Your Smile", "Back To Nature", the single "Astro Dub", "Chant Of Wisdom", "Follow The Road" and, by way of encore, "Rockin' Time".

Tribesman are hereby recommended to anyone who likes reggae, anyone who likes dancing, in fact, anyone bar spoilt reggae journalists . . .

Penny Reel

BARRY FORD. Pic: ROB HALL. Inset pic — MERGER. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

IF **'SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY'** WAS YOUR KIND OF MUSIC
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SMIRKS/ Pic: DAVE SIVIOUR

Doin' The Silly Smirk

The Smirks

Leeds

A modest muster gave The Smirks (Against Travolta) a big production ovation at Leeds Poly. So much so, in fact, that the people who weren't there could use good alibis (and with *Grease's* second night down-town, they probably thought they had one). The absence of Alberto C.P. Lee (his head having been 'cut open' the previous night) might have had something to do with The Smirks' ostensibly suspect draw-power, but in any event, this was a classy preformance of the kind that deserved more witnesses.

Superbly controlled frivolity, characterised by choreographed anarchy, translucent computerised disco funk and R&B minimalism are what The Smirks are all about: regimented by premier Smirkers Neil Fitzpatrick and Simon Milner (ask a silly question . . .) this is very definitely *(retailers)* a band to be filed in the section labelled non-classifiable. 'Progressive pop' would probably suffice, but you have to work hard for even that.

The Smirks call their music 'the most fun you can have with your shoes on' and they're probably right. "OK UK", their latest/last single (unforgivably 'a miss') is the supreme rock and roll spoof, while "Up Eh Up" and "Island Sea", both showcases for Mike Doherty's flawless reggae drumming, are a couple of numbers which lend support to the 'non-classifiability' theory.

"I Saw Her Standing There" which they throw in — but don't throw away — is neither here nor there, a harmless *jeu* of a tribute / rip off, but better Smirksongs are here, there and everywhere. "Rosemary" (the forthcoming single) is one of them, a number which should / oughta get this band launched once and for all.

The band worked hard to create the maximum feasible rapport: prankster /ex-busker Milner has total suss. And an Elvis (Presley) spoof was rendered with such panache — in body and in soul — that one felt Milner could bring home the *New Faces* bacon any time he likes.

With one or two exceptions, The Smirks' songs are as impressive as their goofing. They have intelligence and ingenuity, and though sometimes you wonder whether all the talent is being used in the optimum way, they're too intuitively ongoing to be contenders for the new wave failure lists. (They would have come over as good as they were if they'd received a vibe as good as the one they gave).

So where did Travolta come into all this? Well, they encored with "Night Fever" and a Travolta dance routine, set off by Milner's technicolour cartwheeling. "Barbara Ann" — almost as good as the Keith Moon rendition — wrapped it all up.

Definitely a band to be reckoned with. The Smirks will break in a big way if and when they get a hit single.

If I was Eugene Manzi, I'd rifle some of the Rubinoos' funds and score some heavy duty promotion for "Rosemary". Because if that song isn't given an extra-special Beserkley nudge, The Smirks could end up doing vaudeville on sea cruises.

Emma Ruth

The Crack
The Softies
The Members
The Doomed

Royal College of Art

After such an event the need for a polemic against pessimism is large. However . . . a function is a function . . . rock'n'roll is rock'n'roll!

The Crack, an elderly, shifty three-piece, used the short! hard! fast! rock song form as their mode of communication They played the Kevin Coyne ironically sentimental classic "Poor Swine", totally avoiding the lean, aware angle of the song, brutally utilizing the streamlined dynamics used as a device by Coyne for the force of their version.

This laziness and bluntness typified their whole set. Channelled, shorn hard rock, with no fascination or appreciation. They lumbered through the longest set I've ever heard from such a lowly placed and crude support act. Narcissism or courage? In-sensitivity.

The Softies, back from a stay in Holland, are ugly, flabby and proud of it. Their rock music is a clumsy combination of Clash drive and Rush pontification, as welcome and as wondrous as a wart.

The underwhelming set commenced with the touching challenge "Why don't we try to save the seals, why don't we try to save the whales." By the time they reached "Johnny B. Goode" I was tempted to leap on stage and recite a poem. The one entitled "Chuck Berry may be a poet but . . ."

For The Crack and The Softies, I tapped my feet between 'songs'.

The thin line between Bertolt Brecht, Bruce Forsythe and the Boomtown Rats . . .

The Members are inevitably a next year's thing, a fact emphasised by the presence and response of Radar boss Andrew Lauder. This man knows his next year's things when he sees them.

The fresh-faced five-piece are dashing, undemanding lightweight entertainers. Their neo-anthemic, story telling songs have cocky and caustic wit, are a crafty, confident blend of one dimensional mere-power and sketchy 'reggae' rhythms and are performed purposefully with wide-eyed but controlled on stage presence.

The lead singer is of the Geldof / Pursey extrovert line, all bug eyes, flailing arms, rubber body and exaggerated gestures. The Members are undoubtedly prospective teenage property. Be prepared for the *TOPT* appearance before next summer. And remember, when punk becomes pop, Peter Powell drools.

The paranoid delusions of our fifteen minute stars . . .

Dave Vanian, Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible have feverishly locked into each other again, shocked at the cruelty of the Real world, spurning the serious Brian James and seducing a poor mock-aristocratic bass player to complete their line-up.

Sensible now plays guitar.

They didn't arrive on stage until 20 past one, with everyone tired and bored, but they still caused a considerable stir and raised a mighty cheer. The Damned could have been one of the greats. This time round they're a freakshow.

They dived through a shambolic, desperate, spasmodically mildly

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amusing 'set', the comedy uncontrolled and either contrived or unintentional.

The funniest thing for me was the fear in Rat Scabies' eyes when he stood stage front near hysterically imploring the mob (who he blankly abused again and again "what a bunch of tossers") to hit him on the head with beer cans, and his childish rage when the response got a little too healthy.

Sensible, Vanian and Scabies continually taunted the audience to spit or throw cans until things turned against them, and the sight of three huge bouncers ever ready to smash punters at the front who responded naturally to the teasing was not pretty.

Serious violence was a small step from the immature playing.

The music was a giggle. The Damned pace and stun still exists, disembodied and gaudy. Noisy and messy pop is a sweet young thing.

The Sweet are The Doomeds immature ancestors in this line, though not as aggressively spiteful and certainly more middle class, and The Doomed charmingly murdered "Ballroom Blitz".

During "Jet Boy, Jet Plane", where all plastic was melted, the quartet were augmented by ex-Slaughter And The Dogs guitar - hero - in - his - own - mind Mike Rossi, who churned out a non-stop line of macho guitar flash fresh from jamming with The Drones at the Marquee the week before.

Everything becomes clear . . .we're all has beens, we're all failures, we're all crude, we're all retarded, we're all repulsive, we're all tough, we're all scared, we're all egotistical.

We're all doomed, which is a far better observation than 'we're all damned.'

Indeed, The Doomed could be the greatest existentialist-comedians since The Beatles but, despite the facade, they take themselves and their audiences too seriously.

And, worst of all, their crass antics, superficial desire for violence, and petty hatred for everyone and everything means that they're not even mildly entertainiing. But probably, on their own terms, entirely successful. Naughty, nasty and nihilistic. The poor sods.

Paul Morley

POODLES. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

Woof Woof

The Fabulous Poodles

Music Machine

The lights dim, the strains of "South Pacific" waft across the dance floor, and a character in grubby overcoat and cartoon dog mask steps into the spotlight for a display of ham-fisted conjuring tricks.

Rest-assured that pastiche is still rife, lampooning at large, and those notorious wags the Poodles have once more been unleashed in the name of Bad Taste at London's Music Machine.

Their mainman, Tony de Meur, with his gangly, knock-kneed stance, seedy grin and polyester leisure suit, exudes such an aura of rank degeneracy that if he moved in next door you'd immediately qualify for a rent rebate.

As always, he's lent the generous support of his fiddle player, Bobby Valentino, who has all the lecherous charm of a strip club wine waiter, and bassist Richie C. Robertson, bending his quarried features and abbreviated legs to the art of blundering choreography.

Much as their set has improved with age, there's still a great divide between old and new material. The new one, especially "Oh Cheryl" and "Convent Girls", seem to be little more than revival rock 'n' rollers with spivvy 20's violin overtones — very accessible, but without much impact. The old ones such as "Mr Mike" and "Bike Blood", apart from being familiar anyway, have been around long enough to have a whole well-rehearsed stage act and character of their own.

Inspired by a meeting with the man himself that very afternoon, de Meur slipped in a tribute to Frankie Vaughan in the "Fab Poos Request Spot", that reached a level of crooning smarminess equalled only by Valentino's lovable rendition of "On The Street Where You Live".— punk backing, gobbing, the whole works.

They managed to look completely haywire while playing very tight, Valentino being the only outstanding musician, but the rest of them gooning around more than enough to compensate with well-oiled axe-swinging routines.

I've always thought of the Poodles as being restricted by having only a four-piece line-up — maybe a sax or keyboards would give them more scope. But when they're not just hamming it up, they can sidestep into old Chuck Berry and Wilson Pickett covers and play supreme full-bodied rock 'n' roll.

It works as it is, and it works a treat, evidence that those who can sleaze with the captivating ease of Tony de Meur are a rare commodity indeed.

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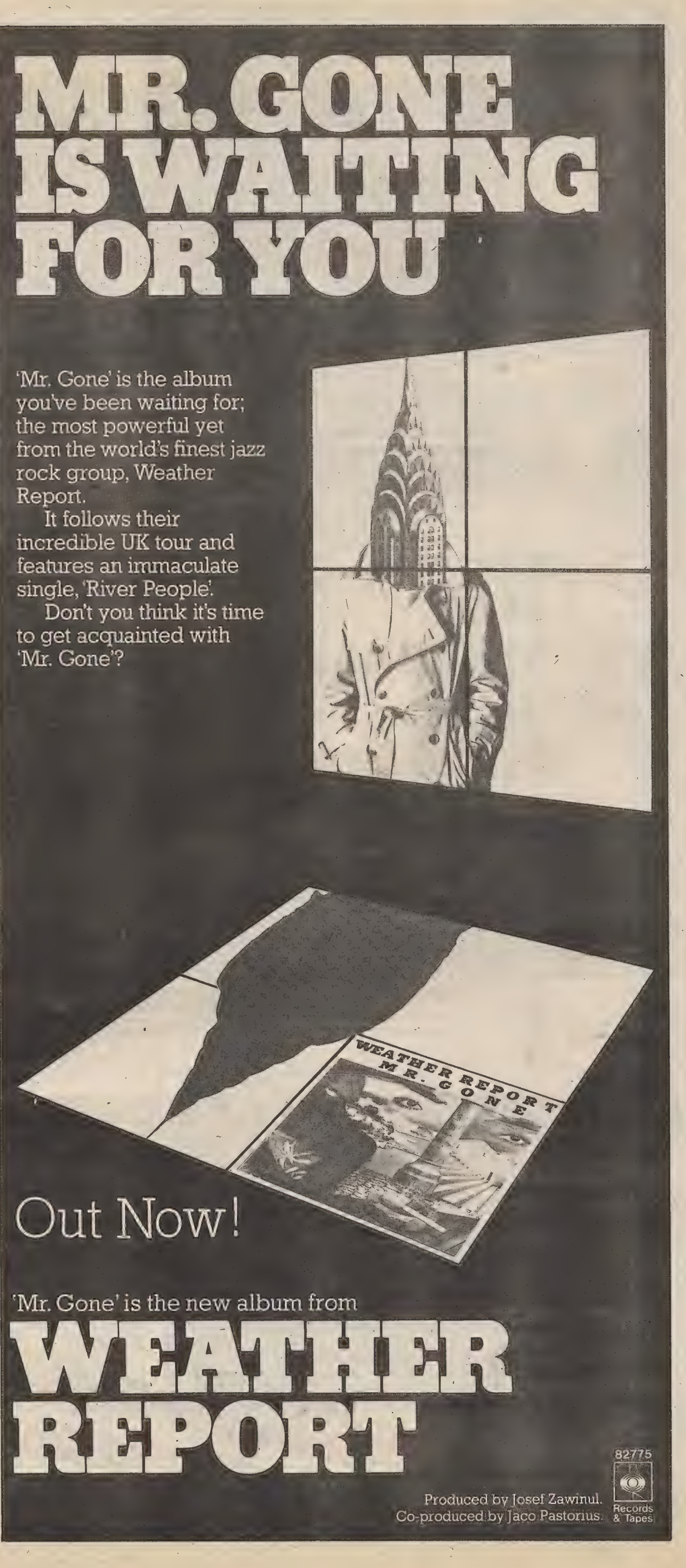

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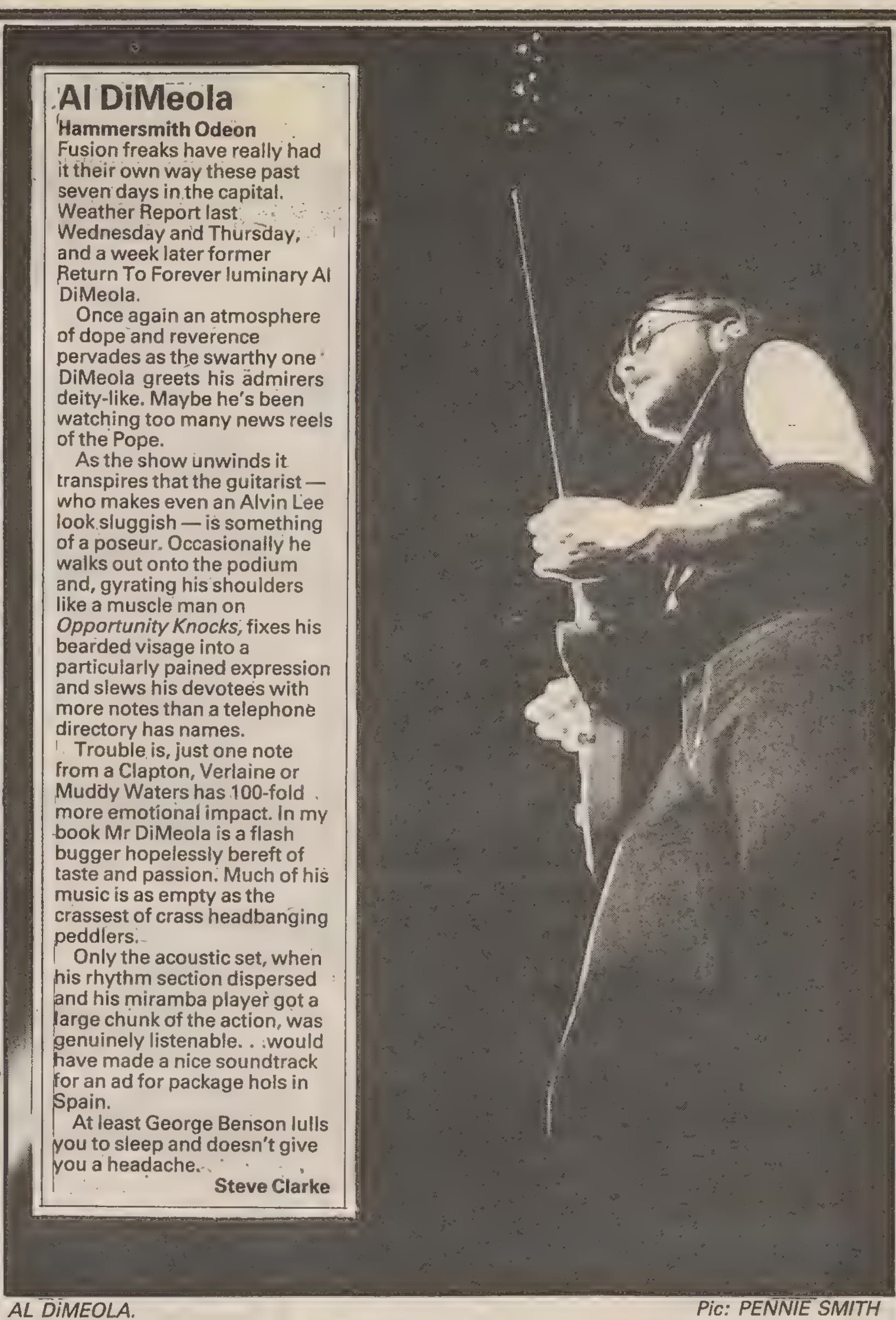

Al DiMeola

Hammersmith Odeon

Fusion freaks have really had it their own way these past seven days in the capital. Weather Report last Wednesday and Thursday, and a week later former Return To Forever luminary Al DiMeola.

Once again an atmosphere of dope and reverence pervades as the swarthy one DiMeola greets his admirers deity-like. Maybe he's been watching too many news reels of the Pope.

As the show unwinds it transpires that the guitarist — who makes even an Alvin Lee look sluggish — is something of a poseur. Occasionally he walks out onto the podium and, gyrating his shoulders like a muscle man on *Opportunity Knocks*, fixes his bearded visage into a particularly pained expression and slews his devotees with more notes than a telephone directory has names.

Trouble is, just one note from a Clapton, Verlaine or Muddy Waters has 100-fold more emotional impact. In my book Mr DiMeola is a flash bugger hopelessly bereft of taste and passion. Much of his music is as empty as the crassest of crass headbanging peddlers.

Only the acoustic set, when his rhythm section dispersed and his miramba player got a large chunk of the action, was genuinely listenable. . . would have made a nice soundtrack for an ad for package hols in Spain.

At least George Benson lulls you to sleep and doesn't give you a headache.

Steve Clarke

AL DiMEOLA. *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

Aiming for the Exchange & Mart centre fold . . .

Supercharge

Marquee

Old 'Egg-Head' is back.

Fresh from another bush-wacking, whistle-stop tour of Australia, Albie Donnelly and the drinking man's Bonzos are once again at large in Blighty, and judging by this first London date they ought to be a whole lot larger.

Sad to relate, their wayward ranks have replaced Professor 'Gazzer' Gaskell, one time saxist and serious liability. "He was always taking his clothes off" Albie told me later, "and at least 5 per cent of our audience are women."

The band's present rhythm section features Mongie Boy (drums and black lace evening dress), regulation hippie Rick Wakeman (keyboards), Shadrak Vasco (dreadlocks and guitar) and resident prankster Paul Ambrosious on bass.

Long-time lunatic sidekick saxman Porky Parker now shares the main vocal spot and threw his weight into the set with characteristic abandon. While Albie, when not butting the microphone with his glistening pate or lumbering through time-honoured dance routines, passed the time by crushing hecklers with his sponaneous wise-cracks.

You can se why the Aussies love him. His obscene banter, cantankerous gait, and heart-felt loathing for all current trends are rapidly raising him to the status of a national hero.

Theme of the moment appears to be Disco, which gets gloriously stomped on in "Don't Want To Be Funky No More" and "Get Down With A Feeling". As if that wasn't enough we were treated to a heavy-metal disco spoof "Just A Cliche", which Truck Cummings playing lead-lined Ted Nugent riffs while writhing on the deck. And just to put the lid on it, Albie and Porky turned *Greace* to diesel oil with their Travolta/Newton-John Addition to "Doesn't It Make You Feel Sickly?" Choreography with a difference.

They hacked through Gospel and Boogie music with all the grace of a chainsaw, but still get the best mileage from the notorious anthem "She Moved The Dishes First". This touching tale of strained romance and domestic hygiene demostrates "the power of the magic boomerang." It freezes the entire band motionless, leaving Albie free to mozie round the stage, grinning fiendishly, and insulting anything he can lay his hands on.

Exclusively a live band, they always managed to update the act just enough, and still guarantee a hell of a good time. They never make much news as they've been around so long, and they never sell many albums as what's the meat without the motion, but seeing as their main objective is to be the centre spread in *Exchange And Mart*, I shouldn't think they give a damn.

Mark Ellen

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Van Halen Bram Tchaikovsky

Rainbow

He might have lost The Motors but Bram Tchaikovsky certainly hasn't lost their motivation towards exclusive commercial appeal. His new outfit merely tries the same scam in a different guise.

By re-vamping listless melodies with a hardcore rock backing, they aim to be as accessible on stage as on radio, but this ill-matched support slot only emphasised that their intentions are way off the mark.

Off balanced by the over-exuberant drumming of Keith Boyce, the arrangements are all clipped down to a minimal three-piece sound that only works on straight rockers like "Sally Takes Little White Pills".

The rest of the set was so obviously derivative of early Beatle harmonies and laboured pop formats, with uncomfortably fast thrashing chord patterns, that it failed to stamp any real character of its own. Maybe if they didn't favour such hazy echo effects on the vocals, prime offenders being "Sara Smiles" and "The Girl Of My Dreams", it wouldn't tend to erase any more memorable qualities.

As it is they're just background music — you can take it or leave it. On second thoughts, leave it.

Out of the frying-pan, into the mire; next up were America's new-found marriage of glamrock posing and megaton H.M., Van Halen, a band who claim their main ambition is to "Kick ass, get laid and have fun", which suggests that I'm not alone in thinking that the quality of their music isn't of paramount importance.

Direct from the mould of Rush and Aerosmith, they're led by vocalist David Roth, with a mane of lanky locks matching his bear-rug chest. He steered them through a set of archetypal heads-down-mindless boogie with flash, arrogant posturing and ear-splitting volume to spare.

It's just as easy to answer such displays of appalling rock cliche with equally hackneyed criticism, but even judging them on the level of an H.M. stage act, they still didn't have much to offer.

Firstly, they sacrifice *everything* — melodies, instrumentals, any trace of subtlety, control or balance — to a compromise with every redundant rock gambit they could possibly resurrect. Lead solos were uncountable, as were bass solos (but worse), and the strobe-lit drum solos turned into co-operative workouts with the whole band grabbing sticks and practically mugging the drumkit in an attempt to overstep the limits of brainless barrage.

And secondly, how the hell do they expect to build up any momentum when Roth spends more time railing the crowd about getting "way down at The Rainbow", and how "we're all gonna go cray-zee tonight", than he spends yowling through his rusting larynx.

If they adopted a Ramones-type, non-stop powerdrive approach, I don't doubt they'd be a lot more successful.

Who knows? . . . (who cares?)

Mark Ellen

Get down!
Get down!!
Get down!!!
Get up!!!!
I'm stuck, you silly buggers

VAN HALEN's David Roth: Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

The Invaders

Hope And Anchor

Sweeping down from deepest Yorkshire, The Invaders take over this Islington cellar in a fresh attempt to conquer the metropolis with a mixture of hard, melodic pop and light-metal boogie.

Their strengths include a rhythm section that booms along nicely and a lead guitar that's never less than crisp. and nifty. Plus a clutch of self-written tunes which suggest a closer acquaintance could bring its rewards.

And so to the big But . . . Right now The Invaders are a whole that's unequal to the sum of its parts.

They take it away with "Juvenile", the bopalong tale of a teenage psycho and typical of the set in that it's a thoughtful piece and displays the boys' preoccupation with the problems of this 'modern world' and the effects it's thought to have upon the soft machines (that's us) who toddle about between the tower-blocks.

Thus there follows a casebook-full of numbers all about brains and technology an' stuff. In fact the singer used to be in computers, or so he tells us, and "Computer Executioner" deals with — well, I guess the message is in the title as they say on Two-Way Family Favourites.

Despite these fashionable (although no doubt sincere) concerns The Invaders really aren't New Wave in any useful sense; shorter songs, to be sure, and shorter hair as well, but otherwise they're strictly inside the mainstream — commercial British rock as it has rolled for a decade or more. They're overwhelmingly so-so.

They've one potentially great song in "Milky Way", tougher and more abrasive than the rest, with an epic feel to it. I'm certain that with a dose more passion it could be something special.

And there's "Keep Your Music Live", and I'll drink to that, but it's all tied in with the irritating anti-disco-ism of "Disco Pneumonia": when The Invaders get *that* infectious then maybe they'll help tempt the punters out of the fun-factories, but not before.

Just one last quibble: why should Yorkshire lads try to sing like London boys, all post-Bolan vowels and Finsbury Park whine? It's taken us long enough to stop wanting to sound American without all this.

The Invaders should loosen up, abolish their inhibitions and try a few fresh directions, crank up the charisma and come across as if they mean it. They could do it. Failing that I'll venture there'll be better bands for which to part with your green and crinklies.

Paul Du Noyer

Leo Sayer

Palladium

A night distinguished for me by the worst support set I've ever heard and the most tuchus-licking tolerant audience ever assembled in one Vaudeville room.

The support, Xanadu I believe, were pure Take 6 done up as Lord John and crawled through various note-perfect, easy-listening keyboard schmaltzes.

They told us that, "Y'know really a lot of great songs were written in the 60s" (gentle applause) "and this is one of the best . . . 'Maybe I'm Amazed,' yeah . . ."

The audience lay back and were stroked all over in the worst way. The limp set crawled on and really I s'pose there was only one thing wrong — the seats were facing the stage.

In the bar was a fair cross section of Leo's lovers. Late 20s early 30s middle class to a swizzle stick, ponced up and puffed out.

The last time I'd seen Sayer he was dressed as a clown and supporting Roxy Music at the Rainbow, and I possessed his "Silverbird" album because it was 1974 and rock'n'roll was all over rotten.

A disembodied voice told us to welcome him and on bounced the 'pop superstar' in, are you ready, *a white suit,* and the dinner party began.

His band — all in dungarees, with the bass player a ringer for Jim Croce — launched into "Endless Flight". (Well not so much launched as paddled around in).

Leo himself came over like a bouncy, happy, jolly chap who is in the entertainment business and is doing very well: "C'mon clap your hands! Sing Up! I can't hear ya!"

From the opener and into "One Man Band" which had grannie (and there were a few) singing along while Leo ran around miming and throwing personalized 'ad libs'.

Next up "Moonlighting", which I always thought was a great record. It jogged along fine (though the band were becoming irritating with their in-jokes and pseudo interest in their jobs) until Sayer lapsed into a Woolworths street girl accent that had the semi-detached smoothies rolling.

Listen Leo, my girlfriend worked in British Home Stores and I take offence at your 'daft tart at the disco' images. So take that smirk and shove it.

Later we caught a glimpse of what a down-home lad the man is when he produced a flask of tea and walked amongst the front row encouraging them to sip and assure the balcony that, "Mmm lovely . . . yes, that's tea alright!"

OK so I was the white man in the London Palladium. As for Leo, he's interchangeable with Essex or O'Sullivan or Bygraves. He's making himself a few bob flogging mild manners and spineless rock'n'roll and everybody goes home happy.

He sang, *"Baby, I don't know why I chose this lonely life but it seems it's strangling me now . . ."*

Every one a winner.

Danny Baker

Wishbone Ash

Glasgow

It comes as a shock to realise that Wishbone Ash have been going for over eight years — they seem to represent some kind of rock'n'roll silent majority which rarely imposes itself on us pseudo-intellectuals hooked on the vagaries of fashion.

Anyway if, as John Walters suggests, rock'n'roll is a sport rather than an art form, where youth and vigour have more importance than professionslism and expertise, then it's about time W. Ash went on a course of anabolic steroids.

The Wishbone Ash dual guitar sound used to be quite a big deal: all kinds of textural atmosphere possibilities, quite good at the time but since improved upon by Television and Simple Minds.

There's certainly plenty time to muse upon the reasons for their initial success, since they spend over two hours (no support act) playing virtually all of their first three albums, now six years old at least, together with a couple of later favourites and a couple of songs to promote the new album.

Quite interesting to hear it all again, even though I only really enjoyed a particularly fine "Phoenix" and "You See Red" (new single) which was okay.

Steve Upton still wanders forward for his solitary introduction. The garish kneesocks are gone, but he tells us what F.U.B.B. means and usually mentions football too, so we all think he's a regular guy: the one attempt at personality in the most faceless band since The Moles (the 60s Residents).

F.U.B.B. itself is the lowspot of the evening, including everything that should've been ditched Wishbone had made any attempt streamline their act.

Turner and Upton churn out a monotonous riff for about three months, and inspired by this Andy Powell and Laurie Wisefield take shots each at wrenching a few tired licks from thier tortured souls.

I wonder if they still think they're being 'progressive'? (Remember progressive?).

The audience loved it. Every moment. Each head-shaking, fantasy-guitar-playing, stultifying second of two hours plus.

If you know Kurt Vonnegut's Canary In The Coalmine theory, Wishbone Ash's audience never heard the warning: they've been gassed for years.

As far as I'm concerned Wishbone Ash's sole function is in having enough fans to keep the Apollo open. For that they can come back anytime.

Glenn Gibson

Cheap Flights

Brecknock

Eight months I've been in London, and I've seen some duff gigs — but I've never encountered a band so relentlessly mediocre as Cheap Flights.

Apart from a token and very stiff reggae number they play a mixture of messy rock and ineffectual HM. But their rhythm has no power, their tunes no shape, their vocals no presence and their guitar work no excitement, no imagination, no originality. I kept waiting for a redeeming feature, for a good song to rise out of the goop, but I might just as well have been watching *Top Of The Pops.'*

Graham Lock

JAZZ DIARY

The London Musicians Collective are featuring Dave Roberts, Roger Smith, Nigel Coombes and Paul Rutherford on October 28th and Clive Bell, Richard Coldman, Colin Wood and Sylvia Hallett on 29th.

The Pizza Express, Dean Street, London has Benny Waters with the Fred Hunt Trio on October 27th, the Colin Purbrook Quartet on 28th, and solo piano from Brian Lemon on 29th.

JCS gigs include the Morrissey-Mullen Band at the Half Moon, Putney on 29th, the Elton Dean Quartet and the Marc Charig Quartet at 100 Club on 30th, the Don Weller-Terry Smith Quintet at the Red Deer, Croydon, on 31st and the Martin Blackwell Quartet at The Phoenix on November 1st.

The Band On The Wall, Manchester, presents Naima on October 26th and the Ronnie Scott Quintet on November 2nd. The Arbourthorne Hotel, Sheffield, has Wild Bill Davison on 1st.

Always good to hear of a new jazz club, this time the Oxford Jazz Centre, which promises to provide modern jazz every Sunday evening at The Old Fire Station Arts Centre, George Street, Oxford. There's also a new promotional body, The Northern Improvisation Circuit Association, dedicated to spontaneously improvised music, who are presenting tours by SME, Steve Beresford and Tristan Honsinger, the Johnny Rondo Trio, the Leeds Musicians Collective, the Birmingham Improvisation Group and the Feminist Improvisers Group.

Still time to catch the tail-end of the Newcastle Jazz Festival, with the Jazz Band Ball on October 26th, Stan Tracey and John Surman on 27th, Evans All Weather Orchestra on 28th and the Mike Gibbs Big Band on 29th. Unfortunately, with the departure of the organiser, Andy Hudson, future festivals are uncertain.

The Vinyl label has released "Wiegenlied" by the Klaus Lenz Band, "Ah!" by the John Stevens Dance Orchestra, and "Deep" by Amalgam. Pablo's latest include "Jaimento" by the Monty Alexander Septet, "How Long Has This Been Going On?" by Sarah Vaughan, Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass, Louie Bellson and Ray Brown, two volumes of "Milt Jackson And Count Basie And The Big Band" and volume ten of "The Tatum Solo Masterpieces".

Obtainable from Collet's Record Shop, "Fruits" by the Phillip Wilson Trio with Leo Smith and Johnny Dyani, and "The Human Arts Ensemble Live" featuring Bobo Shaw, Luther Thomas and John Linberg, both on Circle Records, and from India Navigation, Chico Freeman's "Kings Of Mali" and Munoz's "Rendezvous With Now". Impulse have released John Coltrane's "Jupiter Variation".

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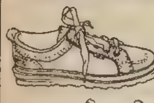

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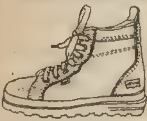

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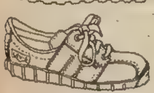

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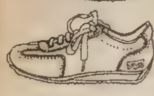

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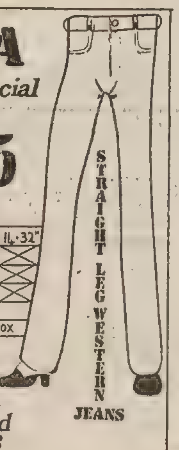

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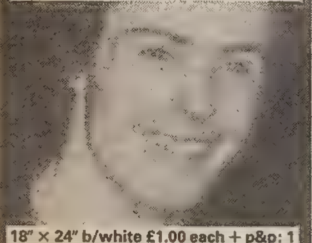

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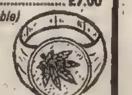

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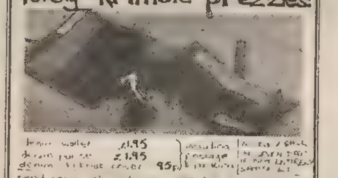

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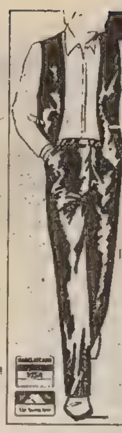

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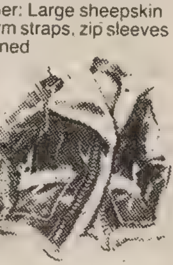

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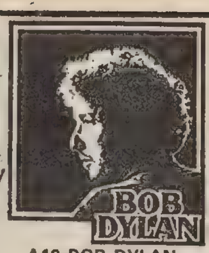

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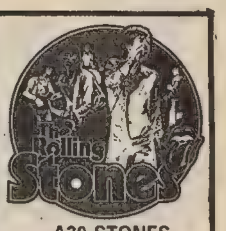

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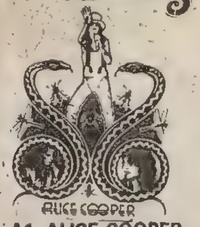

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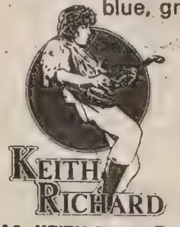

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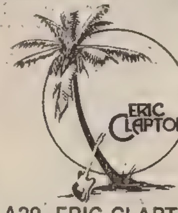

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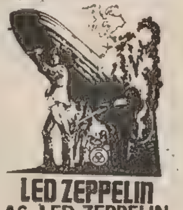

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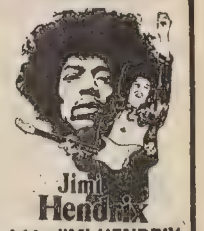

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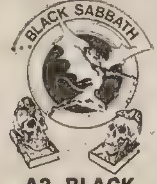

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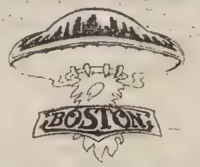

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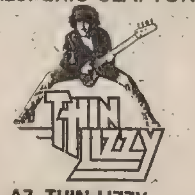

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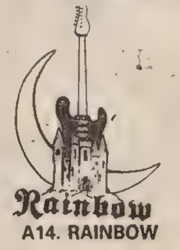

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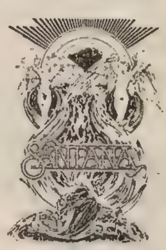

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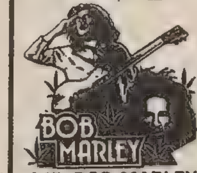

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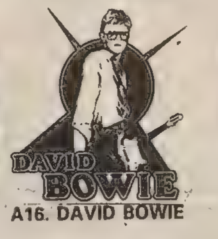

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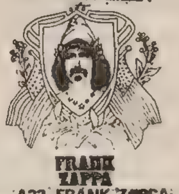

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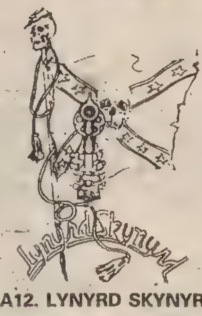

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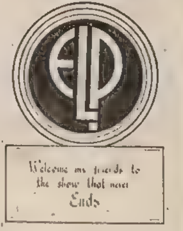

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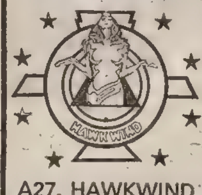

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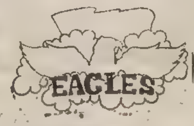

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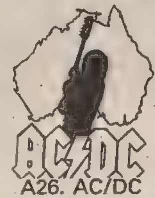

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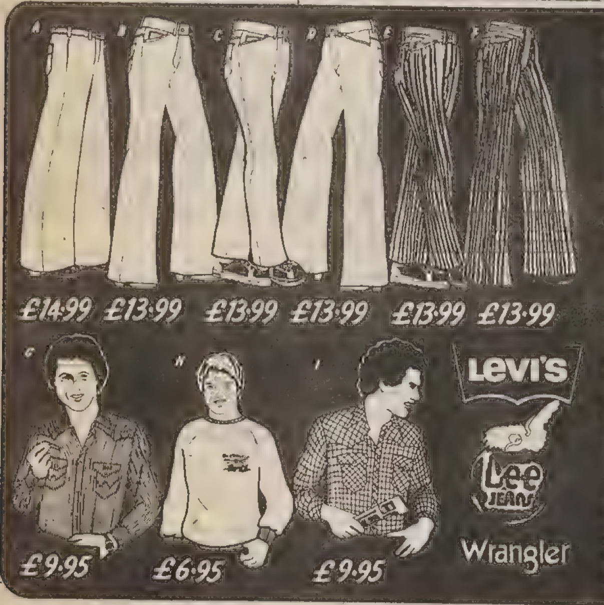

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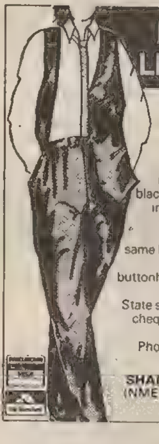

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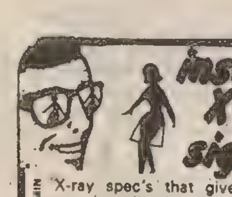

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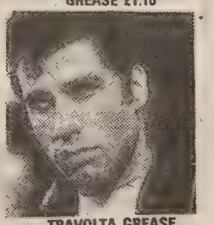

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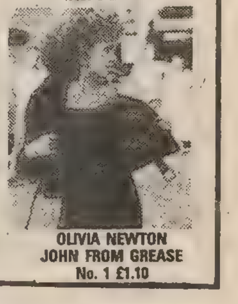

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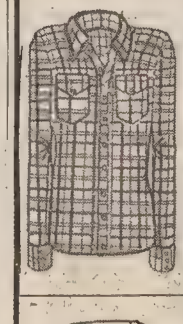

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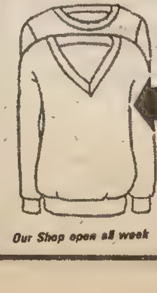

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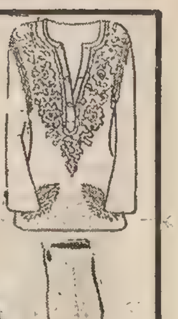

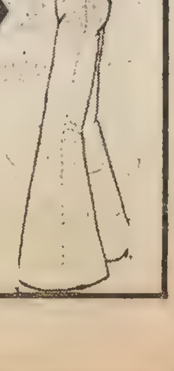

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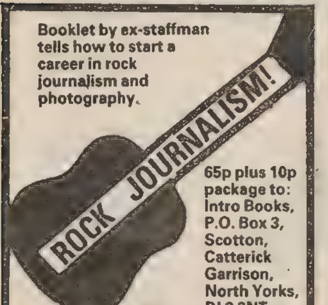
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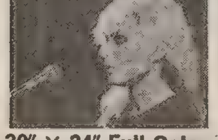

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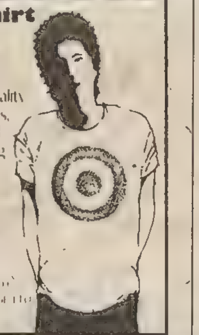

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BOWIE RARITIES in mint or unopened. Also photos of all tours. A. Thompson, 143 Barnsley Road, Sth. Elmsall, W. Yorkshire.

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THANKS ALL who wrote. I now have all I need. M. Brown, Kirkby, Liverpool.

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STIFF TOUR

■ *From page 27*

guitar effects give the sound sufficient danger and the basic simplicity of the material will guarantee the exposure she needs to make the promises come true, providing she steers clear of Bulgarians with umbrellas.

It was a toss up between her and Eric as to who won the first blood.

For frenzied adulation the Wreckless one had the edge. There was something inherently amusing in hearing him yell "I wish it would rain" to the accompaniment of a downpour of nasty runny saliva. Eric's band, The Firm, ain't The Attractions, but they make the appropriate noises. By the time they'd raced through "Veronica", "Off The Hook", and "Roll Over Rock-Ola" it was impossible to tell who was playing what and when, except that no-one was playing it very well.

Between sets the personable Kosmo Vinyl, a dedicated believer in all things Stiff, entertains with a mixture of spivvish hard sell and a patter that diverts the jingling pocket to the Stiff stall where Terry will fleece you dry in return for his badges, shirts, records, stickers and inflatable Nick Lowe dart boards.

Mickey Jupp, age after beauty, is last on tonight. He's looking as miserable as ever, the sort of guy who is happiest when he's got something to moan about.

Kitted out in a pair of tartan baggies that are louder than Eric's whole set, white jacket and titfer old Juppie provides a sterling example of his Southend craft.

One of the South East's most respected, premier rockers, his music, whether with the late Legend or here with the Treatment (formerly The Exiles) exemplifies a cosy understanding of roots, light and shade.

His songs mean something, they are intelligible and wry. The periodic calm of the Lovitch, Sweet offerings are artificial by comparison.

His pianist, Geraint Watkins, a squat Celt who has done service with Carl Perkins and won the undying admiration of Dave Edmunds for that kudos, turns out to be the best musician on the bill. There's no false front to Jupp either, take it or leave it.

Jupp is stubborn. He won't compromise his principles. He won't join the Musicians' Union or fly in a plane to a gig (Bowie got plenty of mileage out of that one). This means he can't appear on *Top Of The Pops;* no great loss but business is business.

If he had a chart hit? "I still wouldn't go on. I'd want to but I won't join."

Juppy picks up steam as he progresses through "Old New Orleans", "S.P.Y.", "Short List" and "Sweet Little Rock'n'Roller". By rights he ought to be in Nashville or Baton Rouge on the Billy Swan, Delbert McLinton trip with an ace band and an audience who gets off on R&R country bop.

The Bristolians applaud politely but don't understand where Jupp's coming from at all. He won't force the pace or jump up and down, he sings about being an old rock and roller. People start drifting off, bludgeoned by the nonstop fun Jupp's game is too tame. He gets an encore, but it's one of those "Well we've paid two quid and he is the last act on the bill" type encores.

Backstage Robinson seems satisfied with the first night and remarks "When we've had a bit of publicity from the press boys they'll know which acts to like. More of them will turn up."

And they will because essentially this Stiff tour, though hardly the earth shaking event of last year, is still one of the best value for money introductions to the broad spectrum of available live music.

IN THE Stirrup Bar of the Unicorn Hotel the party gathered for what was to be a tired and emotional bout of hard swilling. Robinson was heard to say, as the turkey sandwiches appeared, "Make sure they all pay for their own grub, we can't afford room service nonsense" — a far cry from the conspicuous waste of the punter's money as practised by the megaliths.

You pay for your pleasures with Stiff. The foreign journalists were mystified at the lack of largesse but fell foul of the bottle. One French gentleman did a fair impersonation of Douglas Bader as he grovelled round my boots for a two pence piece.

At least Stiff present a genuine human face in the music business, they suffer the pratfalls and enjoy the heists with relish. When the Stiff party arrived at a Bristol record store to emulate the American marketing policy of signing records, leaving footprints in wet concrete etc., they were surprised to find no welcoming committee in attendance and a distinct lack of foaming, pen clutching fans.

Wednesday is half day closing in Bristol.

Robinson got off and banged on the door. No answer. "Roit, everyone back on the bus. The bloody shop's shut."

SITUATIONS VACANT
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AGENTS WANTED to sell souvenir scarves from home. Good commission. Send s.a.e. for full details. Please send photo of yourself and state age. Must be Elvis fan. R. Harrison, 10 Coronation Road, Ingoldmells, Skegness.

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BASS, R&B experienced, Streatham / Briston area. Also guitarist or keyboards. Dave, 01 673 3734 or Ian, 01 769 7257 after 6 pm.

CHARITY GIG. Acts wanted for Saturday 25th November, especially acoustic. In Guildford, Write All Night Blues, Surrey University Rag, Guildford.

DRUMMER, GUITARIST, young wanted to form original punky band. Phone Sarah, 01 624 2492 after 4-7 p.m.

GUITARIST SEEKS musicians, strong view to going pro — Influences, Little Feat, Racing Cars, Snafu, Robert Palmer. Phone Bedford 767176, ask for Brian.

GUITARIST WANTED — new wave / 60's style band. 01 788 3572 7 p.m. Paul.

GUITARIST WANTED for Hounslow band (punk) — must be reasonably competent. Stuart, 01 890 5429 — Laurence, Ashford (69) 50114.

LEAMINGTON ROCK band want keyboard player and vocalist. Box no. 3635.

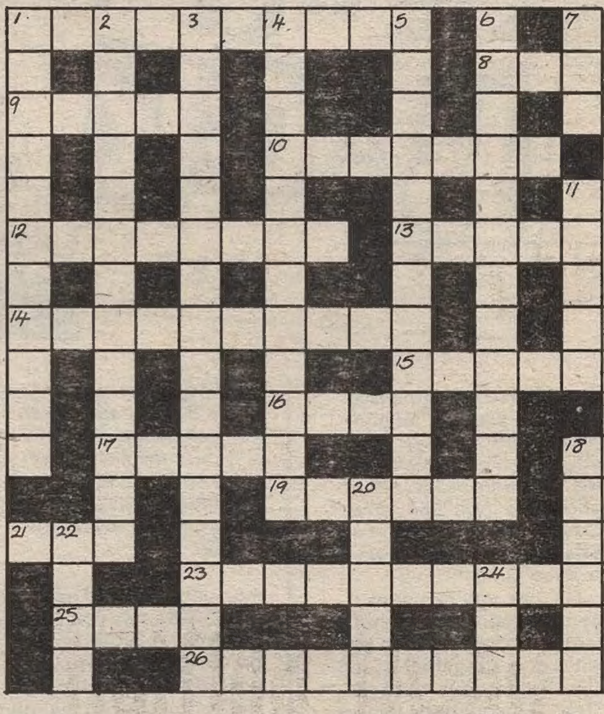
MUSICIANS SWITCHBOARD 01-435 0133 2 p.m.—6p.m.

PUNK GROUPS wanted for gigs in Sweden. Good pay. For details, send demo tape and write to: Samlardboden, Nygatan 13, S-38100 Kalmar, Sweden.

RHYTHM GUITARIST wants to join / form punk band in Pistols / Siouxsie vien. Phone Leamington Spa 23771.

WANTED: GUITAR, drums, keyboards, vocals, aiming for stark, hard, disjointed Banshees sound. East London area. No pros. Male or female. Ring Neal, Romford 45508.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Brudders Ramone on the way to bankruptcy — or the route to the Acropolis?! (4,2,4)
8 S. Dan L. Pee
9 Trouper Bowie treads the boards!
10 Landladv at the Elite Hotel?
12 Genesis, Hawklords label
13 Oversexed LA songwriter with fixation about midgets!
14 Dan grew old (anag. 6,4)
15 John Hall's other half
16 Gen X personage subject to excessive devotion (This clue reproduced by courtesy Concise Oxford Dict.)
17 Devo's hometown
19 Rick, Bill or Admiral
21 Now-defunct Welsh band who cut some dozen albums, including "Maximum Darkness" and "Rhinos, Winos And Lunatics"
23 Over the top U.S. funk combo which meets under the shadow of Big Ben!
25 See 3
26 Fold God 'ere! (2,8)

DOWN

1 Current Stones 45
2 The Status Quo method of playing basic chords! (5,3,5)
3 & 25 How was the honeymoon, Bry (3,5,8,4)
4 Founder-member of 11 down, his solo albums include "Peace On You" and "Cardiff Rose" (5,7)
5 Johnny Thunders old band (3,4,5)
6 Rainbow's current heavy metal single slammerooni (1,1,10)
7 Avant-garde German band whose albums include "Landed" and "Flow Motion"
11 Seminal LA country-rock outfit — Bob Dylan discovered them and wrote their debut hit
18 John in the lurch, two-three-four
20 Denny Wing
22 Reversable Swedes
24 Rock's best-known receding hairline

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

Yes,, we know — we printed last week's answers at the same time as last week's Crossword! Sorry about that, and our thanks to the 347 readers who pointed it out. And for those of you who've been in suspense for a fortnight, here are the answers from two weeks ago:

ACROSS: 1 "This Year's Model"; 9 Rutle; 10 Modern Lovers; 11 Merseybeat; 13 Waylon (Jennings); 14 Meatloaf; 15 "Ooh La La"; 17 "Hard Day's (Night)"; 20 Wings; 21 Kinks; 22 RSO; 23 "Low"; 25 "Emma"; 26 Island; 27 and 29 The Doors; 31 Eddie And (The Hot Rods); 33 "(Max's Kansas) City"; 34 Voyage; 35 Dope.

DOWN: 1 "The Man Who Fell To (Earth)"; 2 Ian Dury; 3 "You're So Vain"; 4 Asylum; 5 "Silver Machine"; 6 (Lee) Dorsey; 7 Little; 8 (Eddie And) The Hot Rods; 12 Brand X; 14 Max's Kansas (City); 16 Hawkwind; 18 Rose Royce; 19 Yes; 22 (Boomtown) Rats; 24 Flying (Burrito Bros); 28 "(The Man Who Fell To) Earth"; 30 Rita (Coolidge); 31 Eno; 32 Duo.

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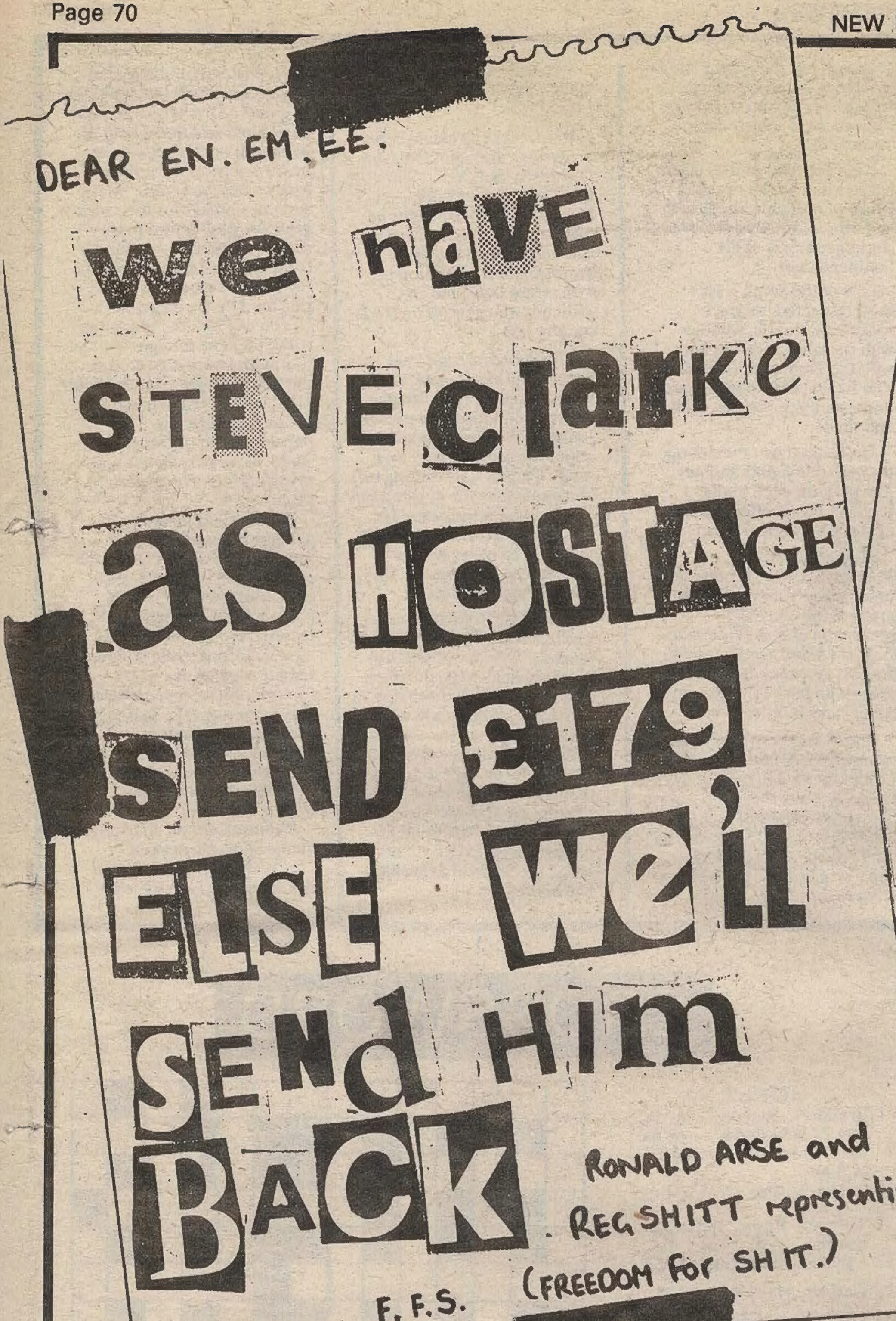
The Last Bag. . .

. . .until next week possibly. Then again, maybe *(Oh shut up and get on with it — Ed.)*



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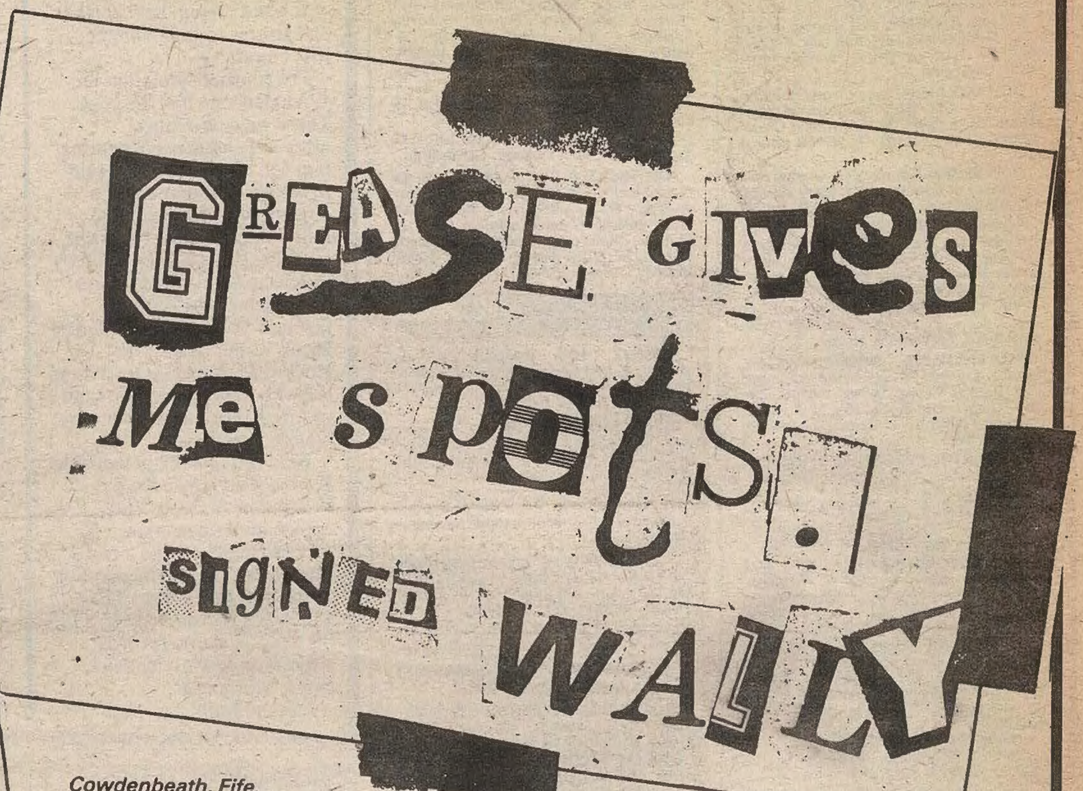

GrEASE GIVeS
-Me sPOTS.
SIGNED WALLY

Last Thursday I witnessed the "new saviour" of punk (aka Jimmy Pursey) shouting his mouth off on the *Omnibus* programme about the "pop" industry. Quote: "Punk was dead until Sham 69 came along, we revived punk."

OK Jim, you're a punk band are you? How come punks can't go and see you without getting their heads kicked in by your moronic "fans"? If you made it more clear to them that you were a punk band maybe it'd stop. What's up? You afraid that nobody would buy your records! Why don't you admit you're a skinhead band and stop trying to copy *real* punk bands e.g. Clash. You don't know fuck all about kids today.

*"Angels with dirty faces.
Kids from nowhere places.
Kids like you and me."*

I'm as much like you as Joe Strummer is like Des O'Connor! Do you know I can't even afford to go up to the pub! (Hurry Up Harry). Apart from the fact that I'm under age and I ain't the only one round here! What do you know about living in a boring town like this, with fuck all to do except smash things up? Wanna swap places for a few days Jim? You come and live on my estate and I'll go and live in your flat in "trendy" London, "where it all happens"!

Why don't you copy the example of your drummer and get your hair shorn. Then you could stop posing and pretending to be something you're not.

Female with silly name (15), Chichester, Sussex. P.S. Julie Burchill and Charles Shaar Murray are the only ones who know where it's at now.

As soon as Julie and I manage to agree on anything other than the new Loose Windscreen album we'll letcha know where "it" is "at". In the meantime, the punkritude of the poor, beleaguered Clash is once again called into question. — CSM.

An open letter to The Clash.

The attitudes you preach are fine, the attitudes you practice stink. We have waited a long time for the Harlesden concert, palmed off with a variety of conflicting and unconvincing excuses. At last, we are told that the event would take place on Saturday 14th, yesterday. We made the journey, 90 minutes each way and arrived to find the place in darkness. Outside, a small notice that The Clash would not be appearing until October 25th and 26th.

Tell me: 1) Why no explanation for the hundreds who turned up?

2) Why no announcement in last week's music press?

3) Can there really be any explanation rather than laziness?

So Strummer cried for his fans in the Glasgow jail, did he? Well, try crying for me and the money and time I've wasted acting on false information. This "one-off" date is now stretched to two nights as just part of the major tour, so the "event" becomes just a "gig", as presumably there will be more tickets available for the second night.

"Denny you're such a liar, you won't know the truth if it hits you in the eye."

Angry Robert Smith, Warlingham, Surrey.

Say it again. The Clash try harder than most, and they screw up more than most. I believe that the ballsups hurt them as much as you, otherwise they wouldn't have made the effort to show up in Harlesden (as per last week's T-Zerz and Thrills reportage). They deserve a little more leeway than you're giving them — just for trying. — CSM.

Does anyone out there even remember King Crimson?

Lonely Fan, Loughborough.

More often than I'd like — Greg Lake.

King what? — Boz Burrell.

Sid Vicious is innocent.

Self Mutilation Freak, London.

There's a first time for everything. — CSM.

Be it known that we admire Ms. Burchill's steadfast dedication to music, her impeccable grasp of musical criticism, her biting social comment. But what we really appreciate is the way she gets up arseholes like "Philip Bird" (whatever that is). Carry on Julie, we love you.

Frank & Trev, Penarth.

Sorry, gents. Take two? — CSM.

I've bin' readin' a lot about Bowie's "Stage" album in your bloody rag lately, especially on the letters page an' I'd just like to say that I saw Bowie on his last nite at Glasgow Apollo an' it was 100 times better (songwise) than the live album set, so don't any of you bums out there who've never seen the man be put off goin' to do so in the future by listenin' to this recent pressin' — okay? An' what Julie Burchill said about "Stage" was pretty much right — it's no real reflection of Bowie's abilities — so sod the lot of ye.

Jock Revolta, Cowdenbeath, Fife.

You're not Scottish, are you? — CSM.

Am I the first person to complain about the new price?

Hopeless Erik.

No. We were. — CSM.

Dear Tony Parsons, Julie Burchill, Nick Kent, CSM, Monty Smiff, Pennie Smith, Brian B, Steve Clarke, Angus MacKinnon, Paul Rambali, Mick Farren, Max Bell, Fred Dellar, Chris Salewicz, Cliff White, Lester Bangs, Tony Benyon, Brian Case, Phil McNeill and Neil Spencer — can you each lend me a penny to buy next week's *New Musical Express?*

Jim (wrist-weary) Brooks, Dagenham.

Micky doesn't work here any more, and Lester's centsless in New York. That leaves you with 18p. Tough, huh? — CSM.

I bet if I told you Mick Jelly of the Late Show taught at my school and used to keep me in to read my *NME* you wouldn't believe me.

Alf The Vet, Sidcup, Kent.

I believe you, I believe you. I couldn't give a shit, but I believe you. — CSM.

Our Lord's Prayer

Our father
Who art in New Jersey
Springsteen be thy name
From backstreets you come
A baby born to run
In Asbury Park
As I am in Orpington
Give us this day our daily
  gallon of four star
As we forgive old Bill who
  nicks us
Lead us not into speed traps
And deliver us from green
  lights
For thine is the highway
The Chevy and the Buick
For ever and ever
Drive on!

Flash Springclean (Boy Racer), Orpington, Kent.

And now to an item of real general interest — CSM

My friend has just completed last week's crossword in 3 mins. 2 secs. I think he's great, but he won't tell me his secret. Can you help?

A Confused Sheepshagger, Welshpool, Powys.

See next letter — CSM

If next week's questions have been published with this week's crossword, then will next week's crossword use this week's answers? If so, where are the answers to last week's which I did this week . . . why, and does it matter anyway!

Ximenes, Hillingdon, Middlesex.

See previous letter — CSM

Before the Oct. 14th issue I wouldn't have given Tony Parsons shit for toothpaste; but that Springsteen article, what! Fucking nice one! We *know* Bruce is the one. Street music? He makes Willy DeVille and the rest sound like they got agoraphobia.

Mark, Ealing, W13.

Madmen, strummers, bummers . . . oh, sorry. Drifted off for a sec. — CSM

At last I've read a truly great piece of writing in your *NME*. Tony Parsons said it all about the Broooooose, as a Springsteen fanatic I was engrossed with his 3 page explanation of how the Bruce got his heartstrings to the Light of musical pleasure. I've got the thermos and doss bag ready for when the tickets go on sale here.

J. Paragroen, Fife.

And the plaudits keep on comin' . . . — CSM

I think that the NME Book Of Rock is a useful, relevant and informative guide to the music of the 70s. I shall certainly be keeping mine for posterity (until they bring one out on the 80s). Music isn't just for pleasure. I suppose it gives you pleasure to hear about someone being beaten up in a tube station or a man being unjustly imprisoned or a woman being raped . . . Music is also for pain, sorrow, joy, hatred, etc., etc., et al.

Terry Smith (G. Bag last week) seems to think that the *NME* is thrust down your throat every week. If you don't like it, don't read it. Read something else or why not start your own *music* paper if you feel that strongly about it. I think the profits you talk of are IPC's not *NME*'s *(damn right, bub — CSM).*

Maybe these aren't the glorious and hallowed 1960's but you compare the present UK musical output to that of the USA. You can jerk off to Foreigner, Kiss, Van Halen, Boston, Aerosmith all you want whilst others can listen to what The Jam, Clash, Elvis Costello have to say about the world as they see it as *well* as producing 'good' music. Chick Corea is no doubt a good musician but he can keep his funked up chromatic scales as far as I'm concerned because they are worthless, they have no meaning, they pass no comment on life as such. I don't understand this wonderful 'language' you talk about. I understand what people might say through the music *they* have created. Music isn't some untouchable god as you make it sound, though in the hands of someone like Mr. Corea it is as useless as a stone idol.

William Shakespeare wrote plays not music, he belongs to another time so leave him there in context.

If you were a person of any principles you would stop buying *NME* now. Instead you buy it for things you mentioned you dislike about it. Typically hip — perverse. Of course your letter would not be complete without a ritual slagging off of that happy couple T.P. and J.B. At the very least they provoke thought even if you hate them for it. I don't remember reading about Julie Burchill's sexual problems. It's only what your mind reads into what she writes. I shouldn't think Tony Parsons would want to write for your school rag, they are invariably pathetic, elitist, crap. If you can write better articles than him then prove it you bloody hero. (Hey look lads I gotta letter printed in *NME* gosh, swoon, cheez, whiz, bang).

Chris Warren (Hip, Middle Class Liberal pseud).

Okay . . . jokes straight through 'til the end. 1–2–3–4! — CSM

Is the XTC dub single really supposed to be played at 45 rpm? Because it sounds better at 33.

Andy Cartridge, Swindon

I won't be 33 until 1984, Andy, but I'll ask Al Clark — CSM

Why the hell are records made so loud — it annoys the neighbours.

A Public Nuisance, Keel — where?

What? — The geezer in the flat below.

This week's Bag edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
Address all letters to
NME, 5-7 Carnaby St.,
London W1V 1PG.

T-ZERS

DOES ITS HOMEWORK

THIS MAY come as something of a shock to all you wholesome popkids who picked up this week's fab ish of *NME* (all the features, fax, fotos and fun we can squeeze in between the ads) in the hope of hipping yourselves to all the latest peachy info about your faves — where they buy their shoes, whether they're bright, amusing and clean-cut first t'hing in the morning an' t'ing — but despite the admirably comforting air of total *niceness* emanating from **Rachel Sweet** in the big pic, this week's instalment of *T-Zers* is straight from Sleaze Central.

It's disgusting. It's nasty. It hasn't shaved. It feels dreadful. It exudes an almost palpable aura of sheer malevolence. It wants to upset people. It's basically rather unpleasant. It's designed to annoy . . .

You guessed! This week's *T-Zers* has bad breath! After reading it, you too will have bad breath! And that, logically enuff, brings us to tortured Stone **Keith Richards** fighting his battle against heroin, Mounties, the *Daily Mirror*, etc., etc. If you're following this epic saga in the National Press, you know more about the outcome of Keef's legals than we do, but it's interesting to note that one of the 46 (count 'em) clauses in the **Stones'** current contract with EMI specifically relates to any situation which might arise if any member of the group might, by some bolt-from-the-blue fluke of fate, not be able to perform . . .

Naturally, *T-Zers* hasn't the foggiest notion what said clause actually states, and even less idea why **Jagger** and his platoons of lawyers insisted that such an odd clause be inserted in the contract in the first place. Still, ol' Rubber Hips has his own problems. He bought **Jerry Hall**, a $24,000 diamond-and-emerald ring and the elongated boiler lost the trinket within 24 hours while out jogging. *T-Zers'* Department Of Logic, Truth and Higher Mathematics works this out at slightly over a grand an hour for use of the ring . . .

Meanwhile, the **Stones** (as we showbiz insiders usually refer to them) gave a singularly unimpressive performance on NBC-TV's *Saturday Night Live*. The US TV audience was reportedly thrilled to the marrow by a trio of songs from "Some Girls" and a few mirthless skits involving Greek restaurants, dancing lessons from Jagger and assorted foolishness involving **Ron Wood**. Frankly, we're disgusted with the example these alleged entertainers set to young folks today. . . .

Luscious **Linda Ronstadt** discovered how much her new album was appreciated by her true fans when her Malibu pad got burgled the other week. Those of Ms Piggy's possessions which the villains couldn't shift were slashed to ribbons. Linda now knows how it feels to be a songwriter . . .

The nosy Nikon of PAUL SLATTERY catches RACHEL SWEET earnestly pursuing educational opportunities. While you sexist bastards slaver over Rumbustious Rachel, she's slaving over her homework. Tough life, innit?

MEANWHILE, in the same sunny state of California, **John Travolta** (the actor, singer and dancer) has purchased a million-dollar house in Studio City and, for approximately the same amount of money, a 14-acre estate in Santa Barbara. If you wanna learn how to make that much money **(Dave Robinson,** this means you), then you could always enroll for a mere $50 in the Church Of Scientology's Seminar For Agents And Actors which Trevira is currently endorsing. It's sponsored, natch, by the C of S Celebrity Centre . . .

About time too: National Front leader **Martin Webster** is to appear in court in charges of (surprise! surprise!) incitement to racial hatred. Two summonses relating to Section 59 of the Race Relations Act were served on the contemptible oaf relating to recent issues of *National Front News* . . .

Johnny Thunders was seen soooooo alone (i.e. without his minder) flogging copies of his own album at a secondhand record shop in London last week. We know what it's like to need to suddenly lay your hands on a specific some of money, John, but if you keep flooding the market like this, what are we supposed to do with *our* copies? . . .

Gen X singer **Billy Idol** was a spectator at **Andrew Logan's** Alternative Miss World Contest held in a giant tent on Clapham Common last week, but we are reliably informed that he was not a contender (the whole point of this contest is that all competitors are drag artists). Meanwhile, his cuddly colleague **Mark Laff** (drums, ex-IPC messenger), who has reportedly been soaking up two bottles of spirits a day, has been dispatched to Biggleswade Health Farm to get dried out in time for the band's U.K. tour next month . . .

So this is what he does when we allow him a fortnight's holiday: someone with the unlikely name of **Neil Spencer** was answering questions on Celtic History on last week's *Mastermind*.

SOME girls gave birf: **Honest Ron Wood** once again tastes the joys of paternity. **Jo Howard,** who has been cohabiting with Ron since he split up with his wife **Chrissie,** gave birth to a baby girl last week. Ron and Jo had been hoping to get spliced before the arrival, but congrats anyway, youse two . . .

It's a tough life in the fame game especially when you're lat year's macho: **Sylvester** *(rocky)* **Stallone** was mucho miffola when he was barred from **Muhammad Ali's** dressing room after the recent championship fight, while **L. John Travolta** was allowed to steam straight in. Stallone contained his ire for a full half-hour before giving up and pissing off . . .

This'll really catch you unawares: after finishing off the **U.S.** section of their world tour with a gig at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, during which **Doobie Jeff Baxter** and **Clover's Huey Lewis** jammed, **Thin Lizzy** *actually had a party!!!* Guess who showed up: **The Runaways!!! Steve Jones!!! Al Kooper!!! The Doobie Brothers!!!** Even **Linda Blair** was there, and we are reliably informed that she spent some time discussing religion with **Phil** the Fluter himself (no cheap cracks in *T-Zerz,* Jack!). The Lizzies' next project was to set of for Australia (the trip was uneventful except that two roadies got chucked off the plane for misbehaving — not, presumably, while the plane was in flight) where they proceeded to disrupt Parliament by sound-checking rather loudly (Parliament's next door to the gig, dig) . . .

Delusions of adequacy:

In case you can't decipher the nifty lettering on VIVIENNE WESTWOOD's touching T-shirt tribute to SID, it reads: "She's dead, I'm alive, I'm yours." Viv thinks that's pretty creative. PAUL YULE snapped the crap.

Judas Priest lead singer **Rob Halford** has obtained a 12-foot whip for use on the band's next tour. We always thought that heavy metal was simply a reassurance device for the chronically inadequate, but this is ridiculous . . .

And the week's real shock news: **Raped** are changing their name. Not, as you might have thought, to **Bugged** but to **Wolfling.** "It's an awful name, isn't it?" remarked **Faebhean Kwest** (satanism, dyed hair, guitar). "We're going to become a nice normal *safe* bane like **Queen** and **Foreigner** and sing songs about fat-arsed girls, because no-one is prepared to give us a chance as Raped." Remember: the name is Wolfling. Formerly Raped. Stop laughing at the back there . . .

This is a distress call: **Gloria Mundi** had £1,400 worth of gear nicked between 7-11 pm on October 15 at rehearsals near Tower Bridge. Their main concern is a sunburst Rickenbacker 4001 bass with black and white edging. The usual no - questions - asked reward deal can be discussed if you call 01-584 4634 . . .

WHO'S a big bad punk-rocker then: L.A. punk club Madame Wong's recently enjoyed a full house for W. Coast cropheads **20-20.** The enthusiastic person who got out of control and ended up ass-first on the sidewalk outside was none other than deaf, bearded, overweight **Beached Boy Brian Wilson** . . .

Other California punks in the news are **Crime (Lou Reed** offered to produce them after he saw them dressed up in their cop suits but before he heard 'em. Knowing Loopy Lou, he could probably produce them without hearing them) who played San Quentin recently. The warden's trepidations over the effects of songs like "Murder By Guitar" and "Dillinger's Brain" on the Jailbirds were surpassed by those of the band when they learned of San Quentin's "No Hostage Rule", whereby the prison declines to accept responsibility for the safety of visitors who get taken hostage by the captives (any chance of **The Dooleys** playing **Quentin?** Pity) . . .

BETTER BADGES

This week	Last week		Series
1	(—)	Bites (Buzzcocks)	C
2	(—)	Love (Buzzcocks)	C
3	(8)	Clash Police	C
4	(10)	Buzzcococks	C
5	(9)	The Slits	C
6	(—)	Smirks Against Travolta	C
7	(1)	Animal Liberation No 1	C
8	(—)	The Jam N.o.W.	C
9	(—)	Alternative Ulster	C
10	(2)	The Rezillos	B

New Releases

20p Meke Army, Smirks Againist Travolta, So Alone, The Edge Pil, Zig Zag Blondie, Lemmy, Animal Lib No. 2
25p New Siouxsie, Undertones, The Dogs (France), Pretty Vacant
X-Series 20p, Patti, Shelly, Culture, Poly

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NY 254 6840
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Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
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Percy Dickins
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Classified Ads
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(01) 261 6122
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(01) 261 6207
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
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Andy Gray

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Hi! I am a very small space that's normally filled up with advertisements and suchlike, and it's a pleasure to have this opportunity to speak out about things that really matter. You may think that us small spaces don't really have a lot to say but good things often come in small packages. Did you know that most pop stars are in fact a bunch of bloody midgets? It's only the illusion of power conferred on them by stage lighting and grotesque shoes that keeps their secret. In next week's small space, we blow the gaff on the real truth

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Wet Dream

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